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POLYHYMNIA

FOR MALE VOICES

BY

JOHN W. TUFTS

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POLYHYMNIA.

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POLYHYMNIA.

A COLLECTION OF

QUARTETS AND CHORUSES

FOR

MALE VOICES.

Compiled and Arranged

By JOHN W. TUFTS.

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

NEW YORK ..... BOSTON ..... CHICAGO.

1897

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PREFACE.

POLYHYMNIA is a collection of compositions and arrangements for male voices in three and four parts, for the especial use of young singers in schools, and also for societies and clubs where such selections are desired. The book has been prepared in answer to many requests from teachers, educators, and directors. The arrangements have been made with reference to the limited range of partially developed voices, avoiding the extreme high notes of the Tenor and the very low notes of the Bass.

Schools differ greatly in the musical talent of the singers and in the range of voices. It may be necessary for the teacher or director to change the pitch slightly to accommodate the particular conditions that may exist. This can easily be done to help the second Bass or the first Tenor, as the case may be.

The melodic principle in writing is largely employed, so that chromatic difficulties may be reached in the simplest manner, and this in a way that will not detract from rich harmonic effects.

To a very large extent the resort to unison singing for several notes, here and there, by two or more parts has been avoided, as the editor believes that the harmonic combinations should be sustained where possible, and that independent parts should be presented to as great an extent as may be. The alternate thinness and fulness of harmony produced by this unison work is always a detriment to the musical effect. Voices may be brought together designedly for strong melodic passages, but this should only be allowed for such purposes. In a number of instances, the first and second Tenors sing in unison both for ease in singing and for the strengthening of the melody. This is done in such a manner that little will be lost by the arrangement. Where Tenor solo parts are introduced, the other voices must be made subordinate. A careful observance of the contrasts indicated by the words Solo, Soli, Quartet, and Tutti is indispensable, and this will add greatly to the pleasure of both singers and listeners.

The great variety in the character of the compositions will make them attractive. Among the songs will be found many familiar melodies in a new dress—retaining, however, the composers' harmonies.

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This book has five parts, or divisions. Part I. comprises easy works arranged in a somewhat progressive order. Part II. leads into a wider range and greater difficulties. The musical problems are not, however, extreme, and can easily be overcome by small bodies of singers.

It will be seen from the index that the ordinary public days are provided for, and there is also a large number of national songs with their appropriate words. These characteristic types are interesting.

A few of the leading canticles in chant form are introduced, and the many and varied selections of sacred music of the best kind will be of value. Much care has been taken to make all the compositions effective as vocal works without the use of an instrument. Should one be deemed necessary, the exact notes in the same octaves with the voices may be given, but it is advised that such aid be avoided if possible, and resorted to only after the notes are known mentally. Where accompaniments are necessary they have been provided.

Music for male voices has suffered from the prominence given to selections attractive to uneducated singers through their rhythmic jingle, and little thought has been devoted to the rules of musical grammar or to the character of the accompanying words. The average popular sentiment is the worst and most unreliable standard of taste in music, and there is no reason why a bright, cheerful, and sensible conjunction of music and words should not be held as a criterion instead of meretricious sentiment or cheap buffoonery. Why should music be dragged in the mire in order to satisfy a depraved taste? This has sometimes been done with words that the compilers would have hardly cared to publish without the accompanying notes. It is to be hoped that authors and editors will lend a helping hand in raising this, the most suggestive and purest of all languages, to its rightful place.

Sickly sentimentality should find no place in such collections as this, and coarse, vulgar, or badly written selections should not be preserved in books designed primarily for educational work and to present elevating sentiments.

The editor desires to express his indebtedness to Mr. W. W. Caldwell and Dr. Philip Woolf for careful translations through which the spirit of the music is retained in melody and rhythm, and to Mr. S. W. Loomis for the use of compositions arranged for him by the compiler.

JOHN W. TUFTS.

BOSTON, *June*, 1897.

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POLYHYMNIA.

PART I.

PART-SONGS AND CHORUSES.

Freedom, Who doth Ever.

Moderato. CARL AUGUST GROOS, arr. (1780–1834).

TENOR I. II.

1. Free-dom, who doth ev - er All my be - ing cheer, Come in all thy beau - ty, Sweet-est an - gel, near! Shall a world en - slav - ed Ne'er thy pres - ence know? 'Mid the star - ry heav - en On - ly wilt thou go?
2. When God's in - spi - ra - tion In my heart sinks deep, Which, to no - ble lin - eage, Lov - ing, true doth keep; When for right and hon - or Men cour- age - ous - ly Pledge their all for - ev - er, Lives a na - tion free.
3. For the churches' al - tars, For each hal - lowed grave, For our homes to suf - fer, Lib - er - ty to save; That is re - al cour - age, With the heart's blood red! He - ro fa - ces glow- ing Fair-est when they 're dead.

BASS I. II.

MAX VON SCHENKENDORF (1784–1819).

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The Stars are Slowly Fading.

Andante tranquillo. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, arr. (1809–1847).

TENOR.

p The stars are slow - ly fad - ing In - to the ro - sy sky, The

BASS.

p The stars are slow - ly fad - ing In - to the ro - sy sky, The

BASS.

cres. *dim.*

night will soon be o - - ver, The morn-ing draw- eth nigh, The

night will soon be o - - ver, The morn-ing draw- eth nigh, The

cres. *dim.*

dim.

morn - ing, the morn - ing draw - eth nigh. Yet si - lence reigns su -

morn - ing, the morn - ing draw - eth nigh. Yet si - lence reigns su -

dim.

cres. *dim.*

preme - ly A - long the dusk - y vale, Save where in dew - y branch -

preme - ly A - long the dusk - y vale, Save where in dew - y branch -

cres. *dim.*

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pp

es Trill - eth the night - in - gale, Trill - eth . . . . trill - eth the

es Trill - eth the night - in - gale, Trill - eth . . . . trill - eth the

pp

dim. dim.

night - in - gale. He has the dark - ness scat - tered, Why should his chil - dren

night - in - gale. He has the dark - ness scat - tered, Why should his chil - dren

dim. dim.

cres. f dim.

fear? Ev - er, in light or sha - dow, The Fath - er watch - eth

fear? Ev - er, in light or sha - dow, The Fath - er watch - eth

cres. f dim.

p dim. e rit.

near, The Fath - - er, the Fath - er watch - eth near.

near, The Fath - - er, the Fath - er watch - eth near.

p dim. e rit.

German, tr.

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Spring Song.

Andantino. mf FISCHER.

TENOR I. II.

1. Love - ly in day's bright glow, Moun - tain and val - ley show,
2. Sing - ing so fresh and gay, All things move on to - day
3. Bees hum the wood - land through, Birds in their nests coo, coo,
4. And as their mu - sic rings, Ech - o quick an - swer brings,

BASS I. II.

cres. *sf* *sf* *ff*

Per - fumes from blos - soms flow, — This, this, this is the
Af - ter the old - en way — Free, free, joy - ous the
Frogs croak, and far up, too, Hear we the Alp - horns
Till all the wide world sings — This, this, this is the

cres. *sf* *sf* *ff*

May! . . . . . .
lay! . . . . . .
play! . . . . . .
May! . . . . . .

f

May! Love - ly in day's bright glow, Moun-tain and val - ley show, Per - fumes from
lay! Sing - ing so fresh and gay, All things move on to - day Af - ter the
play! Bees hum the wood-land through, Birds in their nests coo, coo, Frogs croak, and
May! And as their mu - sic rings, Ech - o quick an - swer brings, Till all the

f

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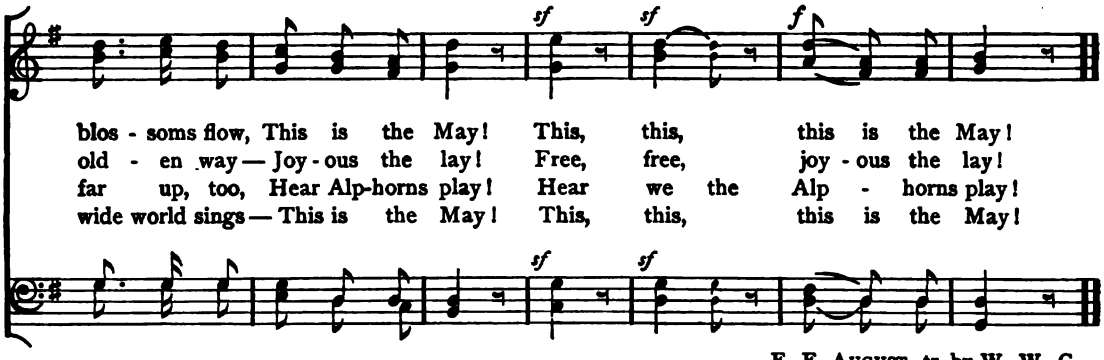
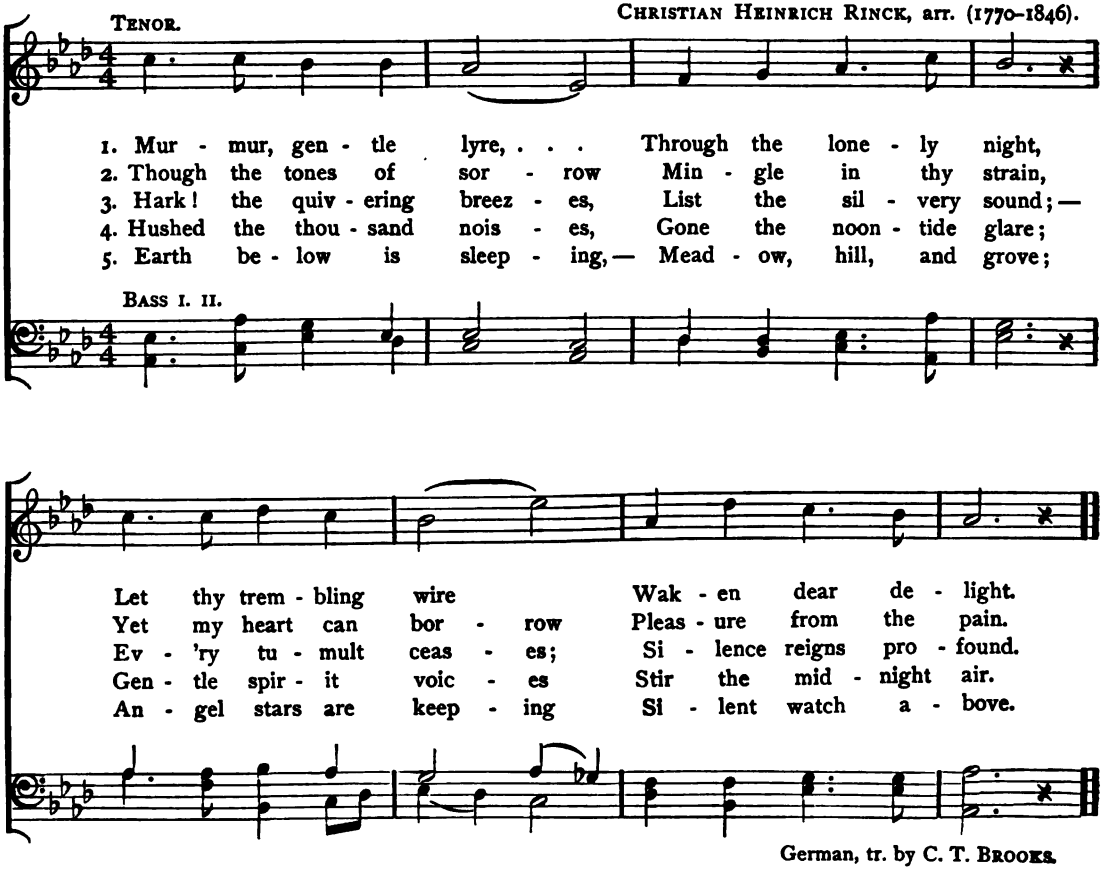


E. F. August, tr. by W. W. C.

Murmur, Gentle Lyre.

Christian Heinrich Rinck, arr. (1770–1846).



German, tr. by C. T. Brooks.

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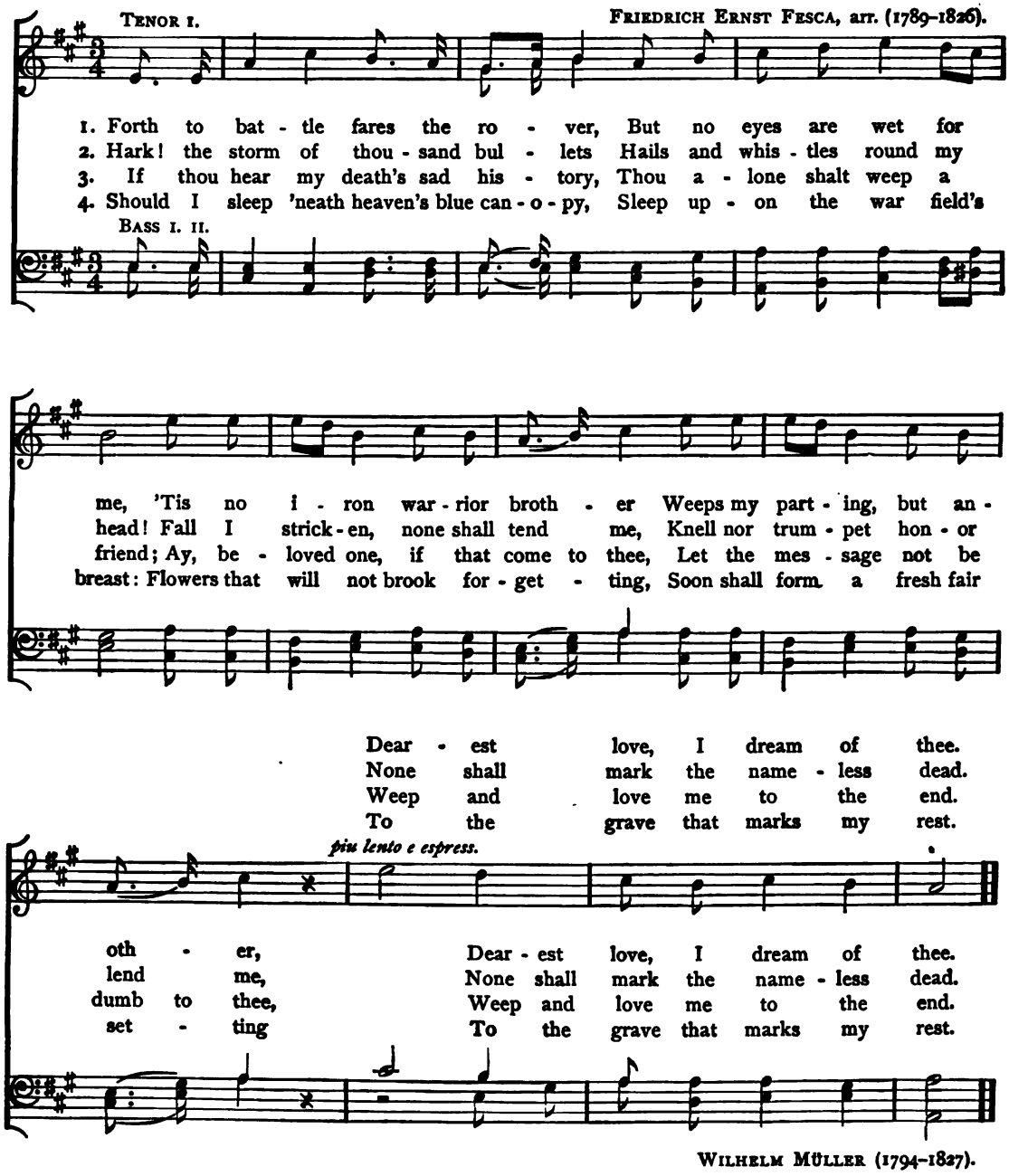
Soldier's Farewell.



Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827).

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Descend upon our Dwelling.

JOSEF GERSBACH, arr. (1787–1830).

TENOR.

1. De - scend up - on our dwell - ing, O qui - et eve, once more, While we in songs are tell - ing Thy gen - tle beau - ties o'er.
2. Al - read - y, swift ad - vanc - ing, Thou blush - est on thy way, And on our flutes is glanc - ing The sun - light's part - ing ray.
3. O'er all is si - lence reign - ing, Save where in for - est dim Some lit - tle bird is plain - ing Its ten - der ves - per hymn.
4. De - scend up - on our dwell - ing, O qui - et eve, once more, While we in songs are tell - ing Our Mak - er's prais - es o'er.

BASS I. II.

mf *p* *mf* *p*

German, tr.

Union and Love.

Moderato.

HANS GEORG NÄGELI, arr. (1773–1836).

TENOR I. II.

1. Un - ion and lov - ing Give us the might, Safe-ty to gath-er From dark - est night.
2. Un - ion and lov - ing Give us the skill, Though all op - pose us, Firm to be still.
3. Un - ion and lov - ing Aye be our word, When 'gainst us surg - es Each an - gry horde.
4. Un - ion and lov - ing Make we our shield, When it for home and Free-dom we wield.

BASS I. II.

German (1815), tr. by W. W. C.

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May Morning.

Allegro moderato.

TENOR.

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW, arr. (1812–1883).

1. Now on high the mer - ry lark is wing - ing, To the morn his

BASS I.

2. Ra - diant Phœ - bus o'er the scene is glanc - ing, While the flowers and

BASS II.

joy - ous mu - sic sing - ing, While a - round the fra - grant flow - erets spring - ing,

bud - ding leaves are danc - ing To the zeph - yr's mel - o - dy en - tranc - ing,

All pro - claim the hap - py dawn of May! 'Mid the woods soft mu - sic now is

And sweet ech - o re-peats the joy - ous lay. Youth and maid - en to the field are

swell - ing, Ev - ery sound of peace - ful joy is tell - ing, From the earth dark

hie - ing, And in wreaths the fra - grant gar - lands ty - ing, While a - loud all

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win - try care dis - pel - ling; While bright sun - shine wel-comes love - ly May.

Na - ture's voice is cry - ing, "Hail to thee! thou mer - ry month of May."

Softly distant Chime of Bell.

Andante.

TENOR.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, arr. (1809–1847).

1. Soft - ly dis - tant chime of bell On the breeze is ring - ing,

BASS I.

2. Seek the cot - tage, fair and bright, Vio - lets hid - ing near it;

BASS II.

Hie thee forth, my song, and tell That of Spring thou 'rt sing - ing.

Is an o - pening rose in sight, Ten - der greet - ing bear it.

HEINRICH HEINE, tr. by MACFARREN (1799–1856).

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Union Song.

Allegro ma non troppo. French Song, arr.

f TENOR I. II.

1. While mind and will in all our hearts are glow - ing, Fails not the
2. We know full well the trust - y blade we're swing - ing, The brow keeps
3. Then let us swear, a - bove each sword - hilt bend - ing, Our na - tive

f BASS I. II.

gleam - ing sword its mis - sion strong! As firm we
calm, and strong each arm ap - pears! Right on we
land to cher - ish un - til death! Rise, broth - ers,

f

stand, our ranks u - nit - ed show - ing, And sing a -
press, the sky a - bove us ring - ing, When our loud
rise, our homes and hearths de - fend - ing, And shout a -

loud our stir - ring bat - tle song: "The rock's firm base may
cry for Fa - ther - land it hears! "The rock's firm base may
loud, in morn - ing's ro - sy breath: "The rock's firm base may

ff

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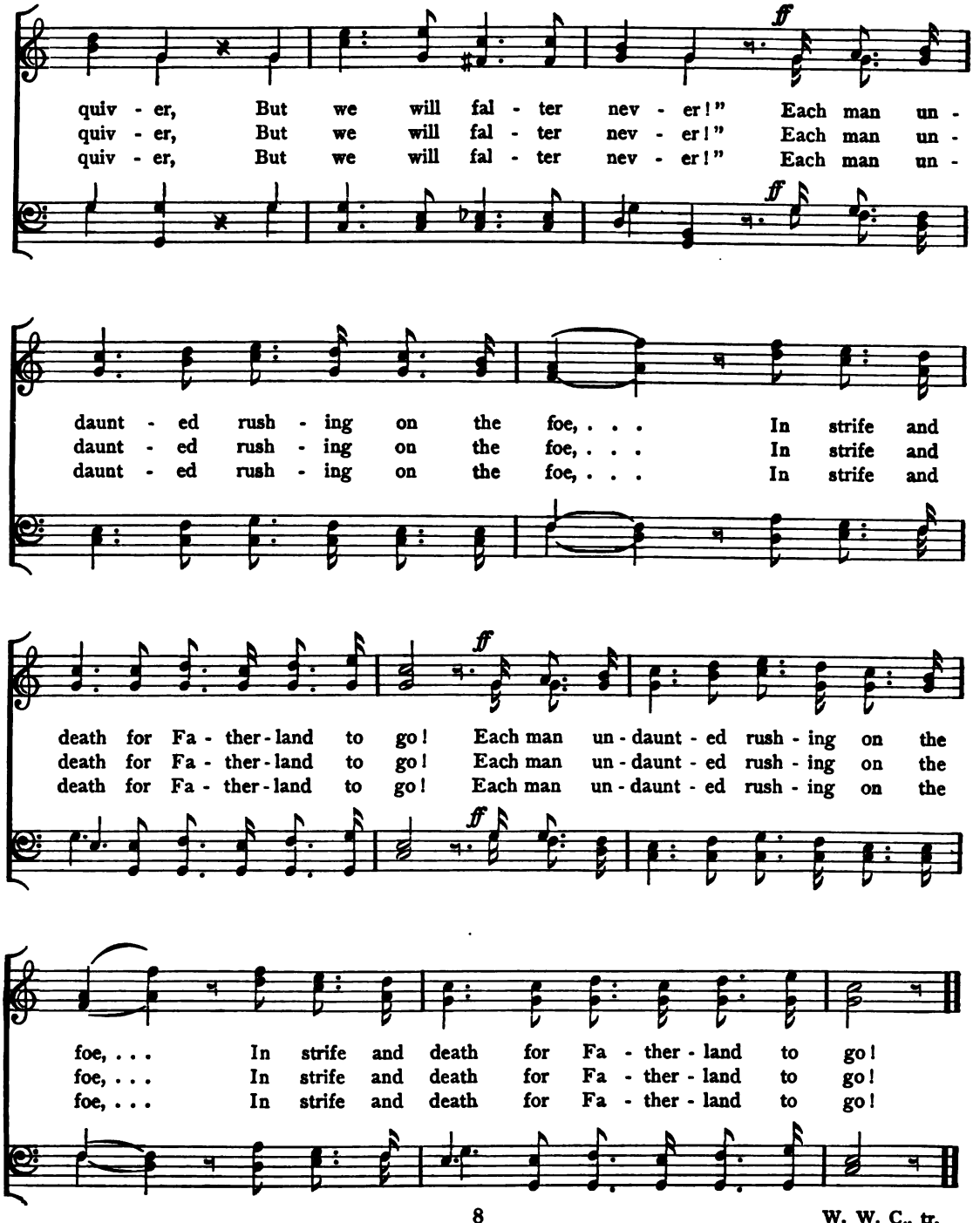

W. W. C., tr.

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Brothers, Hand in Hand.

Andante. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, arr. (1756–1791).

TENOR.

1. Broth - ers, hand in hand in un - ion, Friend-ship's hour of sweet com -
2. Thank and praise the world's great Mak - er, Man is born to be par -
3. Ye, the hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, North and South, what - e'er your

BASS I. II.

cres.

mun - ion, Lifts us to a high - er sphere: We will build our
tak - er, Heart and soul in heaven - ly strife — Life and right and
sta - tion, In the East, or in the West — Make your watch - word

cres.

as - pi - ra - tions Fast on friend - ship's fair foun - da - tions, Earth - ly
vir - tue shield - ing, Truth's e - ter - nal weap - ons wield - ing, Hear the
"Truth our du - ty," Show to all men vir - tue's beau - ty, Love to

aims shall dis - ap - pear, Earth - ly aims shall dis - ap - pear.
sa - cred call of life, Hear the sa - cred call of life.
God and man at - test, Love to God and man at - test.

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Good Night.

Allegretto. GERMAN VOLKSLIED, arr.

TENOR.

1. Good - night, good-night, my on - ly love, A - gain, a - gain, good - night. Good night, good night, my on - ly love, A - gain, a - gain, good night. May all the an - gels o'er thee watch, Who dwell in homes for ev - er bright, Good night, good night, my on - ly love, And be thy slum - ber light.
2. Sleep soft, sleep soft, sleep soft - ly, love, And mind thou dream'st of me. Sleep soft, sleep soft, sleep soft - ly, love, And mind thou dream'st of me. Thou may'st be sure that while I sleep, My faith - ful heart still wakes for thee; A po - tent spell is o'er me cast, That ne'er dis - solved can be.
3. In yon - der bush the night - in - gale Sings in the moon-light clear, In yon - der bush the night - in - gale Sings in the moon - light clear; And through thy cham- ber win - dow, love, The sil - ver moon has dared to peer; She sees thee in thy slum - ber, love, While I must lin - ger here.

BASS I. II.

GERMAN VOLKSLIED.

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Home, sweet Home.

TENOR I. II. SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP, arr. (1794–1855).

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, . . though we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, . . splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, . .

BASS I. II.

ev - er so hum - ble, there 's no place like home! A charm from the
give me my low - ly, thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing- ing

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er
gay - ly, that came at my call; Give me them with that peace of mind,

met with else - where. Home, home, . . sweet, sweet
dear - er than all. Home, home, . . sweet, sweet

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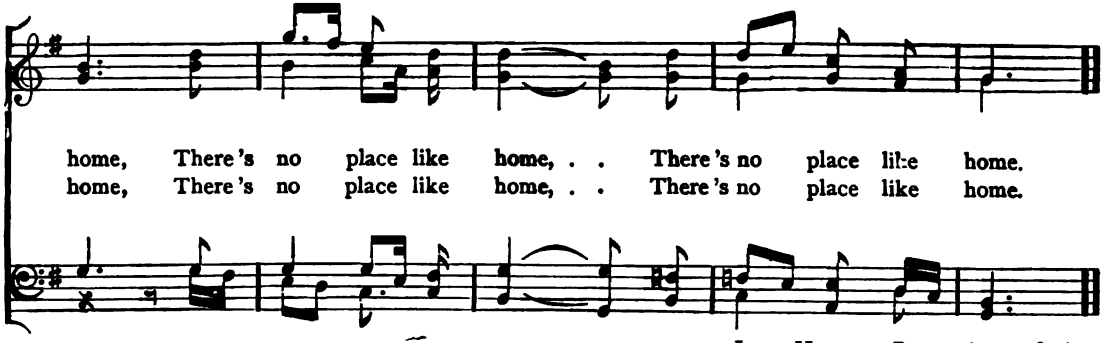


JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1791–1852).

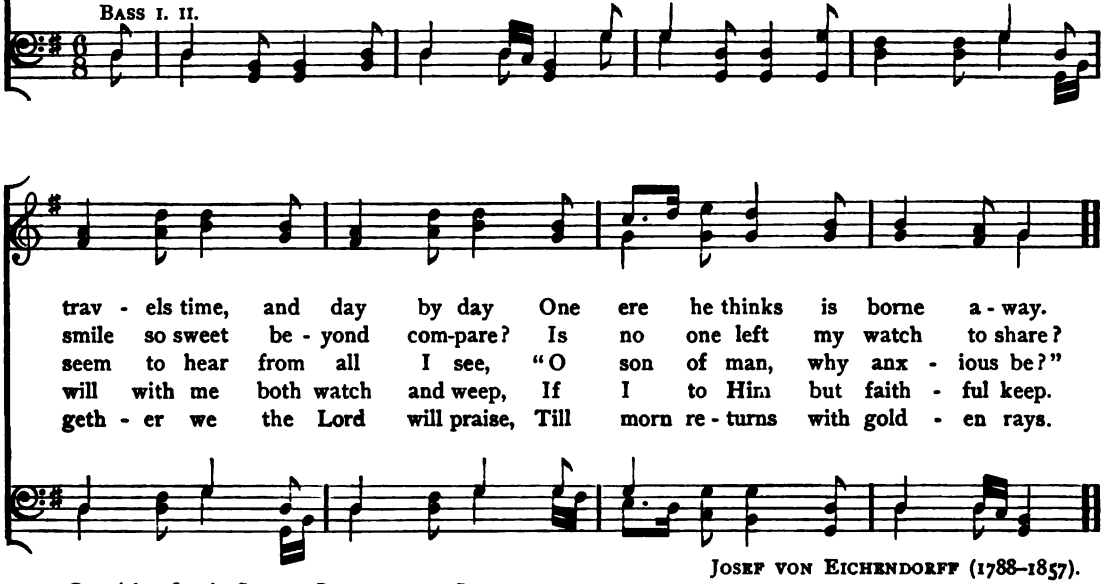
The Daylight Fades.

Lento e dolce.
TENOR I. II.

F. KÜGLER, arr. (1833).

1. The day - light fades, and night is near, From far the even-ing bells I hear; So
2. Where now are the de - lights we knew, The lov - ing friends once fond and true, The
3. How still it is, a - far and nigh, On - ly a cloud moves in the sky; I
4. Though false the fic - kle world may prove, Yet One I know is true a- bove; Who
5. Sing on, then, night - in - gale, so dear, Sing, wa - ter - fall with mu - sic clear! To -

BASS I. II.



JOSEF VON EICHENDORFF (1788–1857).

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Loreley.

Andantino.

TENOR I. II.

FRIEDRICH SILCHER, arr. (1789–1860).

1. I know not whence it ris - es, This thought so full of woe, But a tale of times de - part - ed Haunts me and will not go; The air is cool and it dark - ens, And calm - ly flows the Rhine, The moun - tain peaks are spark - ling In the sun - ny eve - ning shine.

2. And yon - der sits a maid - en, The fair - est of the fair, With gold is her gar - ment glit - t'ring And she combs her gold - en hair, With a gold - en comb she combs it, And a wild song sing - eth she, That melts the heart with a won - drous And power - ful mel - o - dy.

3. The boat - man feels his bos - om, With a name - less long - ing move; He sees not the gulfs be - fore him, His gaze is fixed a - bove, — Till o - ver boat and boat - man, The Rhine's deep wa - ters run; And this with her mag - ic sing - ing, Fair Lor - e - ley has done.

BASS I. II.

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1856).

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Ode to Joy.

TENOR I. II. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, arr. (1770–1827).

1. Hail thee, Joy! all hail di - vin - est Daughter of E - ly - si - um,
2. Joy! 'tis Joy, the might - y le - ver, Turns the wheel of life un - seen,

BASS I. II.

Oh, re - ceive us where thou shin- est, In thy fire - en - cir - cled dome.
Moves with state - ly force for - ev - er Na - ture's in - tri - cate ma - chine,

Bonds of cus - tom that di - vide us, At thy spell are burst a - gain;
Draws the stream from hid - den sourc - es, Stirs the seed in earth con - fined,

Where thy charm-ed pin - ions hide us, Broth-ers love their broth - er men.
Rolls the sun a - long those cours-es, Which the se - er may not find.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805).

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Life let us Cherish.

Allegretto. HANS GEORG NÄGELI, arr. (1773–1836).

TENOR.

Life let us cher - ish, While yet the ta - per glows,

1, 2, 3, 4.
BASS I. II.

FINE.

And the fresh flow - 'ret Pluck ere it close.

1. Why are we fond of toil and care, Why choose the rank - ling thorn to wear, And
2. When clouds ob - scure the at - mos-phere, And fork - ed light-nings rend the air, The
3. The ge - nial sea - sons soon are o'er; Then let us, ere we quit this shore, Con -
4. A - way with ev - 'ry toil and care, And cease the rank - ling thorn to wear, With

D.C.

heed - less by the lil - y stray, Which blos - soms on our way?
sun re - sumes his sil - ver crest, And smiles a - dorn the west.
tent - ment seek; it is life's zest, The sun - shine of the breast.
man - ful hearts life's con - flict meet, Till death sounds the re - treat.

D.C.

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Spring Greetings to Fatherland.

Allegro. mf

TENOR I. II.

BERNHARD KLEIN, arr. (1793–1832).

1. Sing - ing as they go the brook - lets Swift - ly rush a - down the vale, And the
2. Up, far up the high - est gla - cier Spring-time wakes to life a - gain, Thun-der -
3. Broth - ers, let the joys of Spring-time In our in - most hearts a - bound, All on

BASS I. II.

cres. *f* *p*

ma - ny flowers be - side them Joy - ful - ly their com - ing hail. So to -
ing the av - a - lanch - es Send their greet - ings to the plain; And as
earth men prize most high - ly In our League a - new be found. Let our

un poco. rit.

day with songs of greet - ing, As u - nit - ed - ly we stand,
in the soul a - wak - en Mem - o - ries so old and grand,
love and faith bloom free - er, Tight - er clasped be Friend-ship's band,

a tempo.

1st SOLI. 2d TUTTI.

f *sf*

Love re - newed we give un - to thee, O thou dear - est Fa - ther - land!
Loud for thee our songs are ring - ing, O thou dear - est Fa - ther - land!
And our fond - est hopes re - kin - dled For our own dear Fa - ther - land!

HEINRICH GRUNHOLZER (1819), tr. W. W. C.

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Over the Summer Sea.

Allegro.

TENOR I.

GIUSEPPI VERDI, art. (1813–).

1. { O - ver the sum - mer sea, With young hearts gay and free,
Swift with the tide we go, Brave - ly our boat we row,
2. { Grief with the sun may rise, Un - der the star - ry skies
Hark, to the lute's gay sound, With joy our hearts re - bound,

BASS I. II.

Sing we our songs with glee, While bright stars quiv - er: }
Faint - ly the soft winds blow O - ver the riv - er. }
Ban - ish all doubt - ing sighs, Use them to - mor - row; }
Cast not your eyes a - round, Seek - ing for sor - row. }

1. Pleas - ure we're tak - ing, Trou - ble for - sak - ing,
2. Pleas - ure we're tak - ing, Trou - ble for - sak - ing,

Some one is wait - ing, Row, young hands, row, Tra la la, Tra la la,
Some one is wait - ing, Row, young hands, row, Tra la la, Tra la la,
la, la, la, la,

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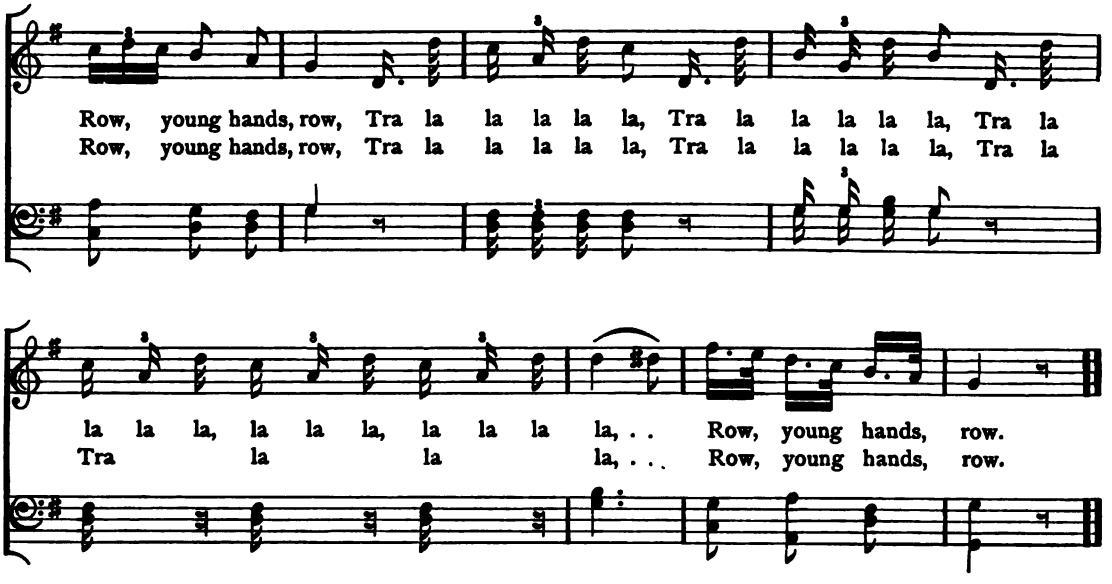
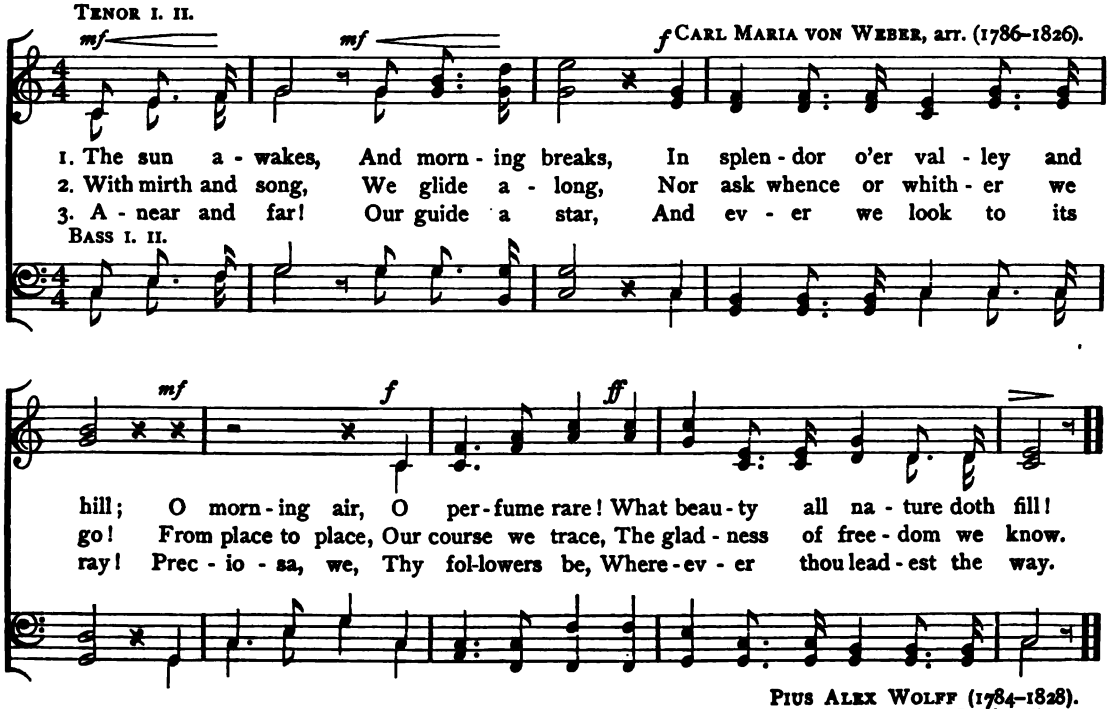


The Sun Awakes.



PIUS ALEX WOLFF (1784–1828).
From the opera "Preciosa."

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March Song.

mf TENOR I. II. FRANZ ABT, arr. (1819–1885).

1. Joy - ous - ly, cloud - less - ly, Wakes the ear - ly day, From each hill,
2. Now in - deed all things speed Up - ward to the light, In the beam
3. Through the air ev - 'ry - where Flowers their scents dis - til, As we go
4. For - est aisle, dark the while, Is my pal - ace free, Where a - round

BASS I. II.

vale and rill, Shad - ows flee a - way. Who would not far dis - tant wan - der,
hill - tops gleam Ra - diant to the height! Oh, thou wak - est deep - est long - ing
high and low O - ver vale and hill! Hei - sa! how each pulse is bound-ing!
sweet - est sound Comes from bush and tree. So I wan - der, gay - ly ev - er,

mf

When the world's so bright, Climb - ing from the dusk - y val - ley To the sun-ny height?
In my breast, sweet day, That I may en - joy each mo-ment, Though so brief its stay.
While with bird notes clear Faint - ly on the breez - es sound-ing, Dis-tant bells we hear.
Through the world so fair, Gaz - ing from the hill - top o - ver Val - ley, field and mere.

f

1. *f* 2. *p*

La, la, la la la, la la, la la la, La la la la la, la la la la la, la la la la.

HEINRICH GRUNHOLZER (1819), tr. W. W. C.

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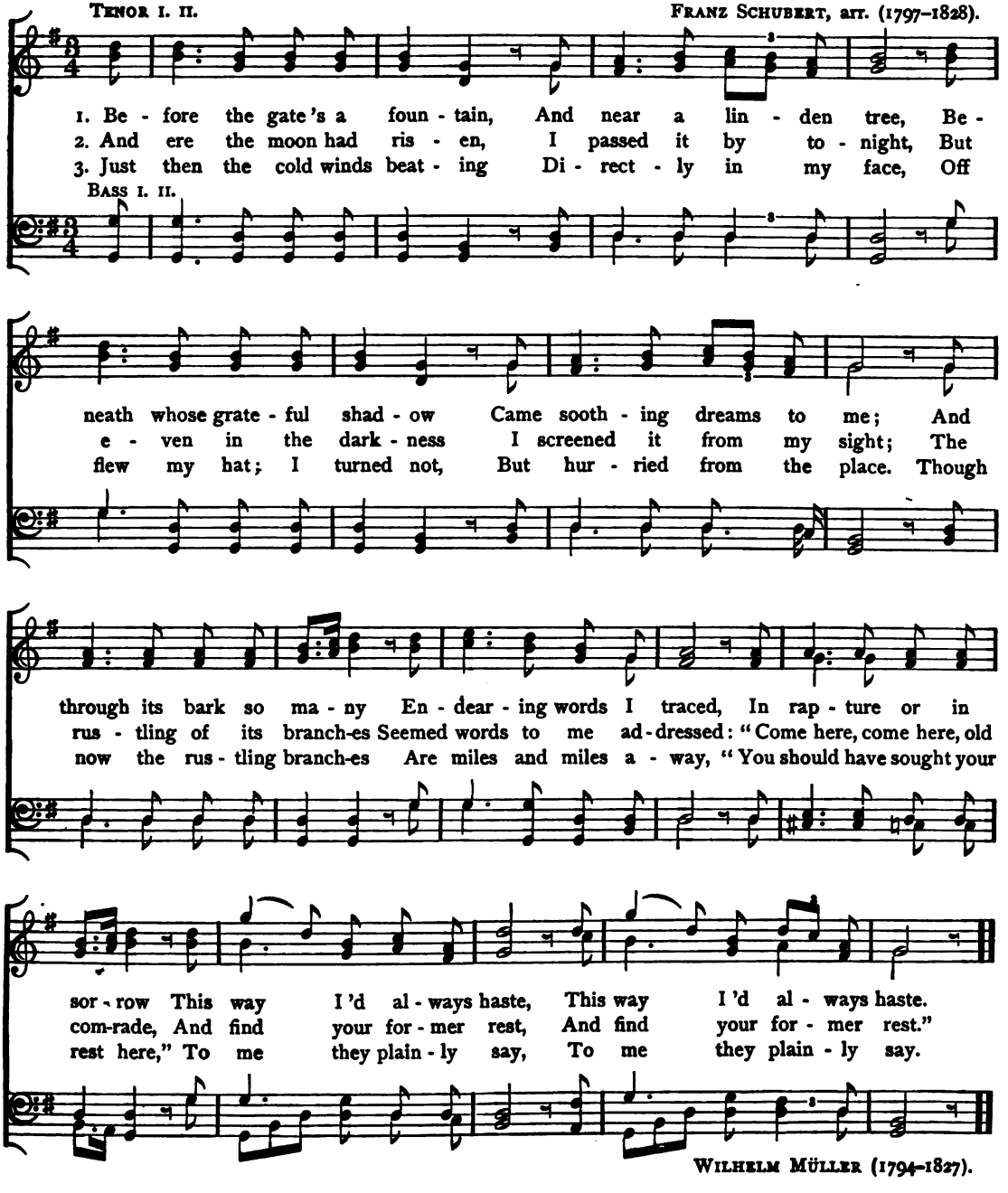
The Linden Tree.



WILHELM MÜLLER (1794–1827).

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Boat Song.

Allegretto. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, arr. (1756–1791).

TENOR I.

1. Rock thee, my boat, on the glim - mer - ing bil - lows, Speed-ing a - far o'er the
2. And on the shore how the blos - som - ing hedg - es Ring with the night - in - gale's
3. Then will the sweet eyes a - gain spar - kle bright - ly, Then speak the voice that is

BASS I. II.

gold - tint - ed sea; Hear - est thou not how the bells of the cat - tle
ex - qui - site song! Will it the slum-ber - ing love now a - wak - en,
dear - est to me, Then will our song full of rap - ture be ring - ing,

p

Ring out at home with their clear mel - o - dy? Sweet is it now o'er the
Which in my heart has been hid - den so long? Car - ry me back o'er the
When, O my boat, I shall bring her to thee. Thou, my com - pan - ion, that

mf

blue wa - ters glid - ing, Hes - pe - rus spark-ling to see in the sky,
spray - driv - ing bil - lows, Car - ry me back where my dar - ling doth stay,
bear - est me on - ward, On to the shore and the home that's so dear,

mf

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And with our light oars the wave - lets to sun - der, Where with rare per-fume the
Speed thee, my boat, with the full can - vas swell - ing, Mer - ri - ly speed o'er the
Nev - er with gold can the boat - man re - pay thee, On - ly with song and a

f

breez - es sweep by, O - ver the bil - lows, my boat, swift - ly fly.
wa - ters a - way, Mer - ri - ly speed o'er the wa - ters a - way.
heart full of cheer, Thith - er, O, thith - er, my boat swift - ly steer.

W. W. CALDWELL.

Song of Consecration.

Andante. FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr. (1797–1828).

TENOR I. II.

mf

1. Light from Heav - en, glo - ry beam-ing, God the Spir - it, Ho - ly One!
2. More and more, true glad - ness giv - ing, Pour up - on his soul thy light!
3. Here re - veal, O po - tent Spir - it, All thy grace and all thy might;

BASS I. II.

All the bless - ing Thou hast prom-ised, This, thy child, be - stow on me.
On - ly when Thou breath'st up-on us, Can we live on earth a - right.
Still to clear - er truth up - lift - ing Out of er - ror's star - less night.

G. STEIGER, W. W. C. tr.

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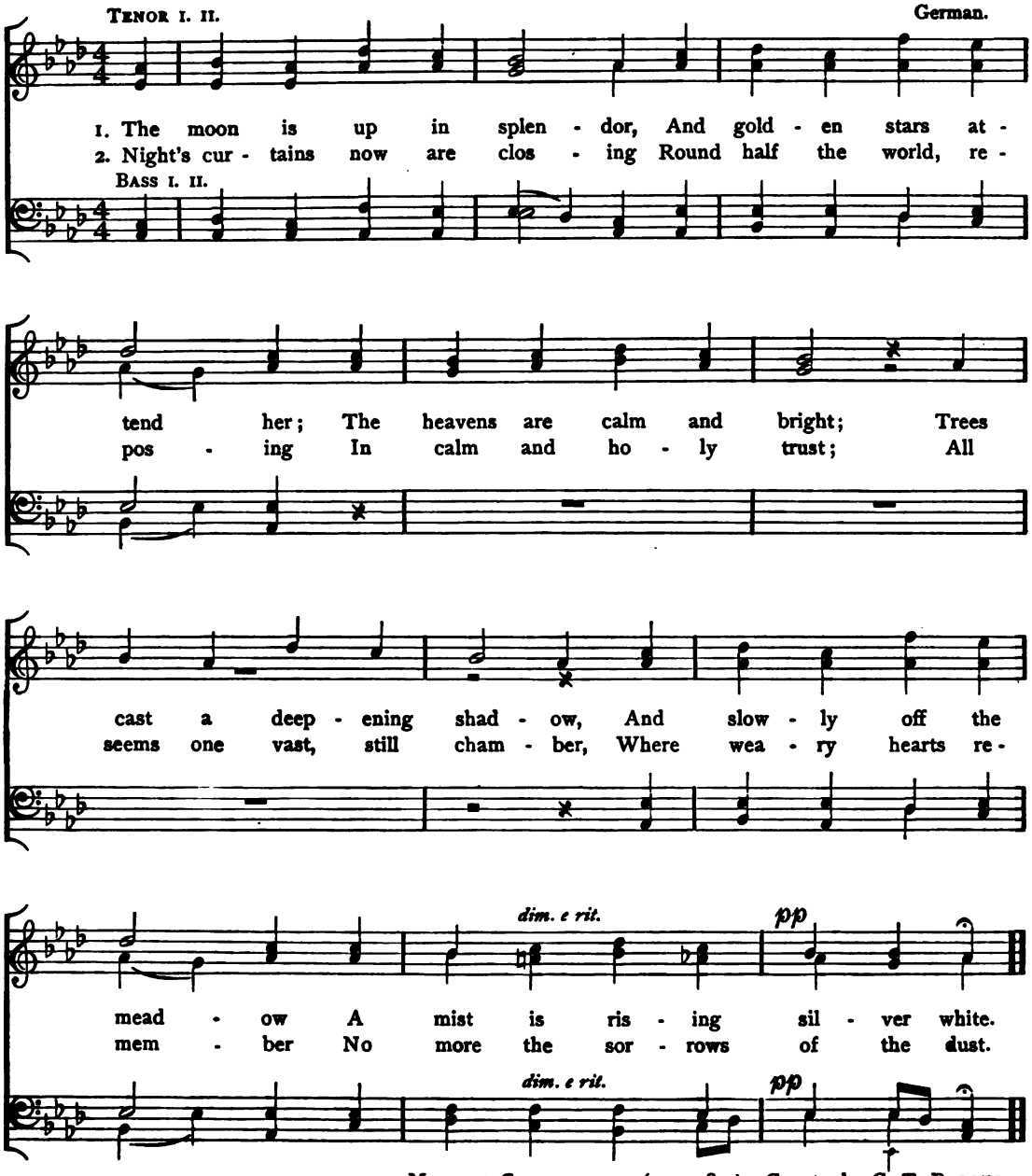
The Moon is up in Splendor.



Mathias Claudius, arr. (1740–1815). Ger. tr. by C. T. Brooks.

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Good Night.

Andante.

TENOR I. II.

A. F. HÄSER, arr.

1. Good night; Peace to all who taste of sor - row! Day now has - tens to its close; Bus - y toil - ing hands re - pose Till a - wakes the bright - eyed mor - row;
2. Go to rest; Shut your eye - lids; — dark - ness fall - eth! Hushed are all the streets a - round, Save the watch - man's still - y sound, Night to all the wea - ry call - eth,
3. Slum - ber sweet; Of your par - a - dise be dream - ing! Who for love no peace can find, Let him see a vis - ion kind, — Loved by his be - loved one seem - ing;
4. Good night; Sleep ye till the morn - ing break - eth; — Sleep ye till an - oth - er day, Calls to oth - er cares a - way; Fear ye not, — your Fa - ther wak - eth;

BASS I. II.

Good night, Good night, Good night, Good night.
"Go to rest!" "Go to rest!" "Go to rest, to rest!"
Slum - ber sweet! Slum - ber sweet! Slum - - - ber sweet!
Good night, Good night, Good night, Good night.

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Adieu, Sweet Wood.

Allegro moderato. HEINRICH ESSER, arr. (1818).

TENOR I.

1. A - dieu, sweet wood, thou love - ly grove, A - dieu! A -
2. A - dieu, ye fir - trees, fresh and green, A - dieu! A -
3. A - dieu, ye rocks, so old and gray, A - dieu! A -
4. And should we part for life's long day, A - dieu! A -

BASS I. II.

dieu! Too soon I part with all I love, A - dieu! A -
dieu! Ye flowers that still may deck the scene, A - dieu! A -
dieu! Shall I e'er - more your heights sur - vey? A - dieu! A -
dieu! O woods, O rocks, O birds' glad lay, A - dieu! A -

cres - - - - - cen - - - - do. al

dieu! And I must to my home re - pair, For books and pen a -
dieu! Some oth - er wan - derer may be - hold, 'Mid fra - grance rare, your
dieu! My heart with bod - ing thoughts is sore, It seems to say, "Oh,
dieu! Fond mem - o - ry will oft re - store Your charms in glad - ness

cres - - - - - cen - - - - do. al

wait me there, A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu!
tints of gold, A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu!
nev - er more!" A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu!
as of yore! A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu!

JOHANN NEPOMUK VOGL (1802).

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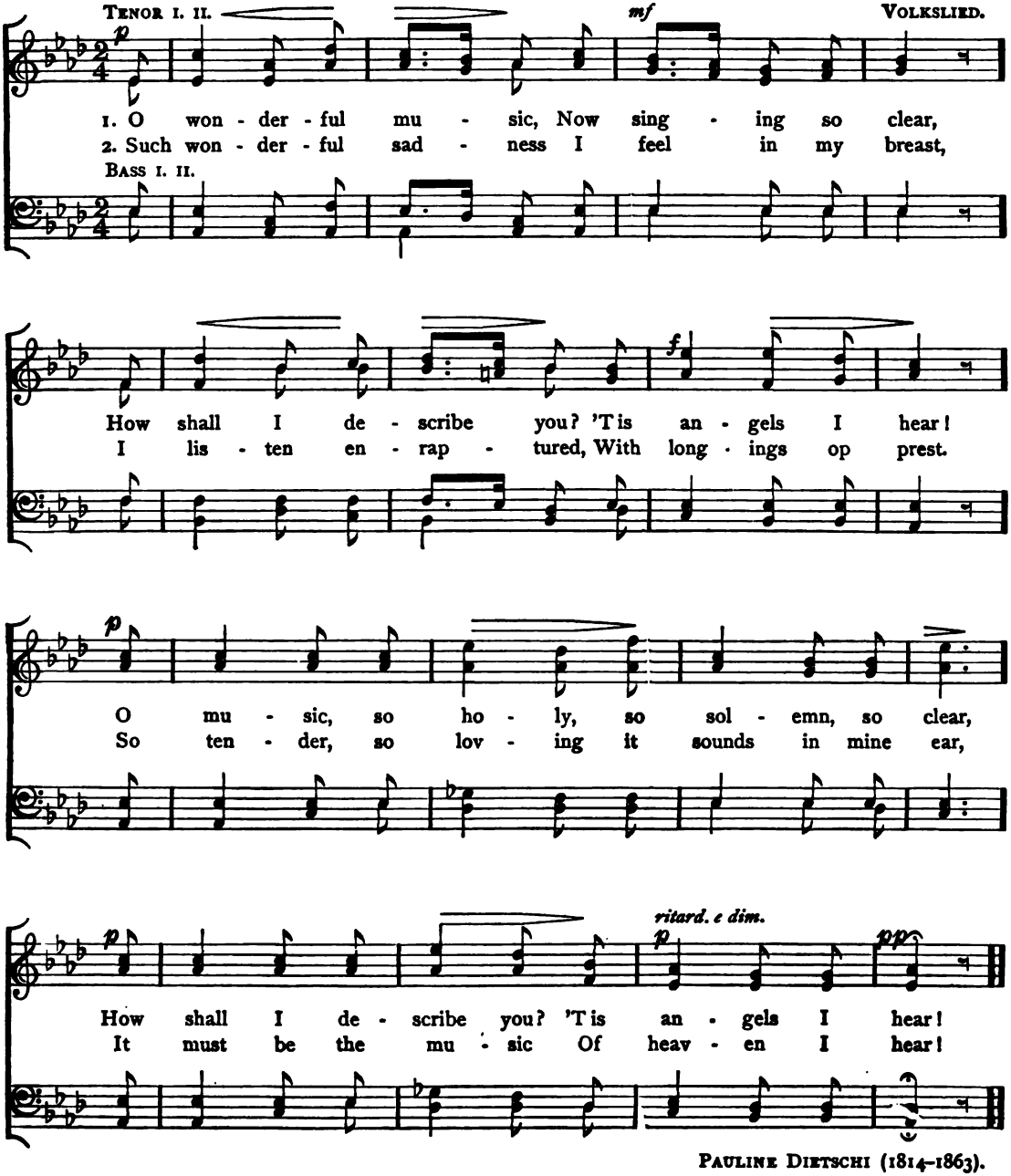
The Ringing Bells.



PAULINE DIETSCHI (1814–1863).

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In Meadows Green.

Allegretto. VOLKSLIED.

TENOR I.

1. In mead - ows green and love - ly, Is home, so dear to me, Where ma - ny hours I lin - ger, Glad there to be. Thee, O na - tive vale, Thou - sand - fold I hail! Where ma - ny hours I lin - ger, Glad there to be.

2. Must from the val - leys wan - der Which all my joys con - tain, That is my bit - ter sor - row, Path - way of pain! Thee, O na - tive vale, Thou - sand - fold I hail! That is my bit - ter sor - row, Path - way of pain.

3. Ah, no, with - in the mead - ow Will I be bur - ied now! Sing me to qui - et slum - ber, 'Neath eve - ning's glow! Thee, O na - tive vale, Thou - sand - fold I hail! Sing me to qui - et slum - ber, 'Neath eve - ning's glow!

BASS I. II.

f

VOLKSLIED, tr. by W. W. C.

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Perri merri dictum, Domine.

Tenor I. Old Song, arr.

1. I had four broth - ers o - ver the sea;
2. The first sent me cher - ries with - out a - ny stones;
3. The third sent a blank - et that had no thread;
4. When the cher - ries are in blos - som they have no stones;
5. When the blank-et 's in the fleece it has no thread;

Bass I. II.

Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Dom - - i - ne: And they
Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Dom - - i - ne: The
Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Dom - - i - ne: The
Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Dom - - i - ne: When the
Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Dom - - i - ne: When the

each sent a pres - ent un - to me;
sec - ond sent a chick - en with - out a - ny bones;
fourth sent a book that could not be read;
chick - en 's in the egg it has no bones;
book 's in the press it can - not be read;

Par - tum quar-tum pe - re - di - cen - tum, Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Do - mi - ne.
Par - tum quar-tum pe - re - di - cen - tum, Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Do - mi - ne.
Par - tum quar-tum pe - re - di - cen - tum, Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Do - mi - ne.
Par - tum quar-tum pe - re - di - cen - tum, Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Do - mi - ne.
Par - tum quar-tum pe - re - di - cen - tum, Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Do - mi - ne.

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There sings a Bird.

Poco allegro, ma con espressione. FRANZ ABT, arr. (1819–1885).

TENOR I.

p *pp legg.* *p*

1. There sings a bird on yon - der tree, "If thou wilt, then come!" How
2. There mur - murs too the mead-ow brook, "If thou wilt, then come!" While
3. From out the a - zure sky there falls, "If thou wilt, then come!" E'en
4. The sun and moon and stars all say, "If thou wilt, then come!" From

TENOR II.

1. There sings a bird on yon - der tree, "If thou wilt, then come!" How
2. There mur - murs too the mead - ow brook, "If thou wilt, then come!" While
3. From out the a - zure sky there falls, "If thou wilt, then come!" E'en
4. The sun and moon and stars all say, "If thou wilt, then come!" From

BASS I. II.

1. There sings a bird on yon - der tree, "If thou wilt, come!" How
2. There mur - murs too the mead - ow brook, "If thou wilt, come!" While
3. From out the a - zure sky there falls, "If thou wilt, come!" E'en
4. The sun and moon and stars all say, "If thou wilt, come!" From

f *pp legg.* *f*

charm - ing sounds his voice to me, "If thou wilt, then come!" My
flow - ing, for thy love I look, "If thou wilt, then come!" I
so the flee - cy cloud - let calls, "If thou wilt, then come!" On
heaven - ly heights, so far a - way, "If thou wilt, then come!" Yet

charm - ing sounds his voice to me, then come! My
flow - ing, for thy love I look, then come! I
so the flee - cy cloud - let calls, then come! On
heaven - ly heights, so far a - way, then come! Yet

f

charm - ing sounds his voice to me, "If thou wilt, then come!" My
flow - ing, for thy love I look, "If thou wilt, then come!" I
so the flee - cy cloud - let calls, "If thou wilt, then come!" On
heaven - ly heights, so far a - way, "If thou wilt, then come!" Yet

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poco rit. *p*

flight is on - ward o'er the Rhine, And back to seek that love of thine; "If thou
join the riv - er, then the main, Thou seest me now, but ne'er a-gain; "If thou
high I sail be - fore the wind, That I this day thy love may find; "If thou
shall my heart in peace a - bide, I reck not, if by all is cried: "If thou

flight is on - ward o'er the Rhine, And back to seek that love of thine;
join the riv - er, then the main, Thou seest me now, but ne'er a - gain;
high I sail be - fore the wind, That I this day thy love may find;
shall my heart in peace a - bide, I reck not, if by all is cried:

flight is on - ward o'er the Rhine, And back to seek that love of thine;
join the riv - er, then the main, Thou seest me now, but ne'er a - gain;
high I sail be - fore the wind, That I this day thy love may find;
shall my heart in peace a - bide, I reck not, if by all is cried:

p

wilt, then come, if thou wilt, then come."
wilt, then come, if thou wilt, then come."
wilt, then come, if thou wilt, then come."
wilt, then come, if thou wilt, then come."

"If thou wilt, then come, if thou wilt, then come."
"If thou wilt, then come, if thou wilt, then come."
"If thou wilt, then come, if thou wilt, then come."
"If thou wilt, then come, if thou wilt, then come."

"If thou wilt, come if thou wilt, then come."
"If thou wilt, come if thou wilt, then come."
"If thou wilt, come if thou wilt, then come."
"If thou wilt, come if thou wilt, then come."

Ger. tr. TROUTBECK.

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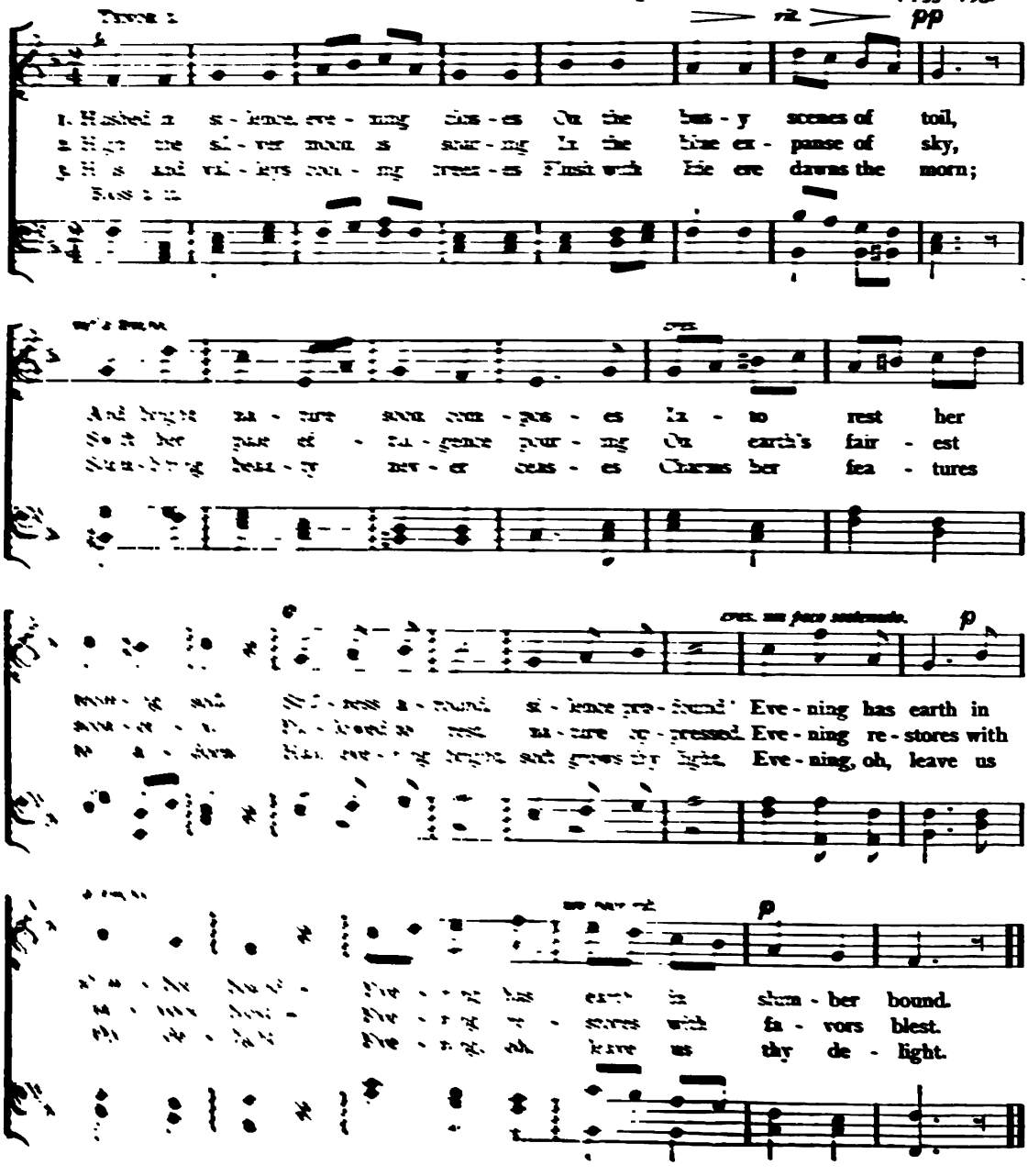
Hail, Evening Bright.

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE (1755–1793).



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'Neath Foreign Skies.

Andante moderato.

TENOR I.

FRIEDRICH GLÜCK (1837), arr. (1789–1841).

1. Seest thou at eve - ning yon clouds so low? Seest thou the peaks of the
2. In those dim for - ests for - ev - er green, Si - lent and hid - den, true
3. On the bleak rocks the north wind doth blow, Soft zeph - yrs breathe in the
4. Could I in - hale but the morn - ing's breath Dy - ing at eve were a

BASS I. II.

moun-tains glow? With snow ev - er - last - ing the moun - tains are bound, And
love is seen! And my love sees but morn - ing and eve - ning light, And
vales be - low; While the moon - light glim-mers through for - ests pro-found, A -
lov - er's death! Then would life melt a - way like the foam on a stream, Thou,

wood - land and val - ley with ver - dure are crowned. 'Neath for - eign skies how my
love, all a - lone with love, knows but de - light. 'Neath for - eign skies how my
far off the sea moans with mur - mur - ing sound. 'Neath for - eign skies how my
love, art e - ter - nal, a sweet, end - less dream. 'Neath for - eign skies how my

long - ing heart sighs — 'Neath for - eign skies how my long - ing heart sighs!
long - ing heart sighs — 'Neath for - eign skies how my long - ing heart sighs!
long - ing heart sighs — 'Neath for - eign skies how my long - ing heart sighs!
long - ing heart sighs — 'Neath for - eign skies how my long - ing heart sighs!

H. KLETKE (1834).

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Autumn's Golden Leaf.

Andante. *p* TENOR I. II. — Old English Song, arr.

1. Why should we sor - row That sum-mer's daz - zling ray So soon hath passed a-way,
2. Gay mu - sic sound - ing, In - vites us forth to roam, And share the "Har-vest Home;"
3. Life hath its chang - es— Its spring-time, hope and joy, Ere yet we learn an - noy;

p BASS I.

Whilst we can bor - row From au - tumn's yel - low light, A scene more tru-ly bright? Wher-
Where, all sur - round - ing, A glad and grate - ful smile Re-pays the end - ed toil. I
Then swift it rang - es Through sum-mer's heats and blights, Our pas-sions and our slights; And

e'er the eye can wan - der, The gar - den and the field A rich - er pros - pect yield;
love the spring's meek pan - sy, The sum-mer's blush - ing rose, And win - ter's pearl - y snows;
win - ter, un - re - lent - ful, At dis - tance frowns se - vere; But let us ban-ish fear—

Earth seems to squan - der Her plen - ty in the sheaf, Her gold in ev - ery leaf.
But, to my fan - cy, Of na - ture's gem the chief, Is au - tumn's gold-en leaf.
Blest and con - tent - ful, To with - er with - out grief, Like au - tumn's gold-en leaf.

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To all you Ladies.

GLEE.

Allegretto, con anima. DR. JOHN WALL CALLCOTT (1766–1821).

TENOR I.

1. To all you la - dies now on land, We men at sea in - dite; But first would have you un - der - stand How hard it is to write: The Mus - es now and Nep - tune, too, We must im - plore to
2. In jus - tice you can - not re - fuse To think of our dis - tress, When we, for hopes of hon - or, lose Our cer - tain hap - pi - ness; All these de - signs are but to prove Our - selves more wor - thy
3. And now we've told you all our loves, And like - wise all our fears, In hopes this dec - la - ra - tion moves Some pit - y for our tears; Let's hear of no in - con - stan - cy, We have e - nough of

TENOR II.

BASS I.

cres. *mf* *cres.*

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f

write to you — to write to you. With a fa la la la
of your love — more wor - thy of your love. With a fa la la la
that at sea — of that at sea. With a fa la la la

la la la, With a fa, ... With a

cres.

la la la, With a fa la la la la la la, With a

cres.

With a fa la la la la la la, With a

fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la la

mf

fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la la

fa la la, With a fa la la, With a fa la la la

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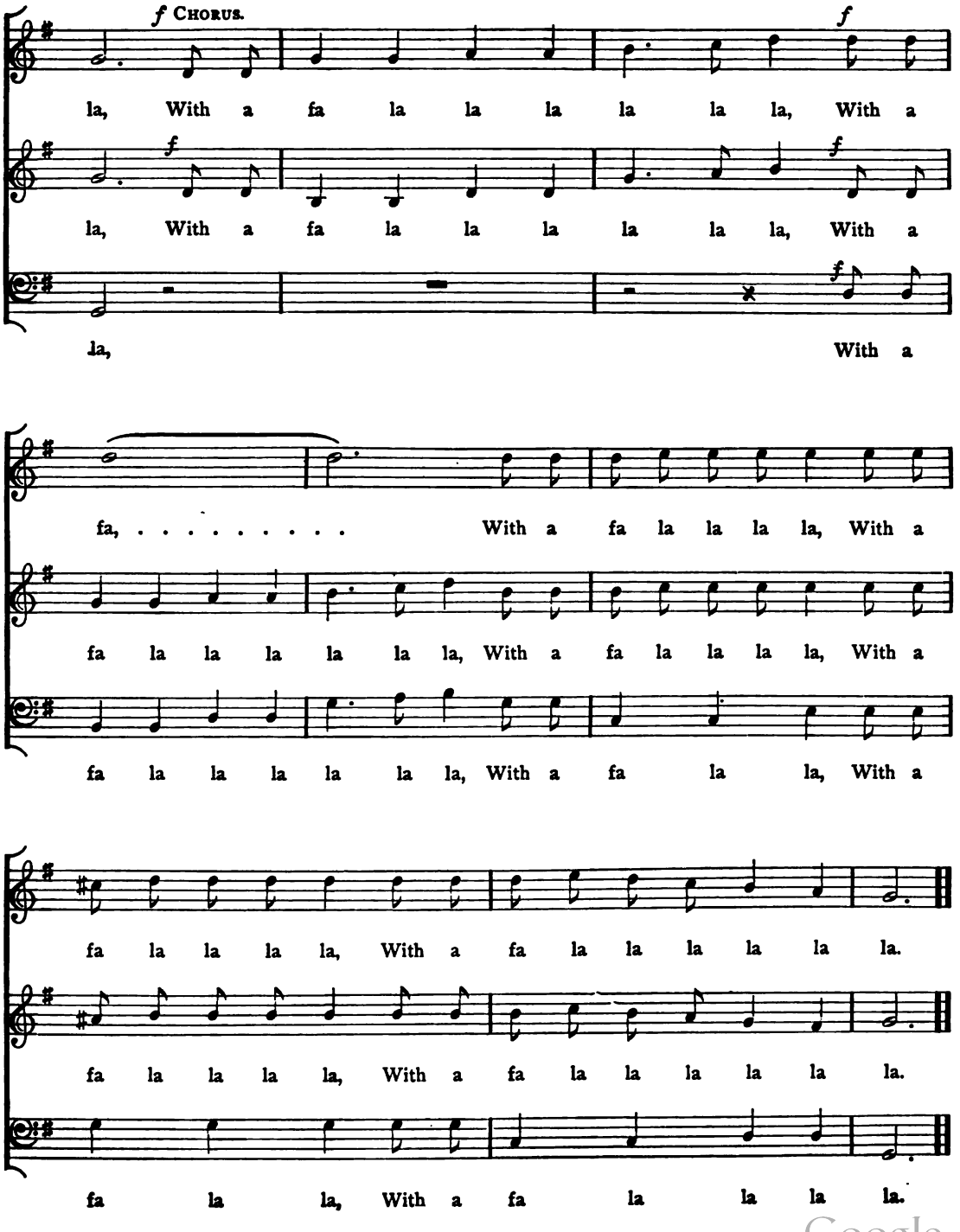

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Farewell to the Forest.

Andante, non lento.

TENOR I. II.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, arr. (1809–1847).

p

1. O for - est deep and gloom - y, O wood - land, vale, and
2. The for - est soft - ly whis - pers In tones of truth - ful
3. The tran - quil glades now leav - ing, To dis - tant lands I

BASS I. II.

f *p*

hill, Of all my joys and sor - rows The gen - tle wit - ness
might, It speaks of ear - nest du - ty, Of what is wrong and
roam, Life's anx - ious toil pur - su - ing, 'Mid strang - ers seek a

When sick of world ly pleas - - ures,
I list - en to its teach - - ing
Though far from hence re - pin - - ing,

cres. *cres.*

still, When sick of world - - - ly pleas - - ures,
right; I list - en to . . . . . its teach - - ing
home; Though far from hence . . . . re - pin - - ing,

When sick of world - ly pleas - ures,
I list - en to its teach - ing
Though far from hence, re - pin - ing,

When sick of world - - - ly pleas - - ures,
I list - en to . . . . . its teach - - ing
Though far from hence . . . . re - pin - - ing,

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p *pp*

Leav - ing the bu - sy town, I seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And,
With pa - tient, hum - ble ear, To me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall
Thrown a - mong worldlings cold, Fond mem - ory still shall charm me, My

Leav - ing the bu - sy town, I seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And,
With pa - tient, hum - ble ear, To me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall
Thrown a - mong worldlings cold, Fond mem - ory still shall charm me, My

f

wea - ry, lay me down; I seek thy qui - et
be for ev - er dear; To me the beau - teous
heart shall ne'er grow old, Fond mem - ory still shall

sf *f*

wea - ry, lay me down; I seek thy qui - - - et
be for ev - er dear; To me the beau - - - teous
heart shall ne'er grow old, Fond mem ory still shall

dim.

shad - ows, And, wea - ry, lay me down.
lan - guage Shall be for ev - - - er dear.
charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

And wea - - - - - - ry lay me down.
Shall be . . . . . for ev - er dear.
My heart . . . . . shall ne'er grow old.

shad - ows, And, wea - ry, lay me down.
lan - guage Shall be for ev - - - er dear.
charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF (1788–1857).

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Home-sickness.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, arr. (1786–1826).

TENOR I. II.

1. Heart, my heart, ah, why so mourn - ful, And what makes thee grieve so sore? 'T is a pleas - ant land, the for - eign, Heart, my heart, what would'st thou more? Heart, my heart, what would'st thou more?
2. 'T is for Swit - zer - land I 'm sigh - ing, Here so des - o - late I roam; It is true this land is pleas - ant, But it is not like my home — But it is not like my home.
3. Here I meet no kind af fec - tion, None here warm - ly press my hand; E - ven chil - dren smile not on me As at home in Swit - zer - land — As at home in Swit - zer - land.
4. Would that I were now re - turn - ing Soon un - to my home a - gain, To my fa - ther, to my moth - er, To each moun - tain, wood, and plain — To each moun - tain, wood, and plain.
5. Heart, my heart, ah, cease to mur - mur, Let thy faith and hope re - main, For the Fa - ther, He can bring thee Soon un - to thy home a - gain — Soon un - to thy home a - gain.

BASS I. II.

LOUISA YARNOLD.

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All who Sing and Wish to Please.

ROUND.

THOMAS GOODBAN (1780–1863).

Moderato.

1. All who sing and wish to please, must sing in

2. La la la la la

3. Na - ture's bless - ings all should seize, . . . which to

tune, the words ex - press; Keep the time, take

la la la la la

ills give sweet re - - dress; Har - - mo - ny bids

breath with ease, The sounds sus - tain, the voice sup - press. 2.

la la la la la la. 3.

an - ger cease, and soothes the mind that feels dis - tress. 1.

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Come, Mirth.

ROUND.

S. PAXTON (d. 1787).

1. Come, Mirth, thou foe to sigh - ing, Bring all thy joc - und train, All thy

2. Bring all thy blest com - pan - ions, Poor mor-tals' kind - est friends, Bring

3. And lead with thee Con - tent - ment, Thy own twin sis - ter true, Each the

2. bliss im - part to each sad, hea - vy heart, And ban - ish care and pain.

3. ro - sy Health, the tru - est wealth That Tem - per- ance at - tends.

1. hap - py child of a mind un - de-filed That en - vy nev - er knew.

Knowledge and Wisdom.

ROUND.

HENRY PURCELL (1658–1695).

1. Bub - bling and splash - ing and foam - ing and dash - ing, With

2. si - lent and slow does the deep riv - er flow, On its

3. shal - low pre - tence bab - bles on with - out sense, While true

2. noise and with bus - tle the brook rush - es by, But

3. smooth, glas - sy bos - om re - flect - ing the sky. Thus

1. knowl - edge and wis - dom sit si - lent - ly by.

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Fortune Beguiling.

ROUND.

FELICE DE GIARDINI (1716–1796).

1. I've seen the smil - ing of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've tast - ed her fa - vors and felt her de - cay, and felt her de - cay, felt her de - way; Sweet is her bless - ing, her bless - ing, but soon fled a - pect her, no smile shall e - late me, no frown shall dis - cay, felt her de - cay.

2. Sweet, sweet is her bless - - - ing, And kind her ca - ress - ing, But soon it is fled, fled far, far a - way; kind her ca - ress - ing, ca - ress - ing, but soon fled a - way.

3. Should she seem my pro - tect - - - or, Should she seem my pro - tect - or, Still, still I 'll sus - pect her, sus - pect her, no smile shall e - late me, no frown shall dis - may, no, no smile shall e - late me, no frown shall dis - may.

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O God, we Praise Thee and Confess.

ST. ANNE.

WILLIAM CROFT (1677–1727).

TENOR I. II.

1. O God, we praise Thee and con - fess That Thou the
2. To Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; To Thee the
3. O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Whom heaven - ly
4. The a - pos - tles' glo - rious com - pa - ny, And proph - ets
5. The ho - ly church through - out the world, O Lord, con -

BASS I. II.

on - ly Lord, . . . And ev - er - last - ing
powers on high, . . . Both cher - u - bim and
hosts o - bey, . . . The world is with the
crowned with light, . . . With all the mar - tyrs'
fess - es Thee . . . That Thou e - ter - nal

Fa - ther art By all the earth a - dored.
ser - a - phim, Con - tin - ual - ly do cry.
glo - ry filled Of Thy ma - jes - tic sway.
no - ble host, Thy con - stant praise re - cite.
Fa - ther art, Of bound - less ma - jes - ty.

NAHUM TATE (1652–1715).
NICHOLAS BRADY (1659–1726).

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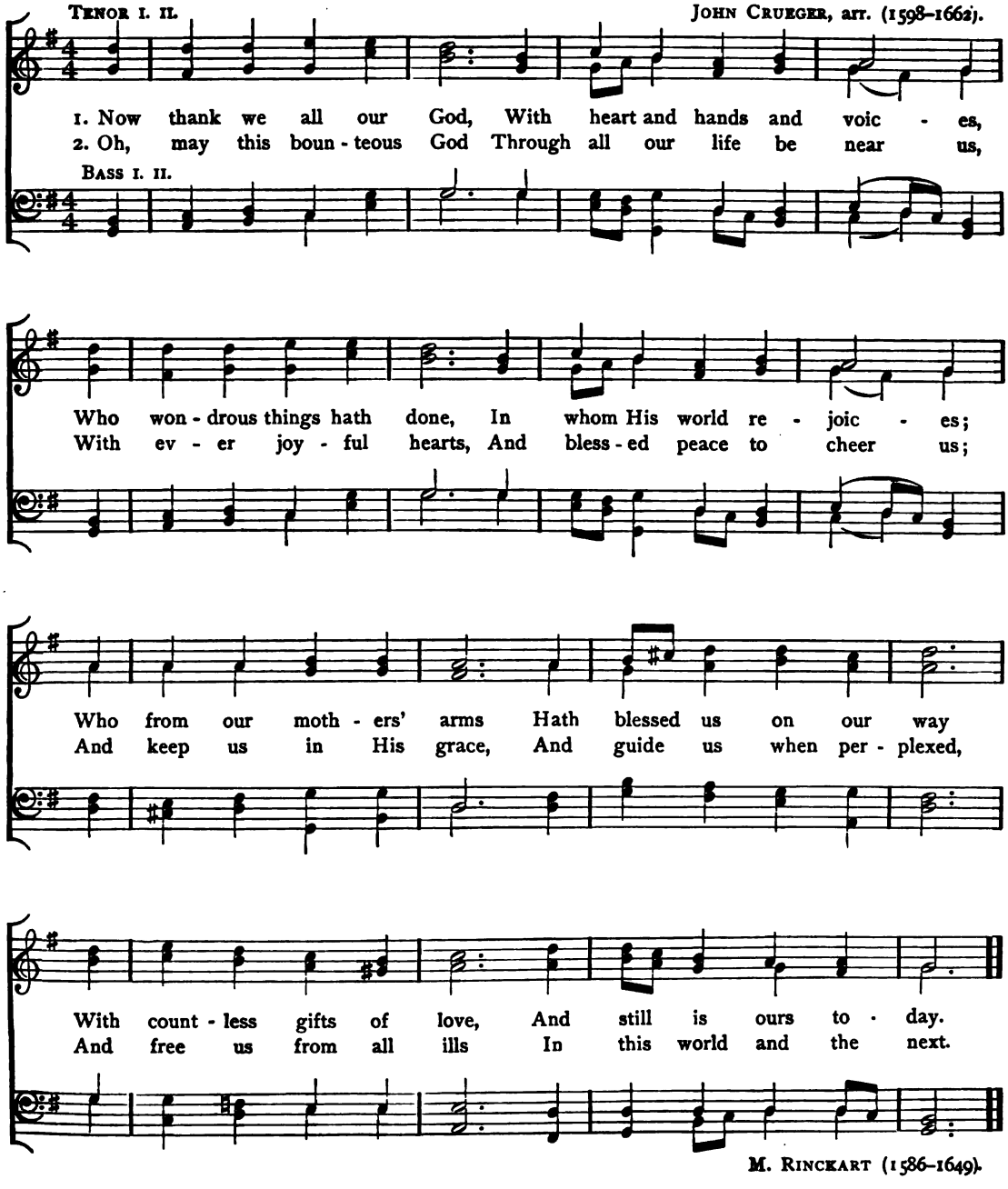
Now Thank we all our God.



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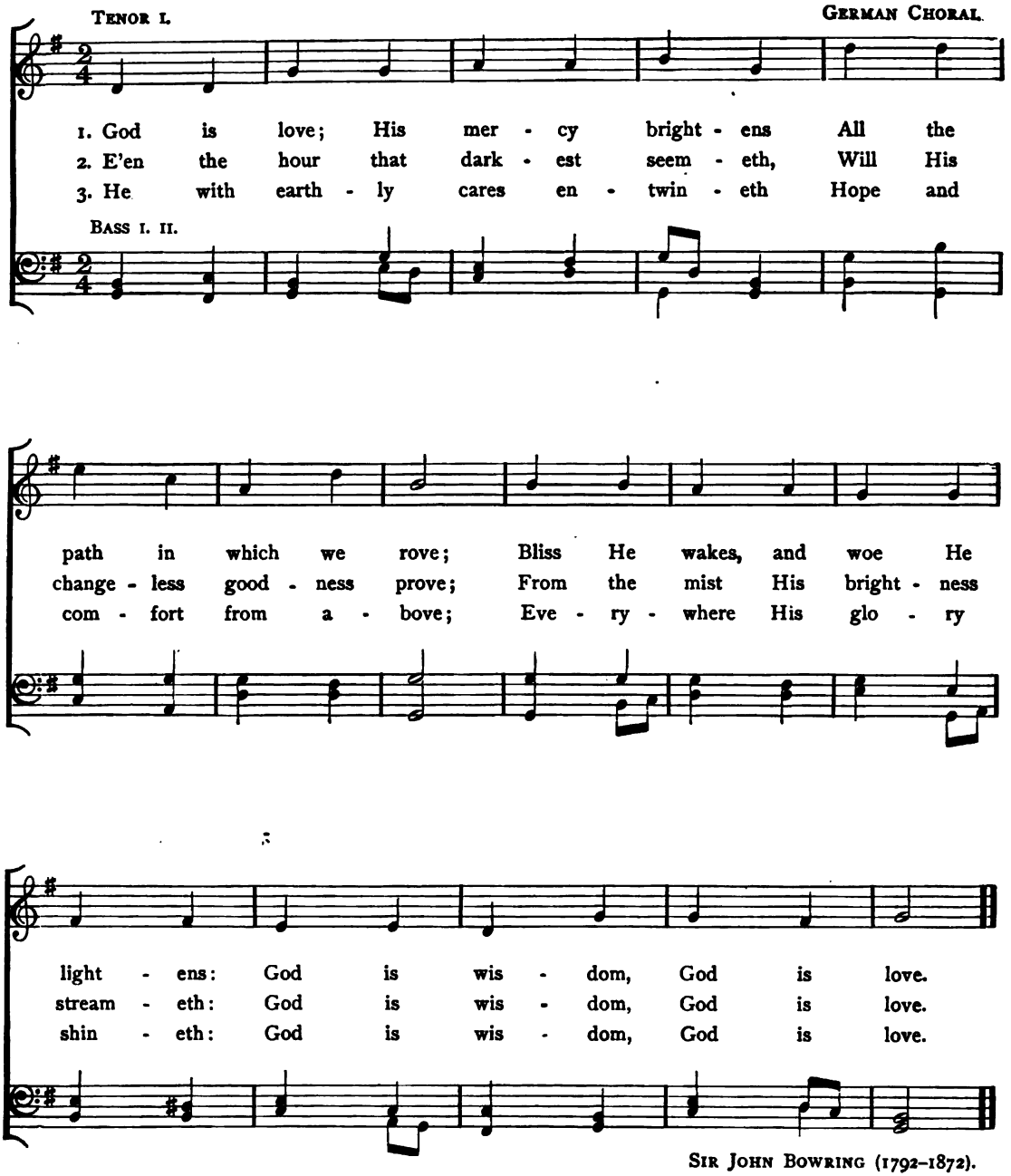
God is Love.



Sir John Bowring (1792–1872).

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Oh, Bless the Lord, my Soul!

ST. MICHAEL.

TENOR I. DAY'S PSALTER (1562).

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! . . . . His grace to thee pro - claim; . . . . And all that is with - in me join To bless His ho - - ly name. . . .
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! . . . . His mer - cies bear in mind; . . . . For - get not all His ben - e - fits; The Lord to thee is kind. . . .
3. He will not al - ways chide; . . . . He will with pa - tience wait; . . . . His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And rea - dy to a - bate. . . .
4 He par - dons all thy sins, ... Pro - longs thy fee - ble breath; . . . . He heal - eth thine in - firm - i - ties, And ran - soms thee from death. . . .
5. He clothes thee with His love, ... Up - holds thee with His truth, ... And, like the ea - gle, He re - news The vig - or of thy youth. . . .
6. Then bless His ho - ly name, ... Whose grace hath made thee whole, ... Whose lov - ing - kind - ness crowns thy days; Oh, bless the Lord, my soul. . . .

BASS I. II.

ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748).

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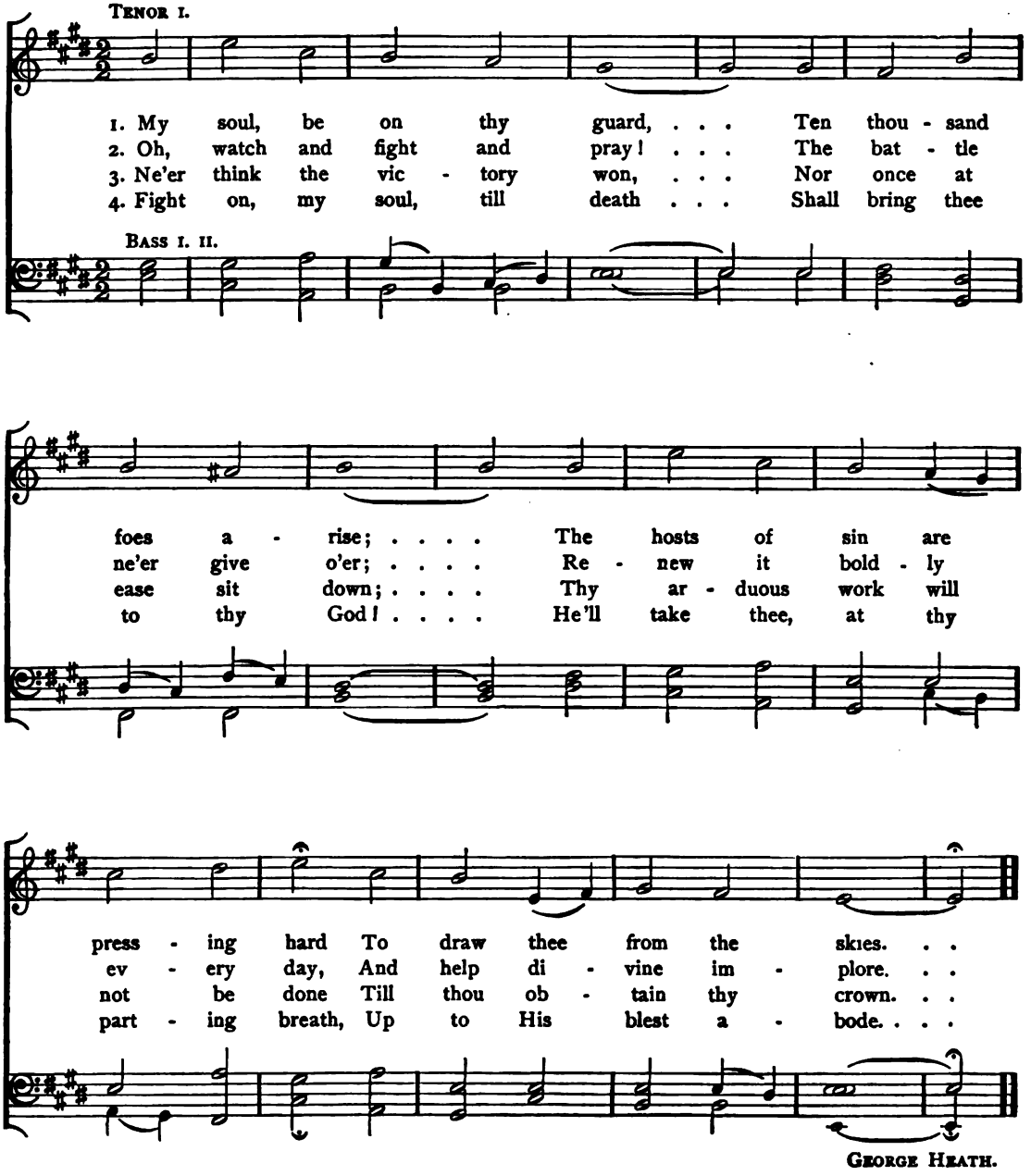
My Soul, be on thy Guard.

PADDINGTON.



GEORGE HEATH.

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The Lord my Pasture shall Prepare.

TENOR I. SEVER GASTORIUS, arr. (d. 1675).

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shep - herd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye: My noon - day walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend,— And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs - ty moun - tain pant; To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads My wea - ry, wan - dering steps He leads, Where peace-ful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow,— A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow.
3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloom - y hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend - ly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dread - ful shade,— And guide me through the dread - ful shade.

BASS I. II.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719).

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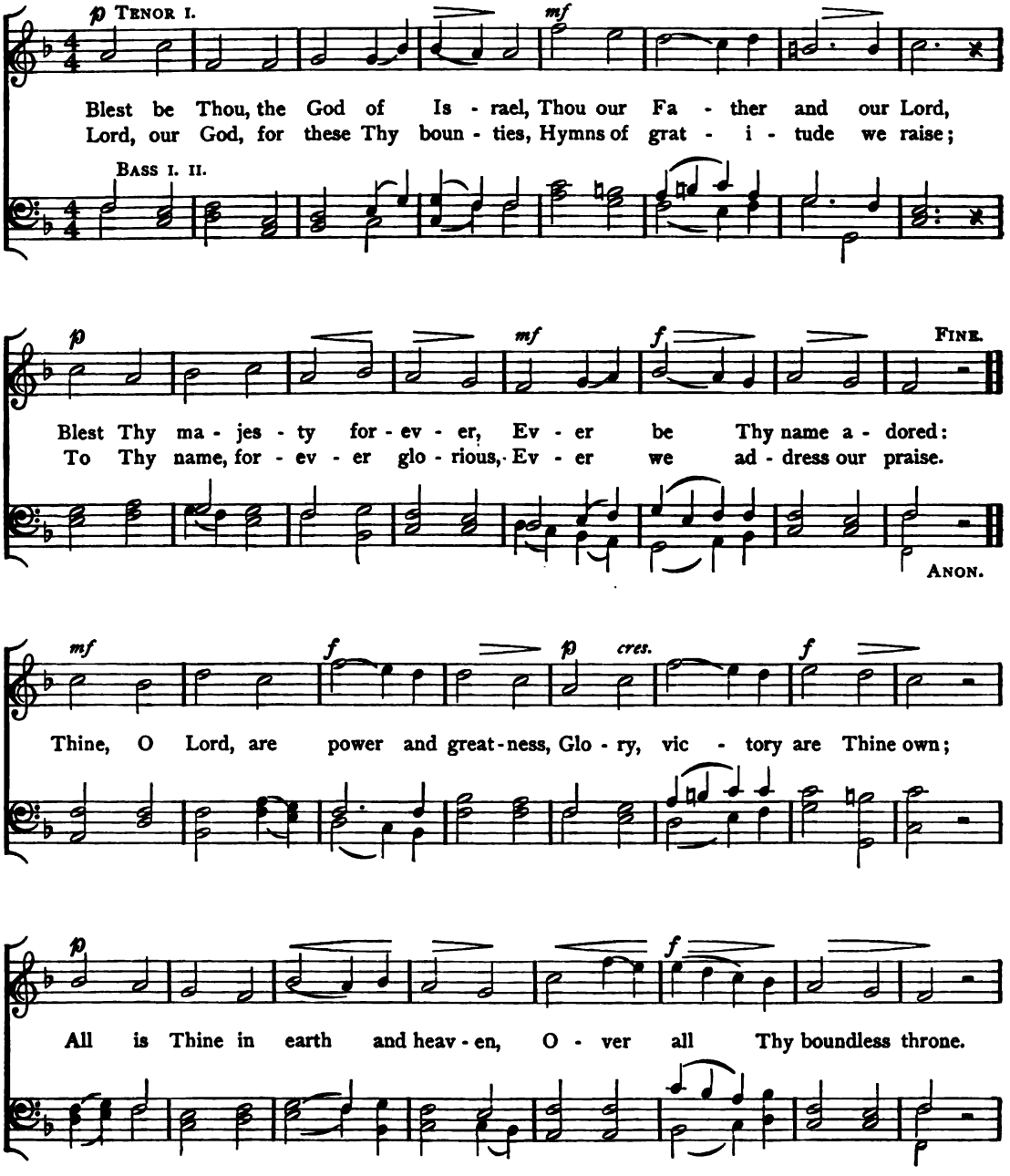
Blest be Thou.

CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD, RITTER VON GLUCK (1714–1787).



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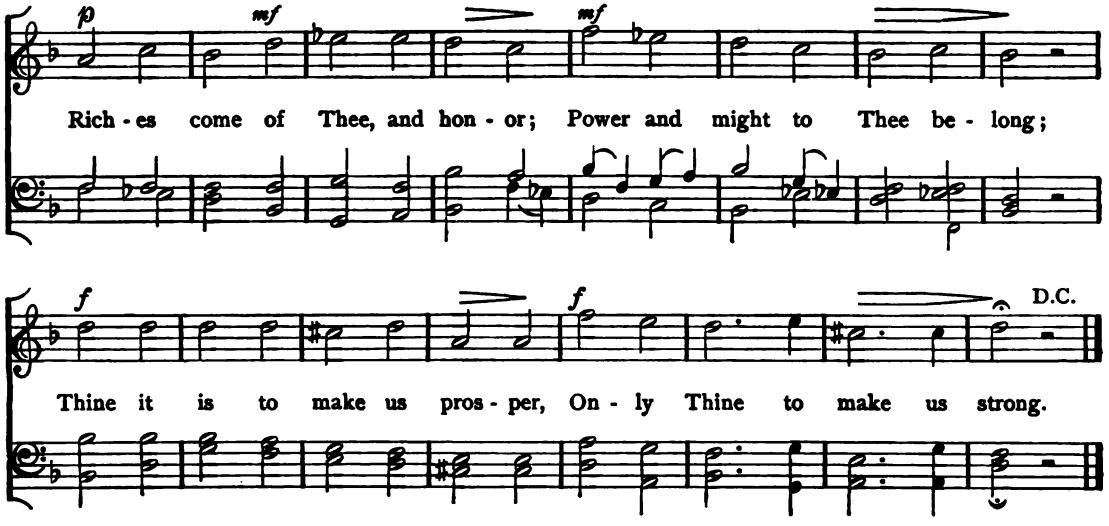
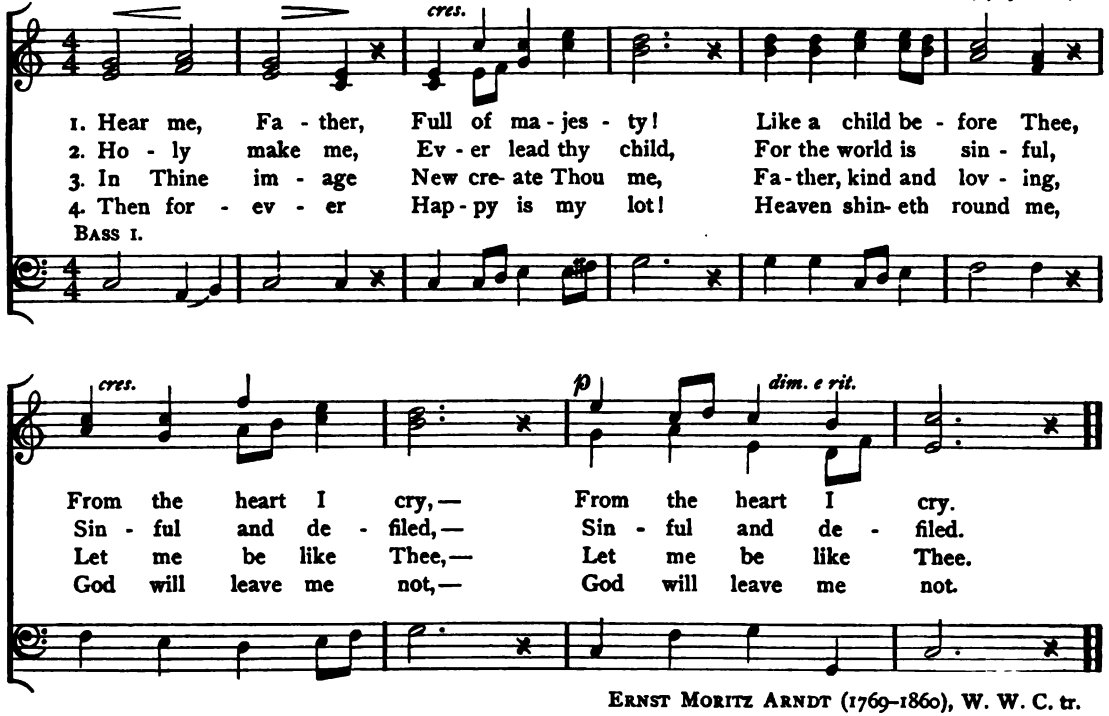


Teach Me.

Moderato.

TENOR I. II.

FRIEDRICH SILCHER, arr. (1789–1860).



ERNST MORITZ ARNDT (1769–1860), W. W. C. tr.

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Holy, holy is the Lord.

Moderato. FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr. (1797–1828).

pp TENOR I. II.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! . .

BASS I. II.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly now is He! . .

ff *dim.*

He the un - be - got - ten, He who ev - er was, . .

pp

He who rul - eth all . . things, and shall ev er be! . .

JOHANN PHILIPP NEUMANN.

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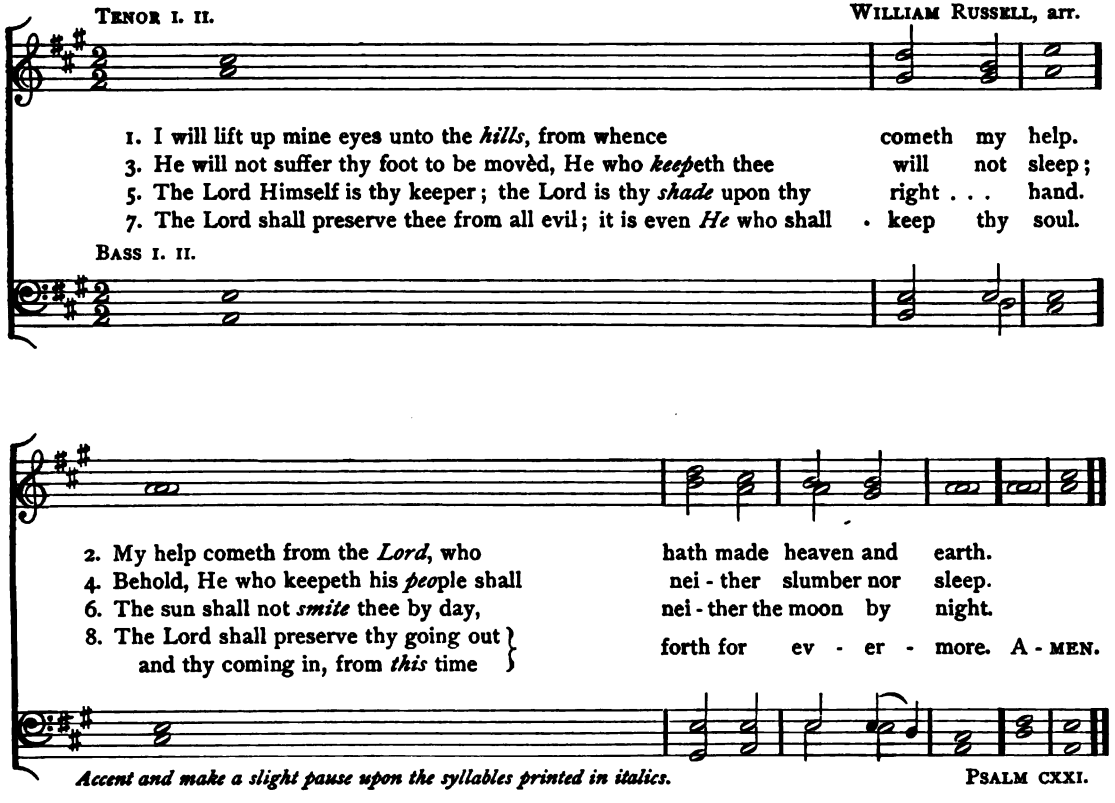
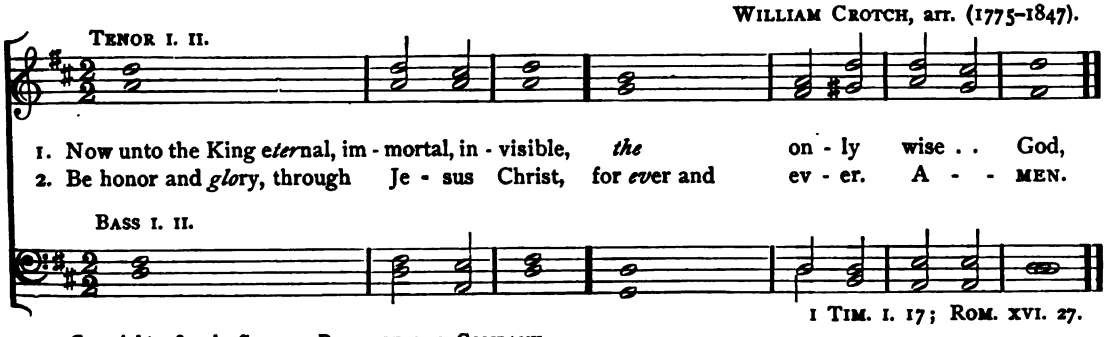
I will Lift up mine Eyes.



Accent and make a slight pause upon the syllables printed in italics.

PSALM CXXI.

Doxology.



1 TIM. I. 17; ROM. XVI. 27.

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My Soul doth Magnify the Lord.

TENOR I. II. BENJAMIN JACOB, arr. (1778–1829).

1. My soul doth *mag*ni - - fy the Lord, and my spirit *hath* re - joicèd in God my Saviour;
3. For be*hold*, from hence - forth *all* gener - - - ations shall call me blessèd;
5. And His *mer*cy is on them that fear Him, through*out* all . . . gen - er - ations;
7. He hath put down the *migh*ty from their seat; and *hath* ex - - - alted the humble and meek;
10. Now unto the King e*ter*nal, im-mortal, in - visible, *the* on - ly wise . . God,

BASS I. II.

2. *For* He hath re - garded the *low*li - - - - - ness of His hand-maiden.
4. For He that is *migh*ty hath magni - fièd me, *and* ho - ly is His name.
6. He hath showèd *strength* with His arm; { He hath scatterèd the proud in the im*ag*-i- } na - tion of their hearts.
8. He hath fillèd the *hun*gry with good things, and the *rich* He hath sent . . empty a - way.
9. He, remembering His mercy, hath *hol*pen His } ser - vant Israel, { as He promisèd to our forefathers, *A*braham, } and his seed for - ever.
11. Be honor and *glo*ry through Je - sus Christ, for *ev*er and ev - er, A - - - MEN.

ST. LUKE I. 46.

Lord, now Lettest Thou Thy Servant Depart.

TENOR I. II. JOSEPH BARNBY, arr. (1838–1896).

1. Lord, now lettest Thou thy *ser*vant de - - - - - } part in peace, *ac* - - - - cord - ing to Thy word.
2. *For* mine eyes have seen *Thy* . . . . . sal - vation.
3. *Which* Thou hast pre - parèd be*fore* the face of all . . people.
4. To be a *light* to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the *glo*ry of Thy peo - ple Israel.
5. Now unto the King e*ter*nal, im- mortal, in - visible, the on - ly wise . . God,
6. Be honor and *glo*ry, through Je - sus Christ, for *ev*er and ev - er, A - - - MEN.

BASS I. II.

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ST. LUKE II. 29.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Forsaken!

Moderato.

TENOR I. II.

THOMAS KOSCHAT, arr.

pp

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I! Like a stone by the way - side my shat - tered dreams lie; To the grave-yard I has - ten, so far, far a - way, And there low - ly kneel - ing, in de - jec - tion I stay— And there low - ly kneel-ing, in de - jec - tion I stay.

2. A tree shades the hill - ock, where wild flow - ers creep, And there ne'er to wak - en, my be - lov - ed doth sleep; And there my heart lin - gers while sad - ly I sigh, And re - mem - ber with an - guish for - sak - en am I! And re - mem - ber with an-guish—for - sak - en am I.

BASS I. II.

cres. *al* *ff* *dim.* *mf* *f* *p*

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THOMAS KOSCHAT, tr.

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When May Breezes Blow.

Dolce.
TENOR I. II.

JOSEPH KREIPL, arr.

f *p* *cres.*

1. When May breez - es blow, in the wood melts the snow, And blue vio - lets
2. When sweet ros - es bloom, hearts for - get all their gloom, And love like the
3. Each year bring - eth Spring-time, but when once 't is o'er Man's spring-time de -

BASS I. II.

f *p*

peep that lay hid - den be - low, And birds that have slum-bered The whole win - ter
flow - ers ex - hales its per - fume, Once more will the ros - es Blush love - ly and
part - ed re - turn - eth no more; The swal - lows that fly hence, Re - turn o'er the

p *mf* *f*

long, All joy - ous - ly wak - en — All joy - ous - ly wak - en, And wood-land and
red, But Love com-eth nev - er — But Love com - eth nev - er — But Love com - eth
main, When man hath de - part - ed — When man hath de - part - ed — When man hath de -

f *mf* *pp* *ritardando.*

brak - en Re - ech - o with song — And wood-land and brak - en Re - ech - o with song.
nev - er When once he hath fled — But Love com - eth nev - er When once he hath fled.
part - ed, He comes not a - gain — When man hath de - part - ed, He comes not a - gain.

K. H. SCHAUFFER (1814). AUSTRIAN VOLKSLIED.

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The Fisher.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH REICHARDT, arr. (1751–1814).

TENOR I.

1. The wa - ters purled,— the wa - ters swelled — A fish - er sat near by, And
2. She sang to him — she spake to him — "Why lur'st thou from be - low, In
3. "Bathes not the smil - ing sun at night, The moon, too, in the waves? Comes
4. The wa - ters purled,— the wa - ters swelled — They kissed his na - ked feet; His

BASS I. II.

earn - est - ly his line be - held With tran - quil heart and eye, And
cru - el mood, my ten - der brood, To die in day's fierce glow? Ah,
he not forth more fresh and bright From o - cean's cool - ing caves? Canst
heart a name - less trans - port held, As if his love did greet. She

while he sits and watch - es there, He sees the waves di - vide, And,
didst thou know how sweet - ly there The lit - tle fish - es dwell, Thou
thou un - moved that deep world see, That heaven of tran - quil blue, Where
spake to him — she sang to him — Then all with him was o'er — Half

lo! a maid, with glis - tening hair, Springs from the hu - mid tide.
would'st come down their lot to share, And be for - ev - er well.
thine own face is beck - oning thee Down to the e - ter - nal dew?"
drew she him — half sank he in — He sank to rise no more.

GOETHE (1749–1832), tr. by C. T. BROOKS.

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My old Kentucky Home.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER, arr. (1826–1864).

TENOR I. II.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y Home, 'T is
2. They hunt no more for the 'pos - sum and the coon On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend Wher

BASS I. II.

sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay, The corn - top's ripe, and the
mead - ow, the hill and the shore, They sing no more by the
ev - er the dark - y may go; A few more days and the

mead - ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day; The
glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door; The
troub - le all will end In the field where the su - gar canes grow; A

young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No

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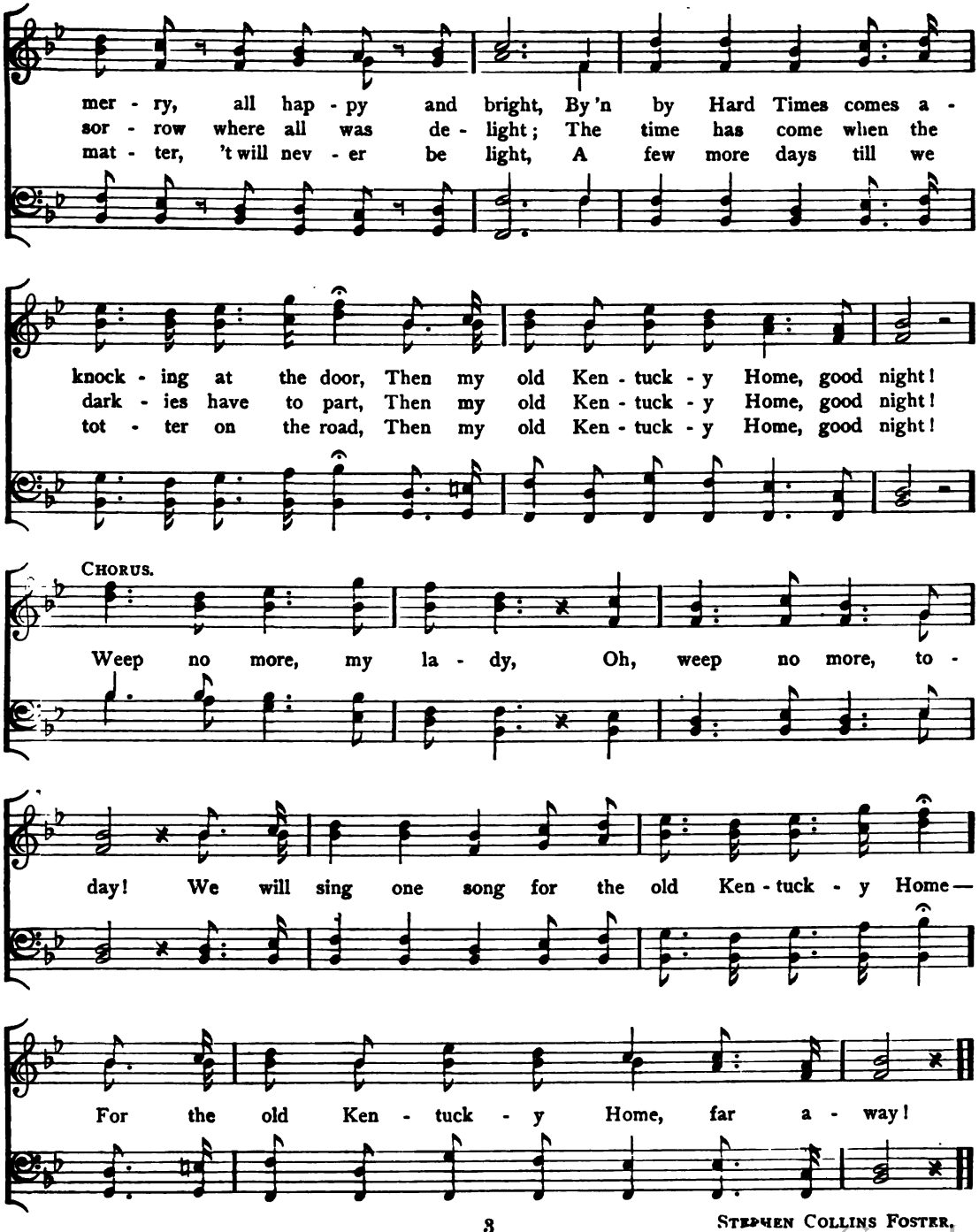

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

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Wandering.

Allegretto commodo.

KARL HEINRICH ZÖLLNER, arr. (1792–1835).

TENOR I. II.

f

1. To wan - der is the mil - ler's joy — To wan - der is the mil - ler's joy, To wan - der; He
2. The wa - ter long has taught us this — The wa - ter long has taught us this — The wa - - ter. It
3. We see it in the mill - wheels, too — We see it in the mill - wheels, too — The mill - wheels. They
4. The ver - y stones, for all their weight — The ver - y stones, for all their weight, The mill - stones Keep
5. To wan - der far - ther I de - sire — To wan - der far - ther I de - sire — To wan - der. O

BASS I. II.

p

He must a wretch - ed mil - ler must a wretch-ed mil - ler be, Who nev - er cares the world to see — Who
It knows no rest by day or knows no rest by day or night, In wan-d'ring al - ways takes de - light — In
They like not to be stand - ing like not to be stand - ing still, But turn all day with right good will — But
Keep danc - ing in a mer - ry danc - ing in a mer - ry round, And will not be in - ac - tive found — And
O Mas - ter and O Mis - tress Mas - ter and O Mis-tress too, Let me in peace de - part from you — Let

be, Who nev - er cares the world to see.
night, In wan - d'ring al - ways takes de - light.
still, But turn all day with right good will.
round, And will not be in - - ac - tive found.
too, Let me in peace de - - part from you.

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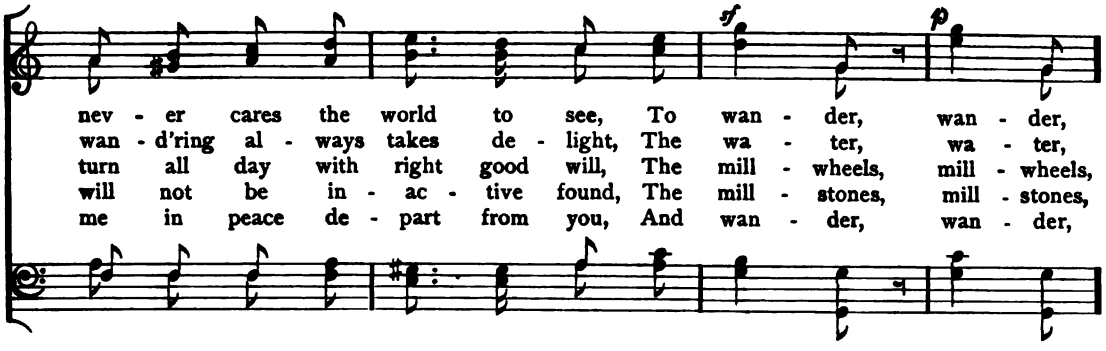

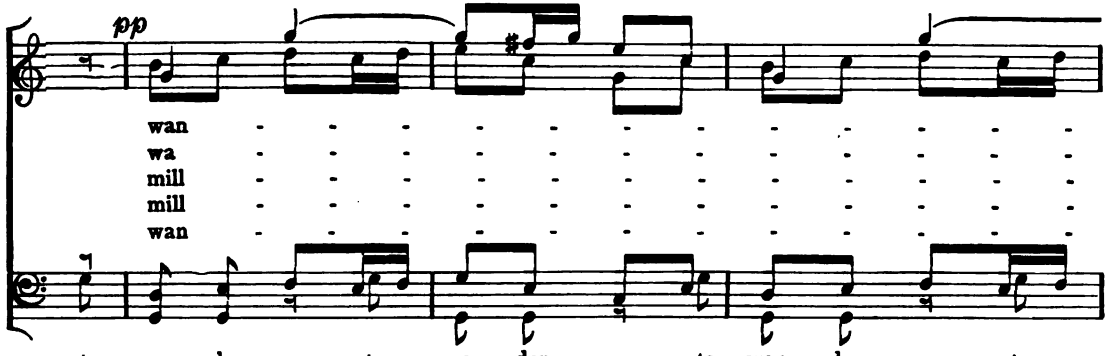

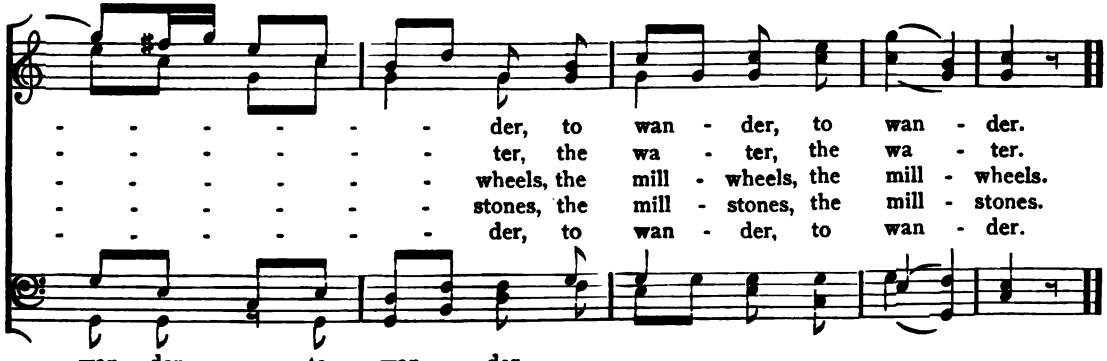

WILHELM MÜLLER.

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The Hedge Rose.

HEINRICH WERNER, arr. (1800–1833).

p TENOR I. *p*

1. On his way a boy es - pied Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es,
2. Thus he speaks, "I gath - er thee, Gay - est of the ros - es;"
3. Still the rude boy pulls a - way This fair queen of ros - es,

BASS I. II.

Fresh and bright, the hedge - row's pride; To ad - mire he
Rose says: "Bet - ter let me be, Or you will get
With a wound he has to pay, But in vain the

turns a - side, And to pluck pro - pos - es.
stung by me," Then her spikes dis - clos - es.
rose does pray, Him - in vain op - pos - es.

ritenuto. *a tempo.*

Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red; Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es.
Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red; Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es.
Ros - es, ros - es, ros - es red; Pret - ty blush - ing ros - es.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832).

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In the Wood.

Allegretto. FRIEDRICH GLÜCK, arr. (1789–1841).

TENOR I. II.

1. Far in the wood, when May is here, And buds are soft - ly break - ing,
2. There what - so - e'er my heart hath known Of pleas - ure or of sad - ness,
3. And well I know each lis - tening tree Doth un - der - stand me right - ly,
4. And as each ech - o dies a - way O'er tree - tops, rocks, and bush - es,
5. And long - ings all my be - ing fill, A spring - time fresh - ness bring - ing, —

BASS I. II.

cres.

I love to roam in sun - shine clear, My song a - wak - ing, . . .
Its fond - est hopes and dreams to own In notes of glad - ness, . .
So lov - ing - ly they lean to me, And rus - tle light - ly, ...
The night - in - gale pours forth his lay In an - swering gush - es, ...
A joy to wan - der thus at will Through green woods sing - ing, . . .

cres. *f*

I love to roam in sun - shine clear, My song a - wak - ing. . . .
Its fond - est hopes and dreams to own In notes of glad - ness. . .
So lov - ing - ly they lean to me, And rus - tle light - ly. . . . .
The night - in - gale pours forth his lay In an - swering gush - es. . . .
A joy to wan - der thus at will Through green woods sing - ing. . . .

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF (1788–1857).

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Prayer during Battle.

Andante sostenuto. FRIEDRICH HEINRICH HIMMEL, arr. (1764–1814).

p TENOR I. II. *cres.*

1. Fa - ther, I cry to Thee! Thun - ders the can - non where
2. Fa - ther, oh, lead Thou me! Thy might - y hand in the
3. Fa - ther, I feel Thee near! Near in the whis - p'ring of
4. Fa - ther, oh, bless Thou me! In - to Thy hand I com -
5. Fa - ther, I praise Thy name! We for no rich - es of
6. Fa - ther, I trust in Thee! When death ap - proach - es in

BASS I. II.

ff

dark clouds roll o'er me; Flash - es the beam of their light - nings be - fore me;
tu - mult shall guide me; Thy will be done, what - so - e'er may be - tide me;
na - ture's sweet won - der; Near in the roll - ing of dread can - non thun - der;
mend me; oh! save me! Thou canst but take what Thy hand a - lone gave me;
earth are con - tend - ing, Coun - try and home and our loved ones de - fend - ing,
tu - mult and thun - der; When life is ebb - ing from vein torn a - sun - der;

sostenuto. *cres.* *pp*

Mas - ter of bat - tles, I cry to Thee! Fa - ther! oh, lead Thou me.
Vic - tor or van-quished, oh, lead Thou me! Fa - ther! I feel Thee near.
Source of all mer - cy, I feel Thee near: Fa - ther! oh, bless Thou me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing, oh, bless Thou me; Fa - ther! I praise Thy name.
Fall - ing or flee - ing, I praise Thy name: Fa - ther! I trust in Thee.
God of all mer - cies, I trust in Thee: Fa - ther! I cry to Thee.

THOMAS KÖRNER (1791–1813).

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Consecration.

FRANZ ABT, arr. (1819–1885).

f TENOR I. II.

1. Broth-ers, give both heart and hand Joy - ful - ly to Fa - ther - land!
2. Ev - er burn, an in - fluence good, In each loy - al free-man's blood!
3. There-fore, broth-ers, heart and hand, Con - se - crate to Fa - ther - land!

BASS I. II.

mf

Thou - sand hearts, like flames, for - ev - er Shin - ing lov - ing - ly to -
And though death shall end in sad - ness Man - y a heart now full of
Thou - sand hearts, like flames, for - ev - er Shin - ing lov - ing - ly to -

ff *sf*

geth - er; Glow - ing as one al - tar - brand, Aye, for thee, dear
glad - ness; Yet wher - e'er a light hath been, Oth - er light shall
geth - er; Glow - ing as one al - tar - brand, Aye, for thee, dear

Fa - ther - land! Aye, for thee, dear Fa - ther - land!
still be seen — Oth - er light shall still be seen.
Fa - ther - land! Aye, for thee, dear Fa - ther - land!

KÜBLER, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

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Lützow's Wild Chase.

Con fuoco.

TENOR I. II

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, arr. (1786–1826.)

p

1. What gleams from yon wood, in the bright sun - shine? Hark!
2. From hill to hill in the dark wood they hie, And
3. Where the bright grapes grow, and the Rhine rolls wide, He
4. How roars in the val - ley the an - gry fight; Hark!
5. Who gur - gle in death, 'mid the groans of the foe, No
6. The chase of the Ger - man, the chase of the free, In

BASS I. II.

cres. *pp*

near - er and near - er 't is sound - ing; It hur - ries a - long, black
war - rior to war - rior is call - ing; Be - hind the dark bush-es in
ween'd they would fol - low him nev - er; But the pur - suit came like the
how the keen swords are flash - ing; High heart - ed Rit - ter are
more the bright sun - light see - ing; The writhings of death on their
hound-ing the ty - rant we strained it; Ye friends that love us, look

f

line up - on line, And the shrill - voic'd horns in the
am - bush they lie, The ri - fle is heard, and the
storm in its pride; With sin - ew - y arms they
fight - ing the fight, The spark of free - dom a -
faces they show, But no ter - ror the hearts of the
up with glee! The night is scat - tered, the

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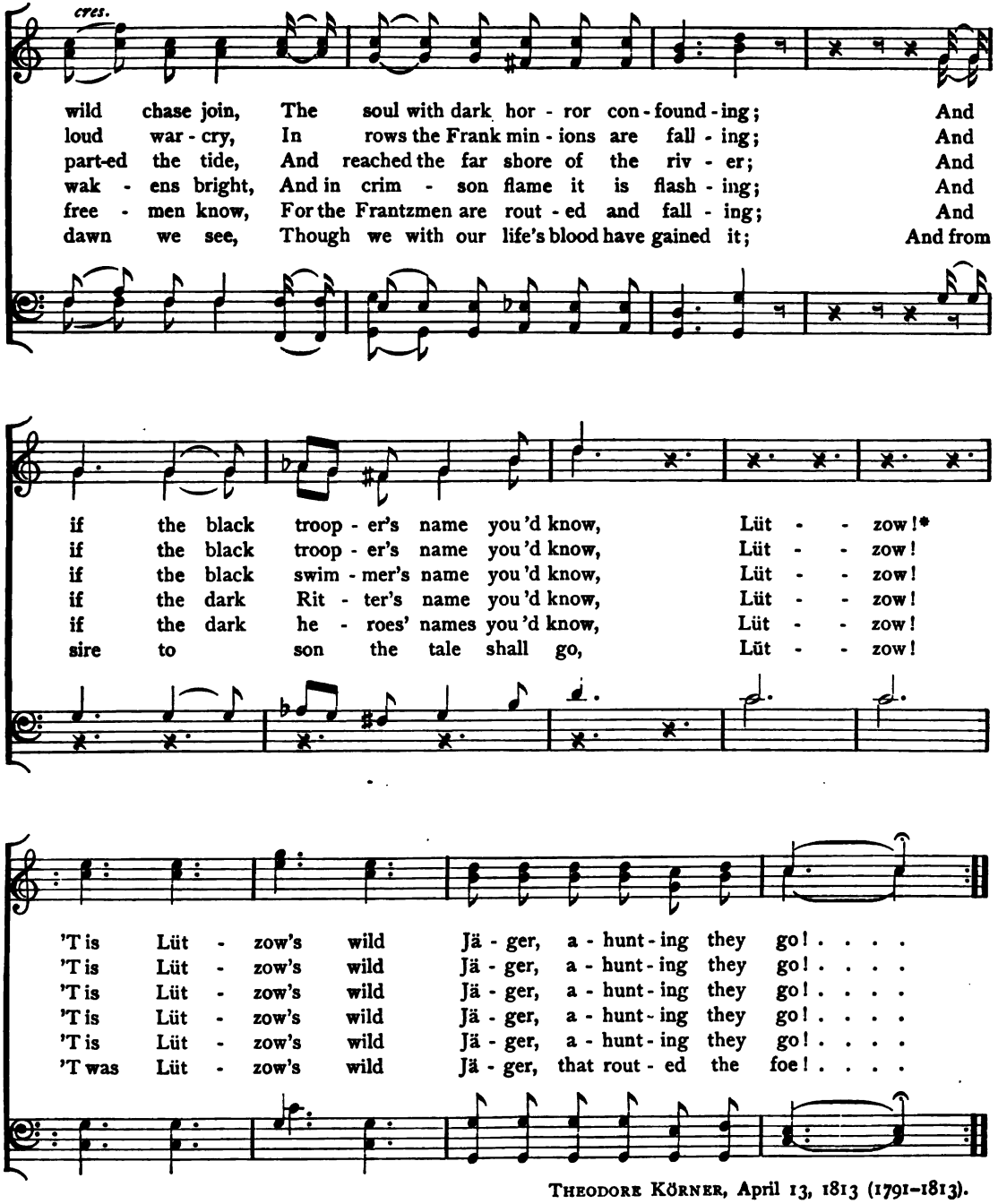

THEODORE KÖRNER, April 13, 1813 (1791–1813).

* Lützow, pronounced nearly like Litzov.

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In a Gondola.

Allegretto. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, arr. (1756–1791).

p TENOR I. TUTTI.

1. Come out, come out; the sea is still, Our path but faint - ly show - ing; Your

TENOR II.

2. Yet stand re - flect - ed on the shore, The an - cient weep - ing wil - lows, And

p BASS I.

3. Still shines the sun - set gold - en fair, The gar - den flowers o'er - flow - ing, And

BASS II.

4. O light-some boat, through fly - ing spray The bil - lows on - ward speed us; But

mf SOLI.

gay - est songs in glad - ness trill, While o'er the rip - ples go - ing; In

high a - bove the rock - wall o'er, Looks down in - to the bil - lows; And

mf SOLI.

fill - eth all the eve - ning air, In ra - diant col - ors show - ing; As

o - ver the un - meas - ured way, A spir - it kind doth lead us! Through

f TUTTI.

beau - ty shines the plac - id stream, Be - neath the sun - set's ros - y gleam. In

ea - ger - ly the wa - ter deep, A - round its si - lent base doth creep. And

f TUTTI.

bright and clear a - round us glows The heav - en's sweet, trans - lu - cent rose. As

wave - lets' gleam and ro - seate tide, In calm tran - quil - li - ty we glide. Through

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ritenuto.

beau-ty shines the plac - id stream, Be - neath the sun-set's ros - y gleam.

ea - ger - ly the wa - ter deep, A - round its si - lent base doth creep.

bright and clear a - round us glows The heav - en's sweet, trans - lu - cent rose.

wave - lets' gleam and ro - seate tide, In calm tran-quil - li - ty we glide.

HEINRICH GRUNHOLZER (1819), W. W. C. tr.

The Two Roses.

Semplice.

p TENOR I. II.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr. (1797–1828).

1. On a bank two ros-es fair, Wet with morn-ing show-ers, Filled with dew, In fra - grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - ered two fair flow - ers; Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
2. This in leaves of white arrayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find The spot - less mind, Which a - dorns my love - ly maid, In - no - cen - ce's em - blems; Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
3. Like her cheeks the blushing ray Which thy bud en - clos - es; Bright-er far Than you are they,—But her charms if I should say, Ye'll be jeal - ous ros - es; Tell me, then, and tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

BASS I. II.

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Come Away!

Con brio.

HENRY LAHEE, arr. (1826-).

TENOR I.

1. Come a - way! the sun - ny hours Woo thee far to founts and bowers; O'er the

TENOR II.

BASS I.

2. In the sky the sap - phir'd blue, Now hath won its rich - est hue; In the

BASS II.

ver - y wa - ters now, In their play, in their play, Flowers are
Night and day, night and day,

In their play, in their play,
night and day, night and day,

woods the breath of spring, Floats with

cres. *f*

shed - ding beau - ty's ray, Come a - way, come a - way, come a -

Come a - way . . . come a - way . . . come away, come a -

leaf - y scents a - way Come a - way, come a - way, come a -

Come a - way, come a - way, come, come a -

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way . . . . . Where the li - ly's ten - der gleam . . Quiv-ers on the glancing

way . . . . . .

way . . . . . Where the boughs with dew-y gloom . . Dark-en each thick bed of

way . . . . . .

stream. Come a - way, come a-way, come a - way . . . . . come, come a - way, Come a -

bloom, Come a - way, come away, come a - way . . . . come, come a - way, come away . .

come a -

way come a - way, come a-way, come a - way . . come, come, come a - way!

come a - way . . . . come a-way, come a - way . come, come, come a - way!

way, Come a - way, come away, come a - way, Come, come, come a - way!

way,

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Juanita.

Moderato e delicamente. Arr.

Dolce. TENOR I. II.

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling - 'ring falls the south - ern moon;
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

BASS I. II.

Far o'er the moun - tain, Breaks the day too soon!
And day - light beam - ing, Prove thy dreams are vain,

In thy dark eyes' splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

p ritard.

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by?

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mf

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!* Ask thy soul if we should part!
Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side;

teneramente.

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!
Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

pp

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part!
Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side;

teneramente.

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!
Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

* Pronounced Wah-ne-ta.

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Home-Longing.

Allegretto.

TENOR I.

KARL GOTTLIEB REISSIGER, arr. (1798–1859).

1. Home-ward might I but re - turn now, That dear home could I but see! Here the sun - beams may be gold - en, But they're bright - - er there for me. In my home hath love his
2. Whence does rise this anx - ious long - ing, For my house - hold hearth so dear, That with sor - row sweet and ten - der, My poor heart . . is break - ing here? In my home hath love his
3. Here I see the plains so ver - dant, There the ships their flags dis - play; Of my home I think with sor - row, Dou - bly fair, . . . now far a - way. In my home hath love his
4. Fa - ther, Fa - - ther in high heav - en, Grant this bless - ing yet to me; In Thy mer - cy be it giv - en, That my home . . . I yet may see. In my home hath love his

BASS I. II.

Home-ward might I but re - turn now,
Whence does rise this anx - ious long - ing,
Here I see the plains so ver - dant,
Fa - ther, Fa - ther in high heav - en,

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dwell - ing, In my home . . is joy and rest; Ah, how
dwell - ing, In my home . . is joy and rest; In my
dwell - ing, In my home . . is joy and rest; Ah, how
dwell - ing, In my home . . is joy and rest; In my

sad - ly, ah, how sad - ly, Beats this heart with - in my breast!
dear home beats more free - ly, My poor heart with - in my breast.
sad - ly, ah, how sad - ly, Beats this heart with - in my breast!
dear home beats more free - ly, This poor heart with - in my breast.

Adagio.

Home . . be - lov - ed! Oh, my home . . be - lov - ed!
Home . . be - lov - ed! Oh, my home . . be - lov - ed!
Home . . be - lov - ed! Oh, my home . . be - lov - ed!
Home . . be - lov - ed! Oh, my home . . be - lov - ed!

CARL BEILS.

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O Sunny Beam!

JOHANN RUDOLF WEBER, arr. (1823–).

TENOR I. II.

cres.

1. O sun - ny beam, O sun - ny beam, My heart is sad to lose thy gleam;
2. Too nar - row is my home for me, A - far to wood - land scenes I flee;
3. O sun - ny beam, and would'st thou say That I, like thee, can joy to stray,
4. Art thou so old, and dost not see, What 's right for you is not for me?

BASS I. II.

cres.

p *mf*

For with it flies a wel - come guest,— The dream of love that filled my breast.
And where the shades my steps en - fold, What smil - ing maid - ens I be - hold!
The change - ful lov - er of an hour, Like thee, to kiss each bloom-ing flower?
Art thou so old, and dost not see, What 's right for you is not for me?

p *mf*

cres. *f* *sf*

O sun - ny beam, O sun - ny beam, My heart is sad to lose thy gleam!
O sun - ny beam, O sun - ny beam, My heart is sad to lose thy gleam!
O sun - ny beam, and would'st thou say, That I, like thee, can joy to stray?
Why then pro - long love's pain - ful dream? O sun - ny beam! O sun - ny beam!

cres. *f* *sf*

J. AUTENEN (1805–1852).

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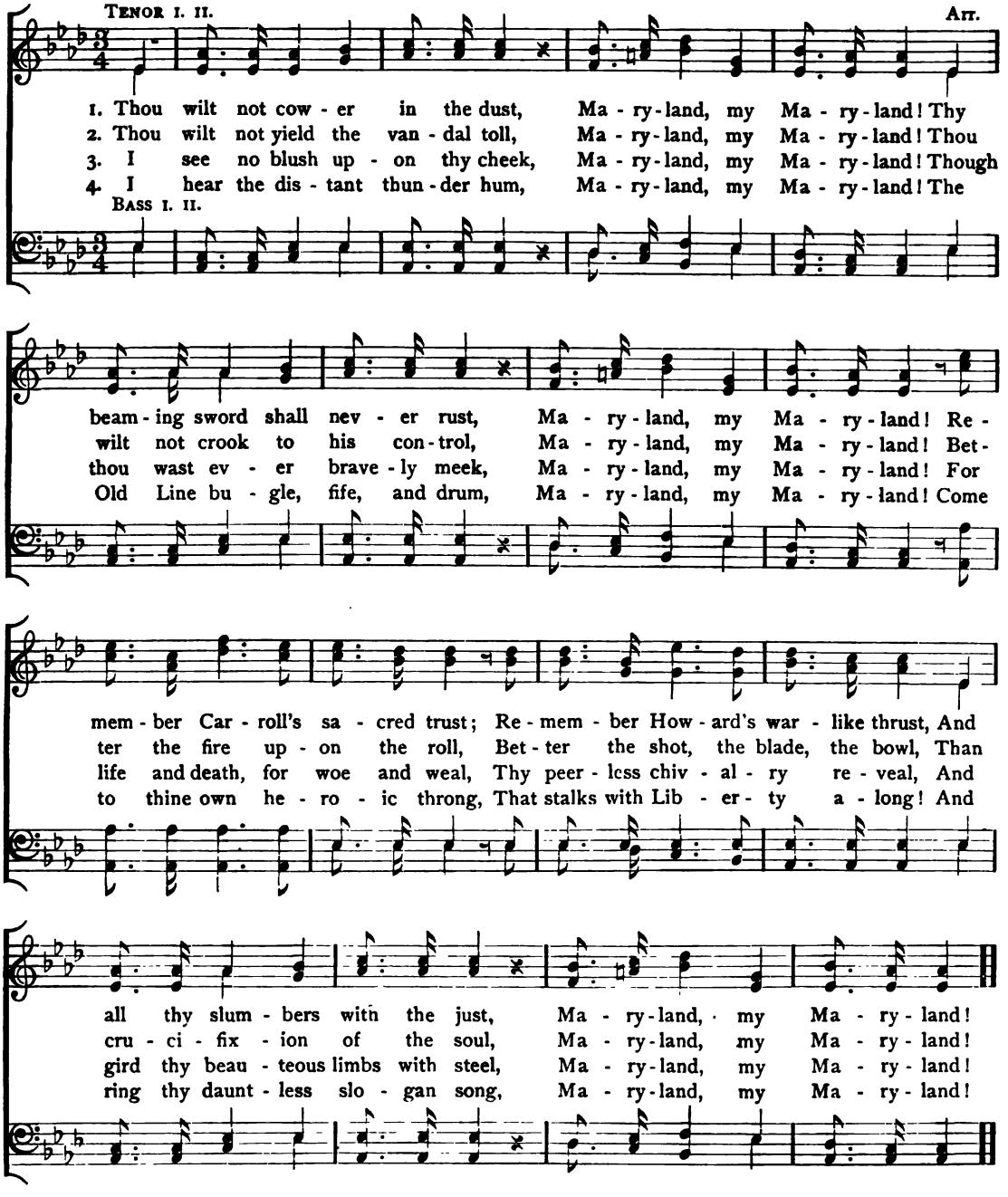
Maryland.



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O Sunny Beam!

JOHANN RUDOLF WEBER, arr. (1823-).

TENOR I. II.

cres.

1. O sun - ny beam, O sun - ny beam, My heart is sad to lose thy gleam;
2. Too nar - row is my home for me, A - far to wood - land scenes I flee;
3. O sun - ny beam, and would'st thou say That I, like thee, can joy to stray,
4. Art thou so old, and dost not see, What 's right for you is not for me?

BASS I. II.

cres.

p *mf*

For with it flies a wel - come guest,— The dream of love that filled my breast.
And where the shades my steps en - fold, What smil - ing maid - ens I be - hold!
The change - ful lov - er of an hour, Like thee, to kiss each bloom - ing flower?
Art thou so old, and dost not see, What 's right for you is not for me?

p *mf*

cres. *f* *sf*

O sun - ny beam, O sun - ny beam, My heart is sad to lose thy gleam!
O sun - ny beam, O sun - ny beam, My heart is sad to lose thy gleam!
O sun - ny beam, and would'st thou say, That I, like thee, can joy to stray?
Why then pro - long love's pain - ful dream? O sun - ny beam! O sun - ny beam!

cres. *f* *sf*

J. AUTENEN (1805–1852).

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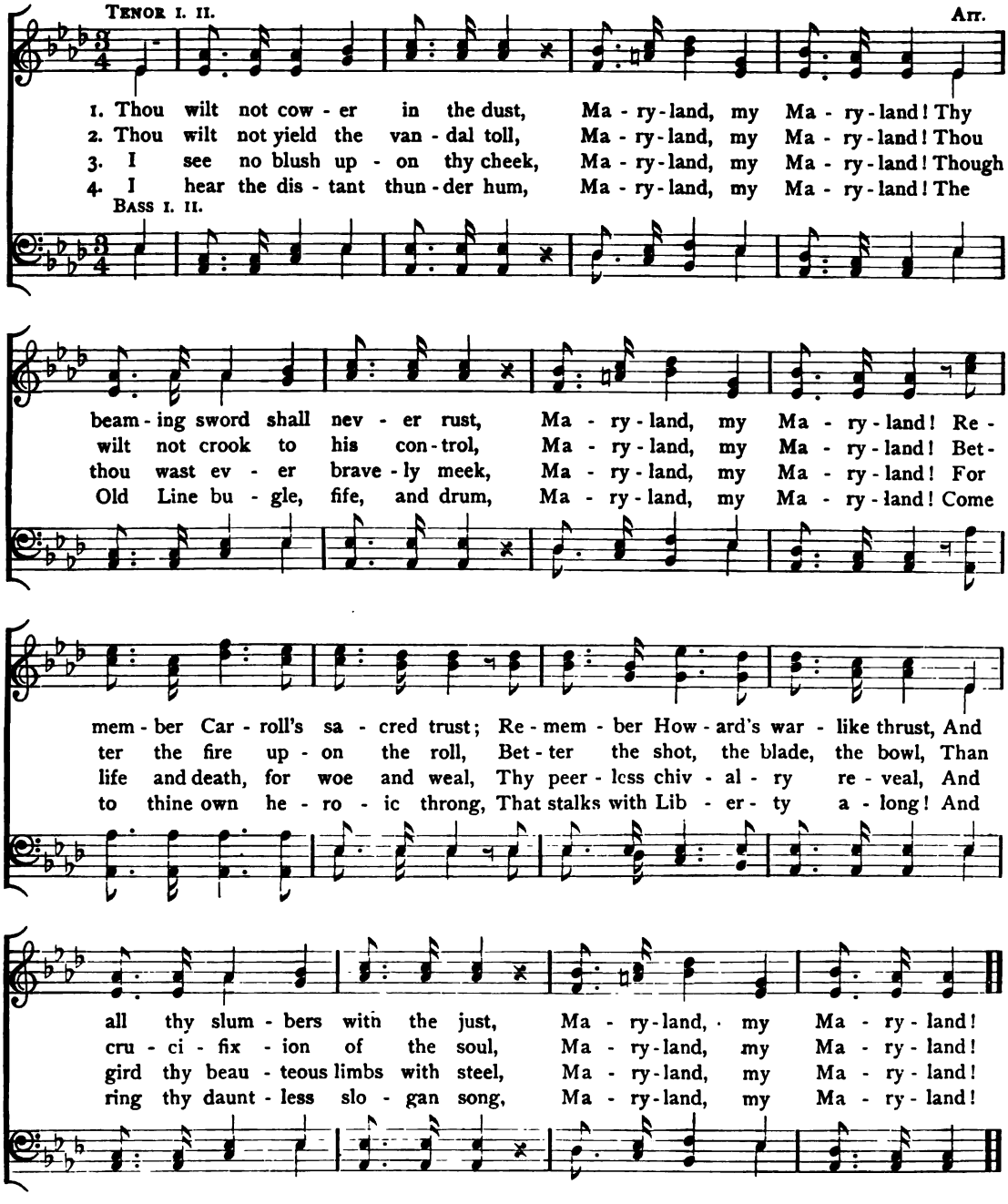

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Fellowship Song.

Con brio. FRANZ ANTON HOFFMEISTER, arr. (1754–1812).

TENOR I. II.

1. Oh, how pleas - ant is the League, which we love so dear - ly!
2. Stand-eth for - tune's weath - er - glass, not our wish - es af - ter,
3. Oh, how strong the help we find, linked as one, my Broth - ers!
4. Yes, in - deed, with - in each breast is a foun - tain tru - ly,
5. And this foun - tain shall for us dry or cold be nev - er,

BASS I. II.

cres.

Ev - ery one must get there - from prof - it late and ear - ly.
Wea - ry of man's wick - ed ways, fool - ish - ness and laugh - ter;
Ma - ny come in grief, but leave full of hope as oth - ers!
Whence pure joy for us up - springs, oh, so clear and ful - ly,
But true friend - ship keep as now, and sure peace for - ev - er!

p *cres.*

All the forms of life we find, Grow so no - ble there and kind,
Or doth la - bor damp the brow? To our friend - ly Cir - cle go,
From their hap - pi - ness it seems As though light on each one beams;
That in ev - ery broth - er - heart Jest and song un - bid - den start,
Shall our on - ward way make bright, Help us ev - ery wrong to right,

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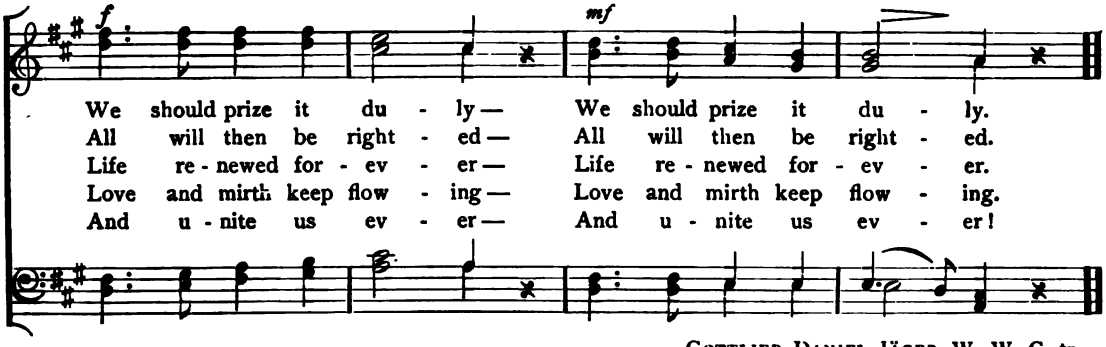
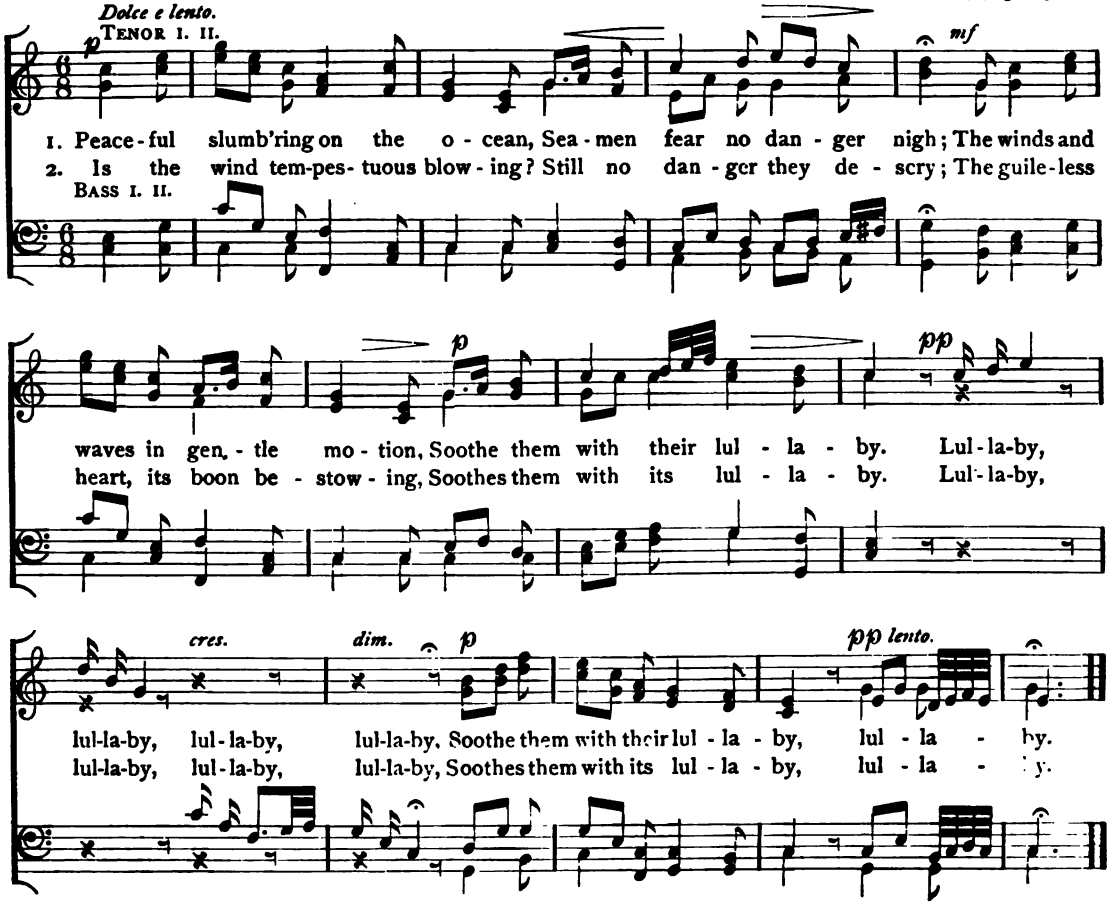


GOTTLIEB DANIEL JÄGER, W. W. C. tr.

Peaceful Slumb'ring on the Ocean.

STEPHEN STORACE, arr. (1763–1796).



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May Song.

Vivace. THEODOR FRÖHLICH, arr. (1803–1836).

TENOR I. II.

1. I wel - come thee with glad - ness, Thou blos - som - giv - ing May;
2. No long - er earth lies dream - ing, In win - ter's lin - gering night;
3. Freed by the warm sun's pow - er, The brook - lets speed a - long,
4. Oh, that to me were giv - en Some lit - tle bird's swift wing,

BASS I. II.

So long in wea - ry sad - ness We mourned at thy de - lay;
But all the woods are gleam - ing, With ten - der ver - dure dight;
To kiss each bend - ing flow - er, And wake the wild - bird's song;
In - to the far blue heav - en, That I might soar and sing!

So long in wea - ry sad - ness We mourned at thy de - lay.
But all the woods are gleam - ing, With ten - der ver - dure dight.
To kiss each bend - ing flow - er, And wake the wild - bird's song.
In - to the far blue heav - en, That I might soar and sing!

GERMAN, tr.

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The Quiet Night.

Moderato.

pp TENOR I. II.

FRANZ ABT, arr. (1819–1885).

1. The eve - ning bells sound clear - ly, They call the vale to rest; A -
2. The moon roves, soft - ly glid - ing, Her heaven - ly path a - long; The

BASS I. II.

cres. *f* *pp*

round falls night's soft still - ness, The sun sinks in the west. . . A ho - ly si - lence
plan - ets pass her greet - ing, But hush - ed is their song; . And as to ser-aph

A ho - ly si - lence
And as to ser - aph

cres. *f*

keep - ing, The stars watch na - ture sleep - ing; She's come in soft red light, She's
num - bers, Be - low the sweet earth slum - bers, She's come in soft red light, She's

keep - ing, The stars watch na - ture sleep - ing; She's come in soft red light,
num - bers, Be - low the sweet earth slum - bers, She's come in soft red light,

f *pp* *pp*

come in soft red light, . . The qui - et night, The qui - et night.
come in soft red light, . . The qui - et night, The qui - et night.

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In the Wild Chamois Track.

Allegro moderato.

TENOR I. II.

MAD. MARIA FELICITÀ MALIBRAN, arr. (1808–1836).

1. In the wild cham - ois track, at the break - ing of morn, With a hun - ter's pride, O'er the moun - tain side, We are led by the sound of the Al - pine horn. Tra la la la, tra la la, tra la la. Oh, that voice to me Is a voice of glee, Where - ev - er my foot - steps

2. I have crossed the proud Alps, I have sailed down the Rhone, And there is no spot Like the sim - ple cot, And the hill and the val - ley I call my own. Tra la la, tra la la. There the skies are bright, And our hearts are light, Our bos - oms with - out a

BASS I. II.

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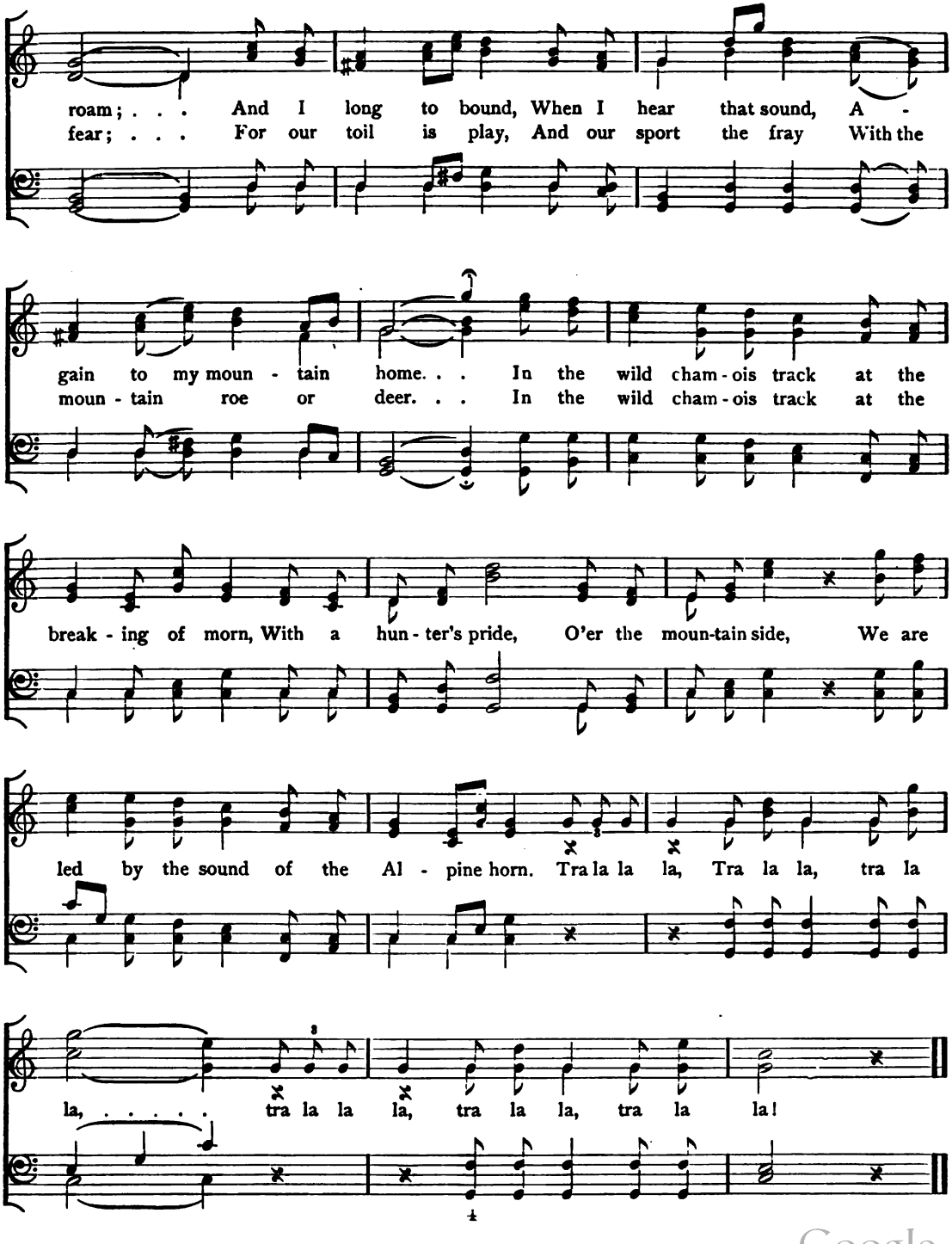

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Homeward on the Flowing Tide.

Allegretto, con grazia. A. R. GAUL, arr.

p TENOR I. II. *cres.*

1. Gen - tly sail - ing o'er the seas, Waft - ed by the scent - ed breeze, Tru - ant from the groves a - far, Sweet the hours of Au - gust
2. Gen - tly sail - ing when on high, Sun - rays fill the Au - gust sky, Bright and won - drous to be - hold, Like a shower of pur - est
3. Gen - tly sail - ing when the night Draws her veil a - cross the light; When from dis - tant hill and vale, Floats the song of night - in -

BASS I. II.

f *f* *p* *cres.* *dim.*

Gen - - - - - - - - - - - - - tly,
Gen - - - - - - - - - - - - - tly,
Gen - - - - - - - - - - - - - tly,

p *mf*

are! Sweet it is at ear - - - ly morn,
gold! Sweet it is at noon to rest,
gale! Sweet it is be - neath the stars,

mf

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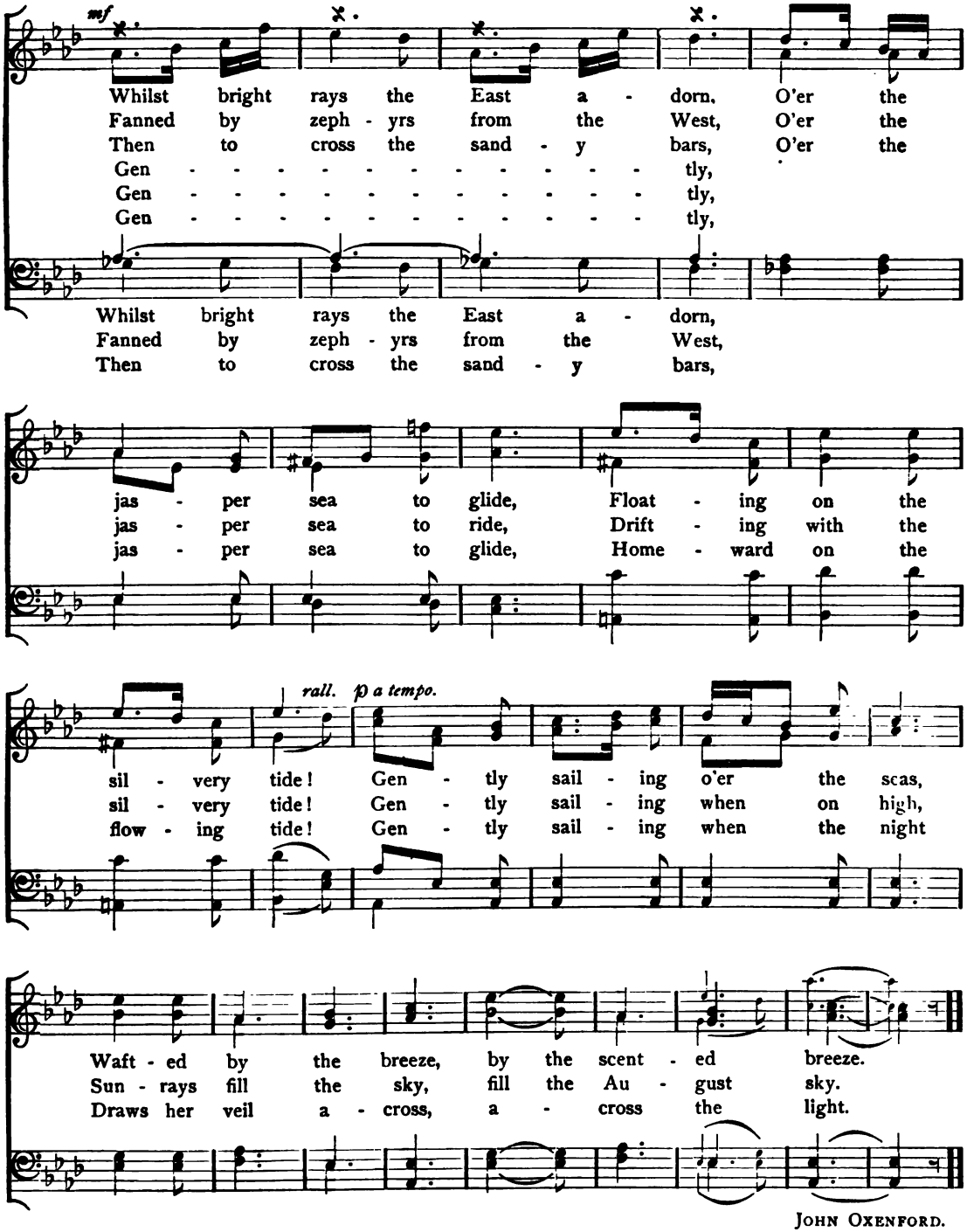

JOHN OXENFORD.

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Oh, Welcome, Fair Wood!

Allegro, con anima.

TENOR I.

ROBERT FRANZ, arr. (1815–1892).

f

Oh, wel - come, fair wood, green, shad - y re - treat! Soft - ly

BASS I. II.

dim.

rus - tle thy branch - es my pres - ence to greet; I drink in the breez - es, so

cres.

fresh and so light, And free - ly I breathe to my heart's de - light, to my

f

heart's . . . . . de - light. O'er up - lands of grass from val - ley be -

f

low, Rise the sound of bells and the sun - set glow; And the oak boughs to

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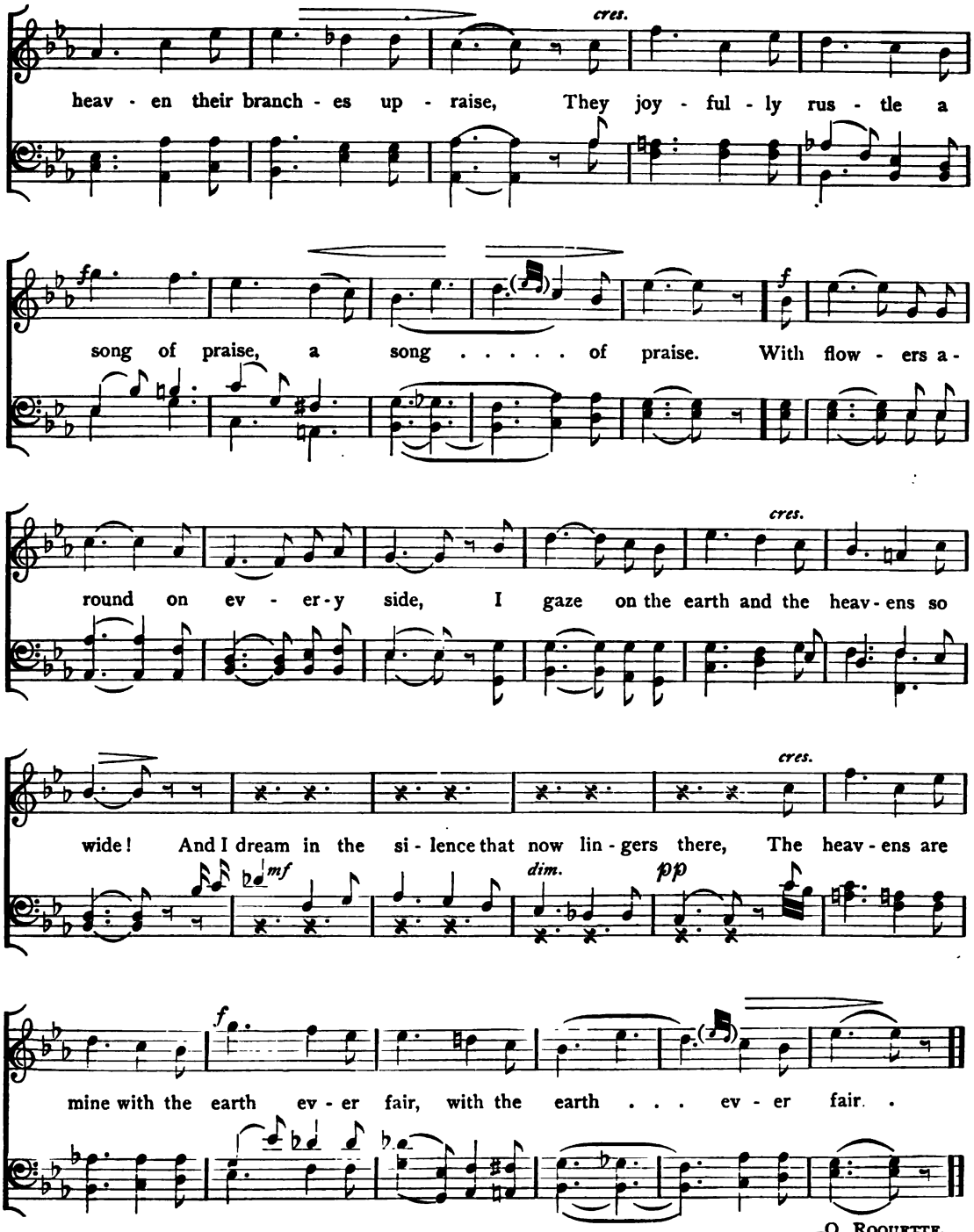

O. Roquette.

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The Dawn of Day.

SAMUEL REAY, arr. (1828–).

Allegro.

f TENOR I. II.

1. Come and watch the day-light dawn-ing, O'er the moun-tains bleak and gray;
2. Come, thy foot should ne'er be wea-ry, Nev-er tired thy wake-ful eye;
3. Come, the lark has left the mead-ow; Now he soars be-yond our sight,

BASS I. II.

rit. un poco.

Come and see the pur-ple morn-ing Tinge their sum-mits far a-way.
Earth should ne'er seem dark or drear-y, When the morn-ing gilds the sky.
Far a-way from mist and shad-ow, Sing-ing in a world of light.

p a tempo.

Come and watch the day-light dawn-ing, O'er the moun-tains bleak and gray;
Come, thy foot should ne'er be wea-ry, Nev-er tired thy wake-ful eye;
Come, the lark has left the mead-ow, Now he soars be-yond our sight,

rit. un poco.

Come and see the pur-ple morn-ing, Tinge their sum-mits far a-way.
Earth should ne'er seem dark or drear-y, When the morn-ing gilds the sky.
Far a-way from mist and shad-ow, Sing-ing in a world of light.

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mf a tempo. *dim.*

Gai - ly sounds the voice of glad - ness, O'er the vale and through the grove,
Birds shall plume their wings be - side thee, Gai - ly war - bling o - ver - head,
Come and see what forms of glo - ry Spring to life in morn - ing's ray;

cres. *dim.* *rall.*

Not one sin - gle note of sad - ness Tells of aught but peace and love.
Sun-beams through the green leaves guide thee, Where thy steps may safe - ly tread.
Come and hear the joy - ful sto - ry Na - ture tells at dawn of day.

pp a tempo. *poco cres.* *mf*

Tra la la la, tra la la, tra la la la, la la, tra

Tra la la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,

pp a tempo. *poco cres.*

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la, tra

cres. *ff* *ritard.*

la la la, tra la la, tra la la la, tra la.

la la la la, tra la la, tra la, tra la.

cres. *ff* *ritard.*

la, tra la, tra la, tra la.

ANON.

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The Little Bird.

Moderato. W. H. SÖDERBERG, arr.

TENOR I.

1. A bird sang out from the lin-den tree, The lin-den tree, the lin-den tree,
2. A gen-tle an - gel with a-zure eyes, With a-zure eyes, with a-zure eyes,
3. The bird still 'plain-eth from day to day, From day to day, from day to day,

"A ti-ny bird I am, as you see, But wea-ry of sing-ing nev-er!
Was fly-ing o - ver and heard her sighs, At e-ven-tide sad-ly sing-ing;
But wheth-er her mate shall fly this way, That knows no an - gel in heav-en!

Yet far a-way is my sweetheart gone, Yet far a-way is my sweetheart gone;
"O lit-tle bird on the lin-den tree, O lit-tle bird on the lin-den tree,
The bird still 'plain-eth from day to day, The bird still 'plain-eth from day to day,

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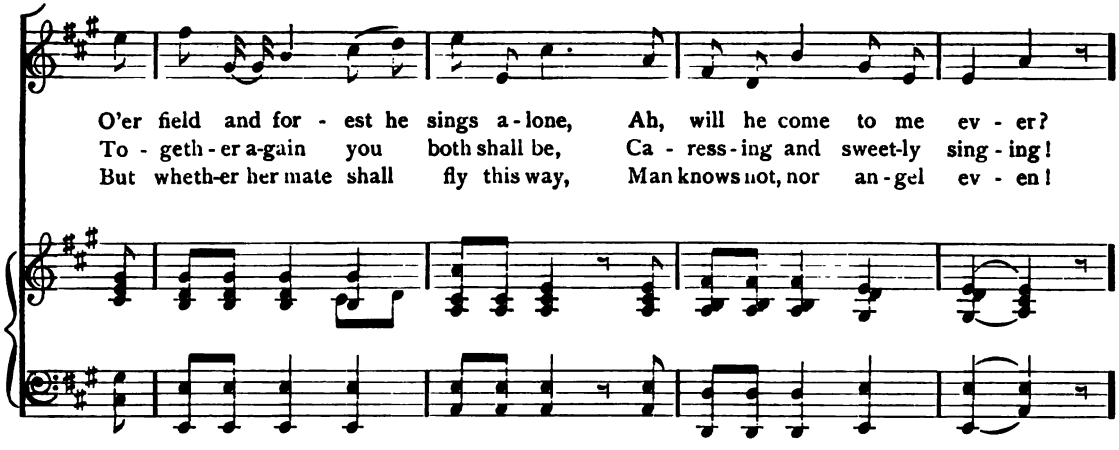

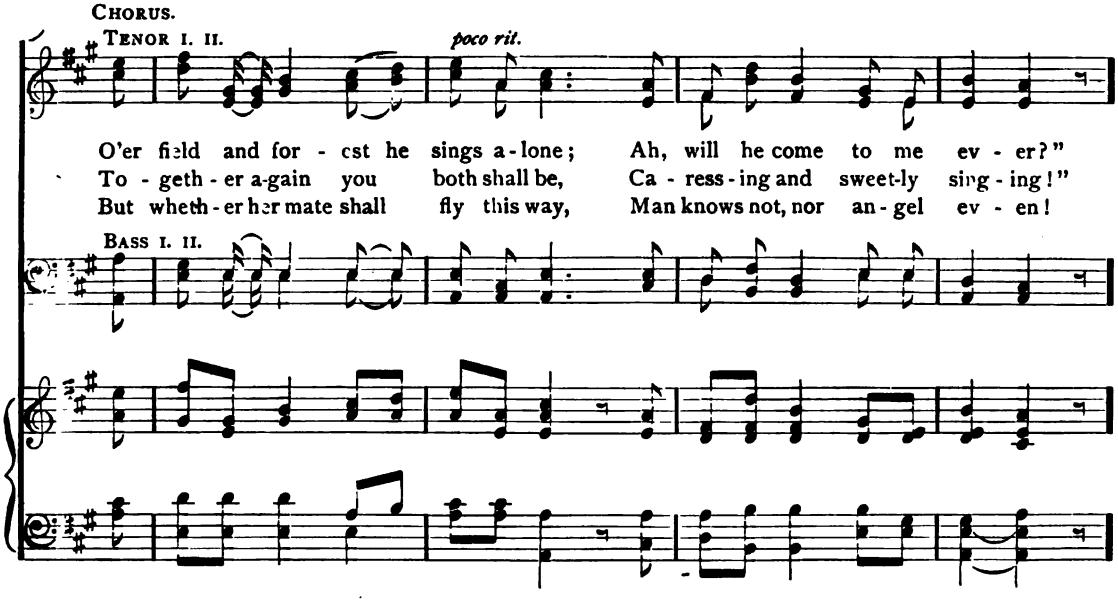

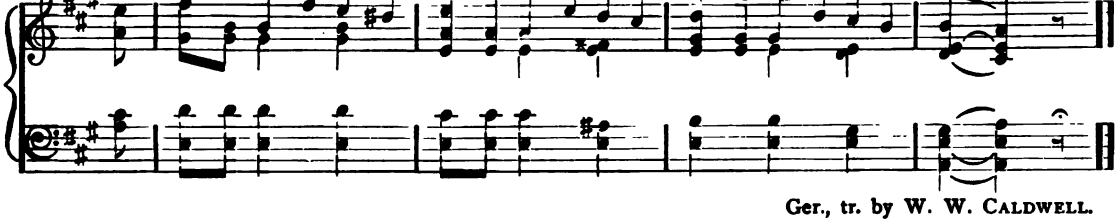

Ger., tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

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O Days Long Past!

Allegretto grazioso. MORITZ HAUPTMANN arr. (1792–1866).

TENOR I. II.

1. From the days long past, From the days long past, Sounds a
2. What the swal - lows sung, What the swal - lows sung, As they
3. As I said "Good - bye," As I said "Good - bye," Fell the
4. Oh, my na - tive land, Oh, my na - tive land, Not for

BASS I. II.

song to me most sweet; Could these days but last— Ah, they
watched the spring ap - pear, And the voic - es sweet, In the
tears on hands I prest; When I came once more To the
me thy woods and streams; All my sighs are vain, And I 'll

Ah, they speed, ah, they
In the quaint, in the
When I came to the
And I 'll ne'er, and I 'll

and tired and wea - ry are now my feet.
no more, no more now, no more I 'll hear.
loved ones, the loved ones had sunk to rest.
ne'er see, ne'er see thee, but in my dreams.

speed so fast! And wea - ry and wea - ry are now my feet.
quaint old street, No more now, no more now, no more I 'll hear.
cot - tage door, The loved ones, the loved ones had sunk to rest.
ne'er a - gain, Ne'er see thee, ne'er see thee but in my dreams.

speed so fast! And tired, and wea - ry, and wea - ry are my feet.
quaint old street No more, no more now, no more, no more I 'll hear.
cot - tage door, The loved ones, the loved ones had sunk, had sunk to rest.
ne'er a - gain, Ne'er see thee, ne'er see thee, ne'er see but in my dreams.

FRIEDRICH RUCKERT (1789–1866).

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The Wanderer's Night Song.

Lento. FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr. (1797–1828).

TENOR I. II.

BASS I. II.

High a - mid the hills reigns re - pose, And through the

dark tree - tops there blows Scarce - ly a breeze; The birds are si - lent,

si - lent on the branches; On - ly wait, wait, and soon thou too shalt be at

ease. On - ly wait, wait, and soon thou too shalt be at ease.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832).

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Old Folks at Home.

Moderato.
TENOR I.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER (1826–1864).

1. Way down up - on de Swa-nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, Dere 's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - er,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wander'd, When I was young, Den man - y hap - py days I squan-der'd,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love, Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es,

Dere 's wha' de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I
Man - y de songs I sung. When I was play - ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was
No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a - humming, All round de

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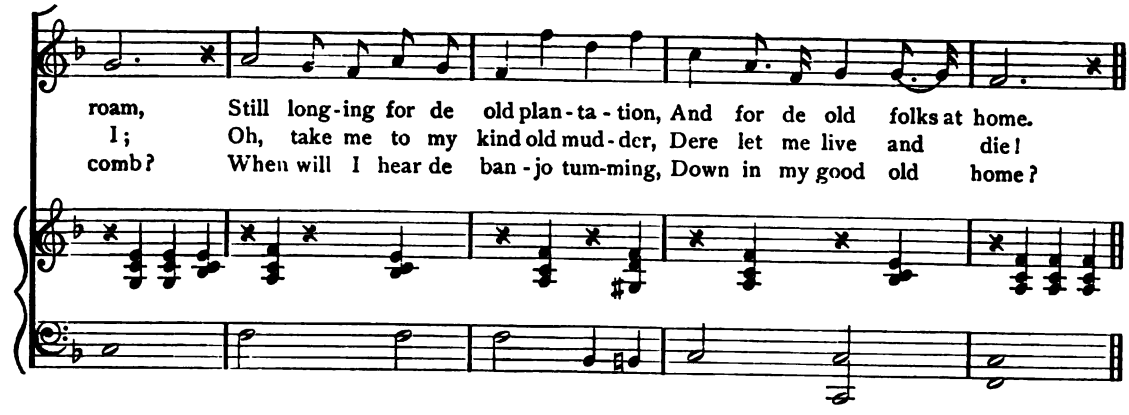

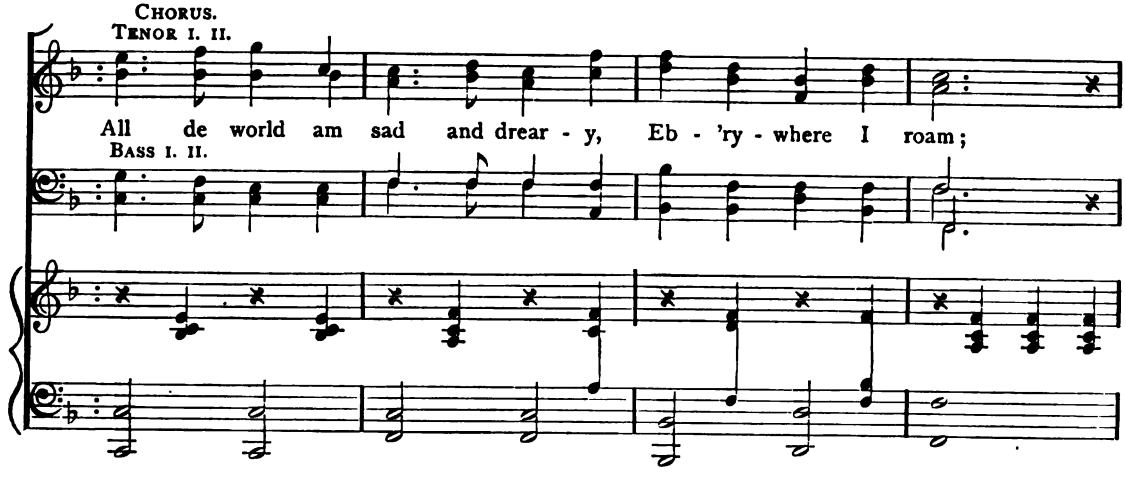

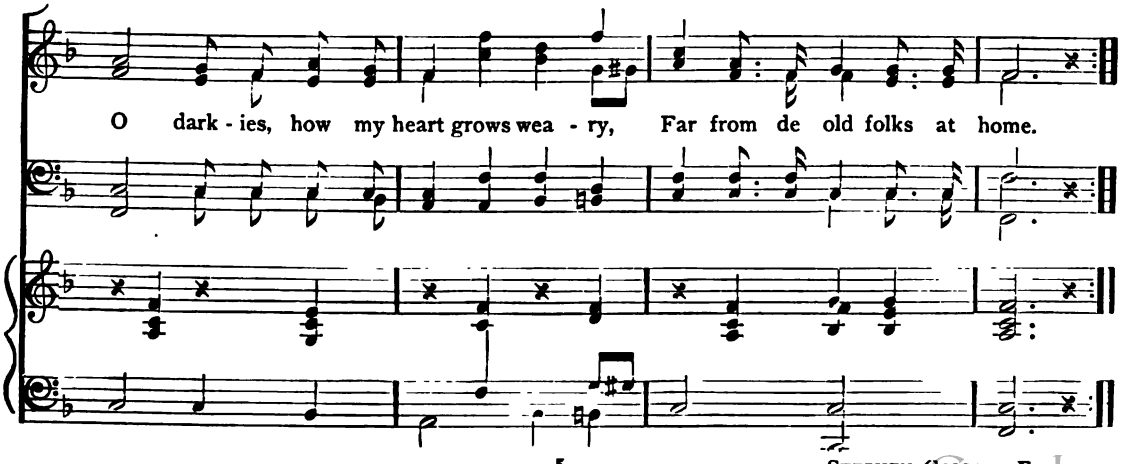

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

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Hark! the Lark.

Allegretto. FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr. (1797–1828).

p TENOR I. II.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phœbus 'gins a rise, His steeds to wa - ter

BASS I. II.

at those springs On chal - iced flowers that lies, On chal - iced flowers that lies; And

wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin To ope their gold-en eyes; With ev - ery - thing that

pret - ty is, My la - dy sweet, a - rise! A - rise, a - rise! My

f *p*

la - dy sweet, a - rise! A - rise, a - rise! My la - dy sweet, a - rise!

f *dim.* *p*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616).

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The First Spring Day.

Moderato. CONRADIN KREUTZER, arr. (1783–1849).

pp TENOR I.

O soft and balm - y wind! O soft and balm - y

TENOR II.

O soft and balm - y wind! O soft and balm - y

pp BASS I.

O soft and balm - y wind! O soft and balm - y

BASS II.

O soft and balm - y wind! O soft and balm - y

piu moto. *mf*

wind! All Na - ture re - viv - ing, Spring is re - viv - ing,

wind! All Na - ture re - viv - ing, Spring is re - viv - ing,

piu moto. *mf*

wind! All Na - ture re - viv - ing, Spring is re - viv - ing,

wind! All Na - ture re - viv - ing, Spring is re - viv - ing,

mf *cres.* *f* *mf*

soon, soon, soon vi - o - lets we may find,

soon, soon, soon vi - o - lets we may find, soon *p*

mf *cres.* *f* *mf* *p*

soon, soon, soon vi - o - lets we may find, soon

soon, soon, soon vi - o - lets we may find, soon

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p

soon vi - o - lets we may find, soon

vi - o - lets we . . . . . may find, soon vi - o - lets

p

vi - o - lets we . . . . . may find, soon vi - o - lets

vi - o - lets we . . . . . may find, soon vi - o - lets

pp tempo primo.

vi - o - lets we may find. . . O soft and balm - y wind! . . O

we . . . . . may find. . . O soft and balm - y wind! . . O

pp tempo primo.

we . . . . . may find. . . O soft and balm - y wind! . . O

we . . . . . may find. . . O soft and balm - y wind! . . O

rit. *più moto.* *f*

soft and balm - y wind! All Na - ture re - viv - ing, Spring

soft and balm - y wind! All Na - ture re - viv - ing, Spring

rit. *più moto.* *f*

soft and balm - y wind! All Na - ture re - viv - ing, Spring

soft and balm y wind! All Na - ture, All Na - ture re - viv - ing, Spring

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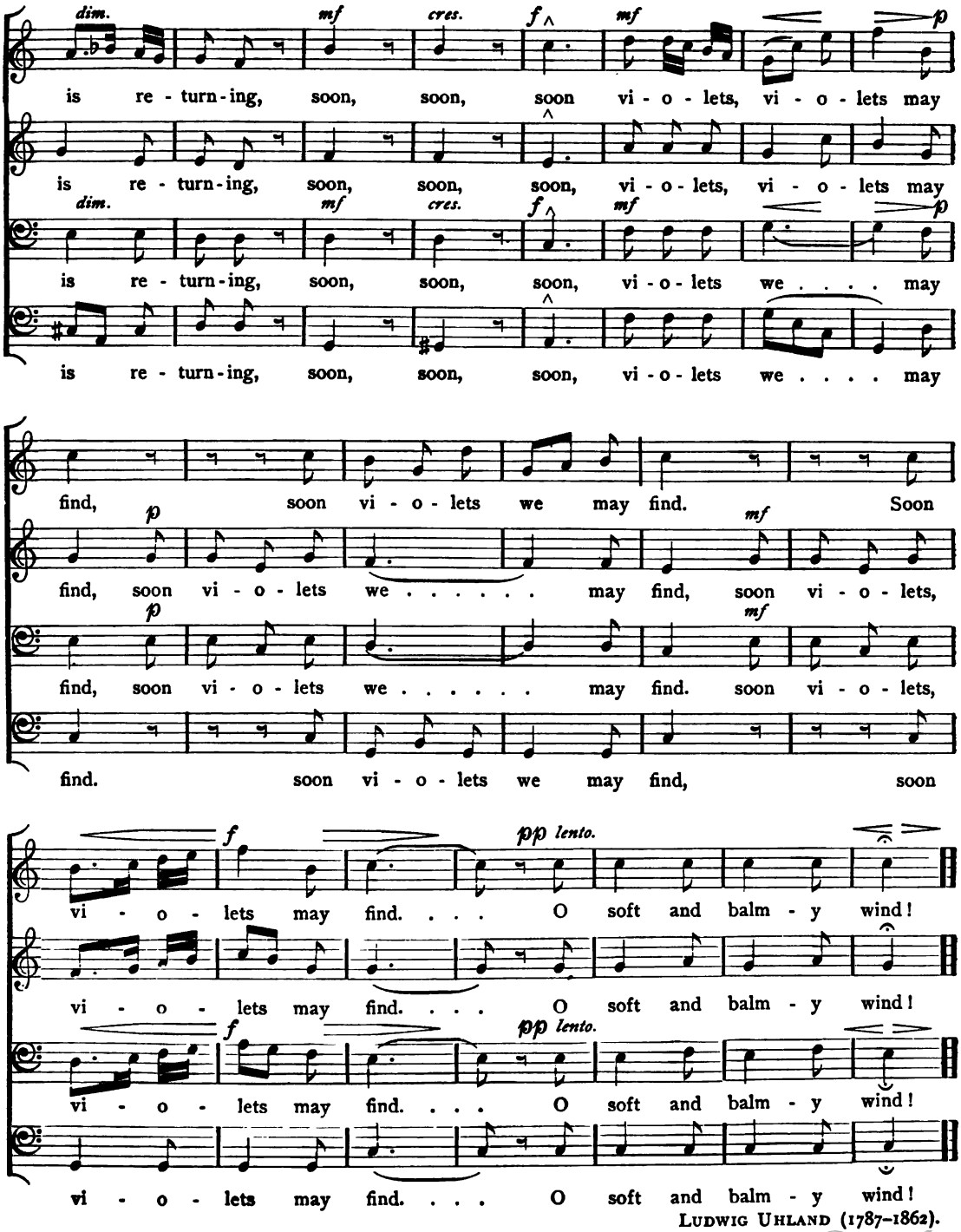

LUDWIG UHLAND (1787–1862).

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The Hunter's Delight.

F. ASTHOLZ, arr.

Tempo di marcia.

ff TENOR I. II.

Hol - lo! hol lo! hol lo!

BASS I. II.

mf

Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra -

Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra -

mf

Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra

1. Hol - lo! hol - lo for
2. The sun - light's gold - en
3. So on I speed re -

ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra -

ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra -

ra, tra - ra, tra ra, tra - ra, tra -

hunt - - ing! So lur - ing is the
lus - - - tre, With joy - ous feel - ings
joic - - - ing, Through vale and wood, o'er

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ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra -

ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra -

ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra -

wood a - round, Where through the leaf - y branch - es, Where
thrills my breast, The horn's wild mu - sic fill - ing, The
plain and mead, The stag to seek and fol - low, The

ra, tra - ra - ra, I hear the horn re - sound, I

ra, tra - ra - ra, My heart with keen - est zest, My

ra, tra - ra - ra, Wher - ev - er he may lead, Wher -

through the leaf - y branch - es,
horn's wild mu - sic fill - ing,
stag to seek and fol - low,

ff *p Andante, con moto.*

hear the horn re - sound. Tra - ra! 4. And when at eve re -

ff heart with keen - est zest. Tra - ra, tra - ra! 4. And when at eve re -

ff *p* ev - er he may lead. Tra - ra! 4. And when at eve re -

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mf

turn - ing, I can no more the chase pro - long, Be - neath my dar - ling's

turn - ing, I can no more the chase pro - long, Be - neath my dar - ling's

mf

turn - ing, I can no more the chase pro - long, Be - neath my dar - ling's

turn - ing, I can no more the chase pro - long, Be - neath my dar - ling's

p

win - dow, I breathe my good - night song, Be - neath my dar - ling's

win - dow, I breathe my good - night song, Be - neath my dar - ling's

p

win - dow, I breathe my good - night song, Be - neath my dar - ling's

win - dow, I breathe my good - night song, Be - neath my dar - ling's

p

win - dow, I breathe my good night song. Sleep well, my dear - est

win - dow, I breathe my good - night song. Sleep well, my dear - est

p

win - dow, I breathe my good - night song. Sleep well, my dear - est

win - dow, I breathe my good - night song. Sleep well, my dear - est

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pp

maid - en, May nought thy peace - ful rest an - noy; Of thee I think with

maid - en, May nought thy peace - ful rest an - noy; Of thee I think with

pp

maid - en, May nought thy peace - ful rest an - noy; Of thee I think with

maid - en, May nought thy peace - ful rest an - noy; Of thee I think with

mf

glad - ness, Thou art the hun - ter's joy! Of thee I think with

glad - ness, Thou art the hun - ter's joy! Of thee I think with

mf

glad - ness, Thou art the hun - ter's joy! Of thee I think with

glad - ness, Thou art the hun - ter's joy! Of thee I think with

pp *ritard.*

glad - ness, Thou art the hun - ter's joy! Sleep well! sleep well!

glad - ness, Thou art the hun - ter's joy! Sleep well! sleep well!

pp *ritard.*

glad - ness, Thou art the hun - ter's joy! Sleep well! sleep well!

glad - ness, Thou art the hun - ter's joy! Sleep well! sleep well! Hol -

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Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra,

Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra,

Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra,

lo, hol - lo for hunt - - ing! So

tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra,

tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra,

tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra,

lur - ing is the wood a - round, Where

tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra. I

tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra. I

tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra. I

through the leaf - y branch - es, Where through the leaf - y branch - es I

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hear the horn re - sound, I hear the horn re - sound.

hear the horn re - sound, I hear the horn re - sound. Tra-ra, tra -

hear the horn re - sound, I hear the horn re - sound.

hear the horn re - sound, I hear the horn re - sound.

p

Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, ... tra -

ra, tra-ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, ... tra -

p

Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, ... tra -

Tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, ... tra -

pp *p* *ritard.*

ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra! . . .

ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra! . . .

pp *p* *ritard.*

ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra! . . .

ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra, tra - ra! . . .

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The Three Chafers.

Allegretto giocoso. FRIEDRICH H. TRUHN, arr. (1799–1856).

TENOR I. II.

f

1. There were three young and gal - lant cha - - fers, Who
2. And soon they found a love - ly, love - ly flower, As
3. The pret - ty flower was wide, so wide a - wake, And
4. Her aunt, the spi - der, heard, she heard the call, And
5. And while she sat she watched, she watched her prey, And
6. The flower, though lovely, had, she had a heart, As

BASS I. II.

pp

with a mer - ry hum, hum, hum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
tempt - ing as a plum, plum, plum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
art - ful - ler than some, some, some, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
came like Fee - faw - fum, fum, fum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
when she saw them come, come, come, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
hol - low as a drum, drum, drum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

SOLO.

In dew their nos - es dip - ping, In dew their nos - es
They all at once were bit - ten, They all at once were
She called her aunt the spi - der, She called her aunt the
At once the net she spun well, At once the net she
She pounced up - on the cha - fers, She pounced up - on the
She laughed and said we've caught ye, She laughed and said we've

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sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
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sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

dip - ping, As tip - sy grew with sip - ping, As from any cask of
bit - ten, They all were deep - ly smit - ten, Thus cha - fers can soft be -
spi - der, And begged she would pro - vide her A maze to hold like
spun well, And when she thought it done well, With - in it sat quite
cha - fers, And sucked them thin as wa - fers; They nev - er more could
caught ye, Fine cha - fers, and we've taught ye Your love is all a

cres. *f*

sum, As tip - sy grew with sip - ping, As
sum; They all were deep - ly smit - ten, Thus
sum, And begged she would pro - vide her A
sum, And when she thought it done well, With -
sum, And sucked them thin as wa - fers, They
sum. Fine cha - fers, and we've taught ye Your

rum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
come, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
gum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
dumb, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
hum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
hum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,

sf

from any cask of rum, As from any cask of rum.
cha - fers can soft be - come, Thus cha - fers can soft be - come.
maze to hold like gum, A maze to hold like gum.
in it sat quite dumb, With - in it sat quite dumb.
nev - er more could hum, They nev - er more could hum.
love is all a hum, Your love is all a hum.

sum, sum, sum, sum, sum.

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Hark to the Nightingale!

FRANZ ABT, arr. (1819-1885).

p TENOR I. II.

1. Hark to the night - in - gale, Hid in yon
2. Night with its sil - ver star, Shin - ing in

BASS I. II.

dusk - y vale! Hark to the night - in - gale, . .
depths a - far, Night with its sil - ver star, . .

mf

Hid in yon dusk - y vale, Night - in - gale, Tell - ing his
Shin - ing in depths a - far, Night - in - gale, And from each

f

true love there, To all the hushed and list - 'ning air! So
gar - den bower, Per - fume of leaf, and bud, and flower, While

To all the hushed and list - 'ning air,
Per - fume of leaf, and bud, and flower,

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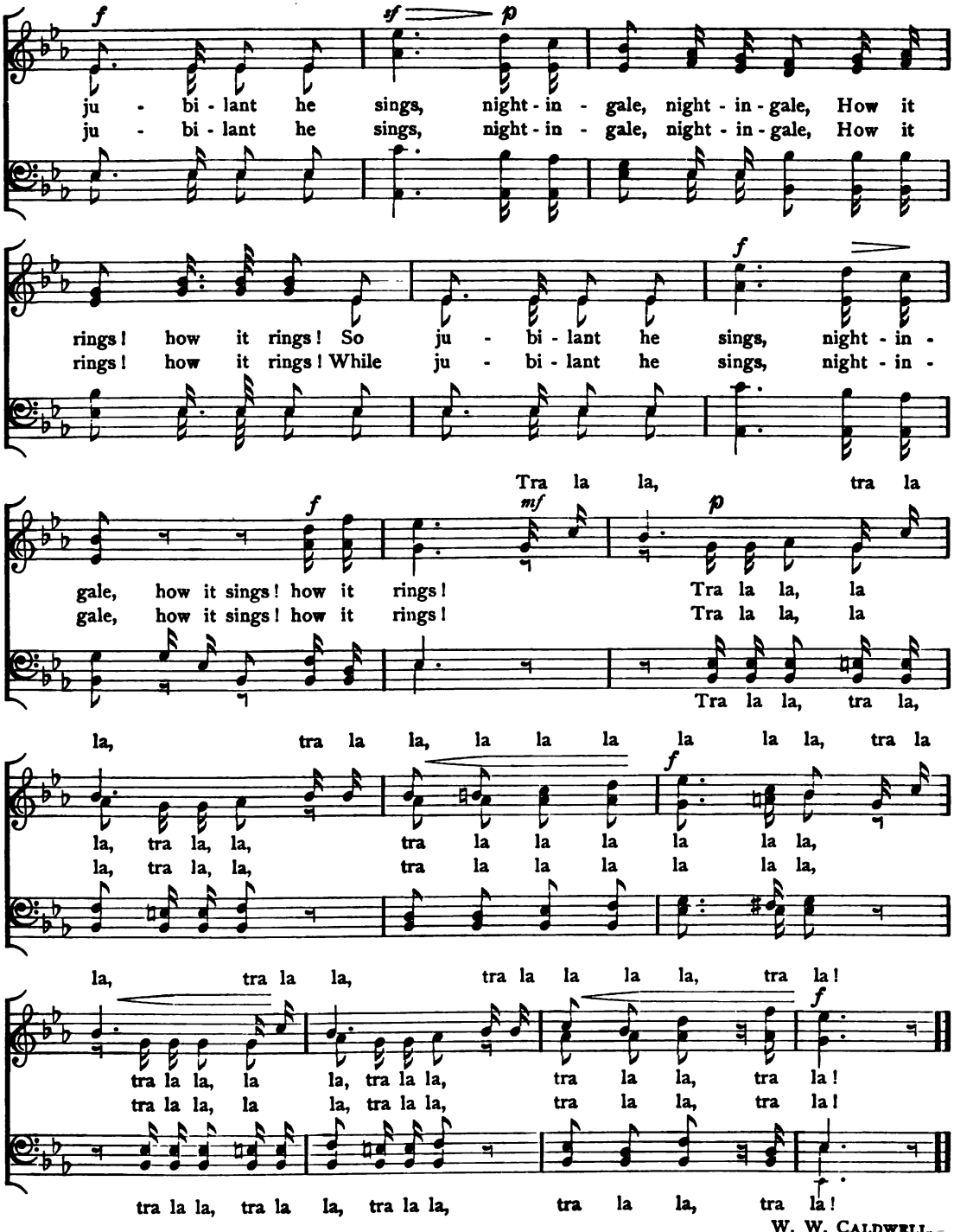

W. W. CALDWELL.

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The Post.

Poco animato. FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr. (1797–1828).

TENOR I.

1. From the
2. Yes,

Leggiero. TENOR II.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

BASS I. II.

dis - tant road the post - horn rings; Oh,
from the town the post is here, Where

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

cres.

why, with mingled e - mo - tion, springs my heart? . . . . . .
I pos - sessed a love so dear, my heart! . . . . . .

cres.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

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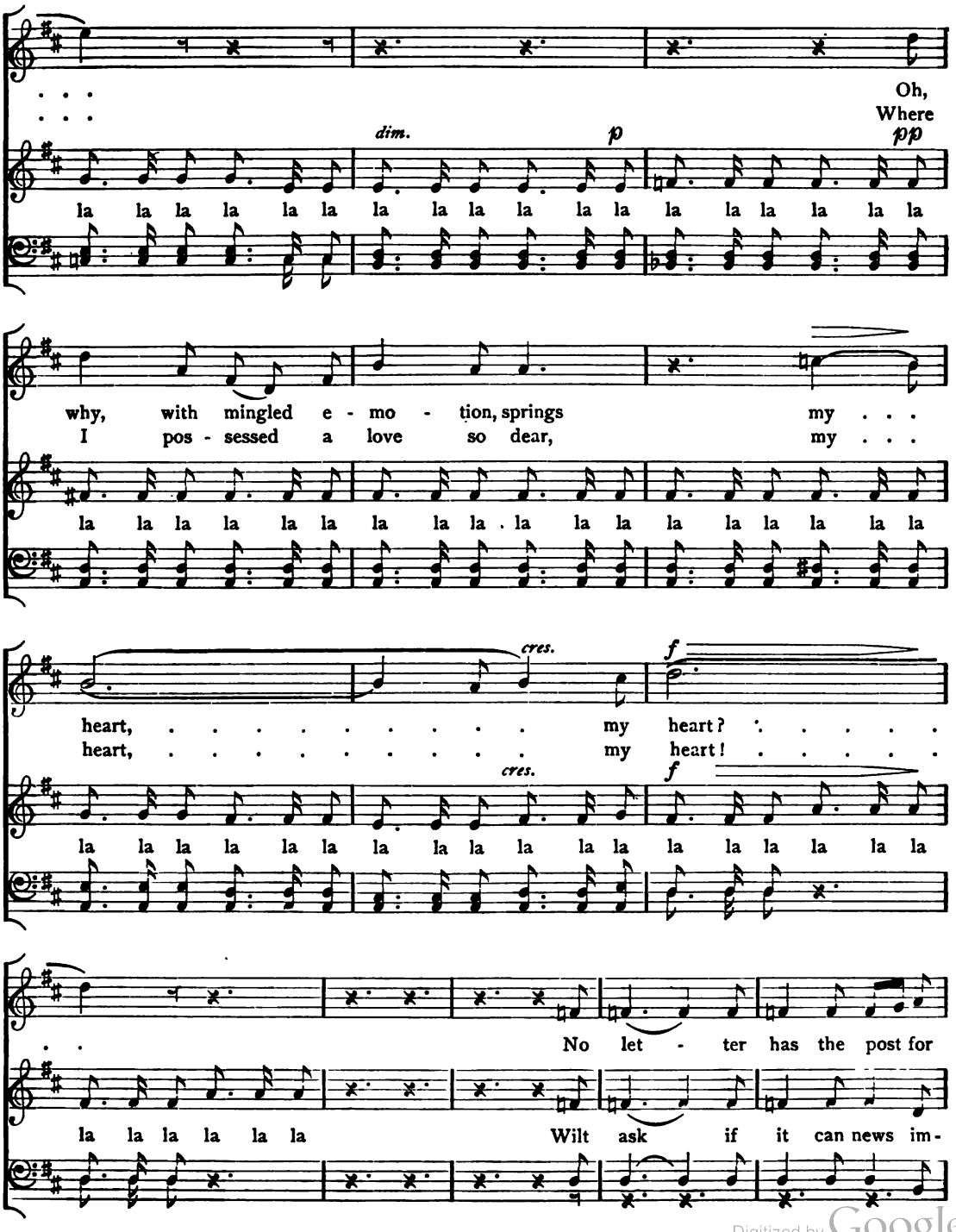

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thee, Poor heart, . . . sup - press thy has - ty glee, Poor

part Of her . . thou lov'st so well, my heart, My

heart, poor heart, poor heart, . . poor heart! No

heart, my heart, my heart, my heart? Will

let - ter has the post for thee, poor heart, . . . poor heart, Poor

ask if it can news im - part, my heart, my heart, Of

cres. *al* . . . . . *f* *p*

heart, sup - press thy has - ty glee, poor heart! . . . poor heart!

cres. *al* . . . . . *f* *p*

her thou lov'st so well, my heart, my heart, . . . my heart?

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794–1827).

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In the Eye there lies the Heart.

Andante, ma non troppo. FRANZ ABT, arr. (1819–1885).

TENOR I. II.

1. In the eye there lies the heart; Would 'st thou see the heart's re-ces - ses? 'T is the
2. Oh, it is a joy-ous game, When the eyes with love are play - ing, What the

BASS I. II.

eye that all con - fes - ses, What it fain would not im - part. 'T is not what the tongue re-
heart feels, looks are say-ing; Words could nev-er say the same. Not like the dia-mond is the

ply, Or may say to love's sug - ges - tion; 'T is the eye that you must ques - tion;
eye, Out-ward rays of light re - flect - ing; In - ward fire the heart col - lect - ing,

poco meno mosso.

Truth a-lone lies in the eye. In the eye there lies the heart, 'T is the eye that you must
Shows its lus - tre in the eye. In the eye there lies the heart, 'T is the eye that you must

cres. *fz.*

ques - tion; Yes, the eye 't is you must ques - tion, In the eye there lies the heart.
ques - tion; Yes, the eye 't is you must ques - tion, In the eye there lies the heart.

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Song to Spring.

Allegro giusto.
SEMI-CHORUS OR SOLO.

FRANCESCO BERGER, arr.

Spring! spring! beau - ti - ful spring! Hith - er - ward com - eth like hope on the wing,

p *cres.* *f*

Pleas-ant-ly look-eth on stream-let and flood, Rais - eth a cho - rus of joy in the wood.

TENOR I. II.

f *f* *dim.* *p*

Touch-eth the bud, and it bursts in - to bloom, Bid - deth the beau - ti - ful rise from the tomb,

BASS I. II.

cres. *f* *rit.* *ff*

Spring! spring!

Bless-eth the heart like a heavenly thing, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful spring!

a tempo.

f

Spring! spring! beau - ti - ful spring! Hith - erward com - eth like hope on the wing,

p *cres.* *f* *Segue Coda.*

Pleas-ant-ly look-eth on stream-let and flood, Rais-eth a cho-rus of joy in the wood.

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pp SOLO.

Song sweet-ly sa - lut-eth the morn, The rob-in a - wak-eth and sits on the thorn,

SEMI-CHORUS.

pp *cres.* *dim.* *p*

Tim-id - ly war-bles, while yet in the east, Twilight from du - ty has not been re - leased;

f *cres.* *f*

Call-eth the lark that as - cendeth on high, Greeting the sun in the depth of the sky,

cres. *f* *rit.* *cres.* *ff*

D.C. al Segno.

Tell - eth the black-bird and lin - net to sing, Wel-come! wel-come! wel-come, O spring!

CODA.

f *allargando.* *f* *rit.* *ff*

Spring! spring! beau - ti - ful spring! Spring! spring! beau - ti - ful spring!

JOHN SWAIN.

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Hear Us Singing.

Legziero. FERDINANDO CARULLI, arr. (1770-1841).

TENOR I.

1. Bim, bim, bim, bim, hear us sing - - ing! Bim, bim, bim,

TENOR II.

BASS I.

2. Bim, bim, bim, bim, hear us sing - - ing! Bim, bim, bim,

BASS II.

bim, now sounds the mid-night hour! Bim, bim, bim, bim, hear us

bim, ye zeph-yrs, lend your aid! Bim, bim, bim, bim, chimes are

sing - - ing! Bim, bim, bim, bim, now sounds the mid-night

ring - - ing! Bim, bim, bim, bim, ye zeph-yrs, lend your

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mf

hour! Hark! how the chimes are ring - ing! Voi - ces, your way be wing - ing,

1. 2. Bim, bim, bim, bim,

mf

aid: What we a - far are sing - ing, Still to her ear be bring - ing;

1. 2. Bim, bim, bim, bim,

cres. *f* *p*

High to our la - dy's bower; Charm her with mag - ic power. While we our

bim, bim, bim, bim.

cres. *p*

Breathe o'er this gen - tle maid, Where she in rest is laid. While we our

f

bim, bim, bim, bim.

p

watch are keep - ing, May she in slum - bers light Calm and se - cure be sleep - ing.

p

watch are keep - ing, May she in slum - bers light Calm and se - cure be sleep - ing.

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p *cres.*

So let us say good night. Calm be our la - dy sleep - ing, So let us

So let us say good night. So let us

So let us say good night.

So let us say good night.

f *lunga pausa.*

say good night, So let us say good night, good night,

say good night, So let us say good night, good night,

f *lunga pausa.*

So let us say good night,

So let us say good night,

mf a tempo.

good night, good night, good night, good

lunga pausa. *mf a tempo.*

good night, good night, good night, good night,

good night, good night, good night, good night, good

good night, good night, good night,

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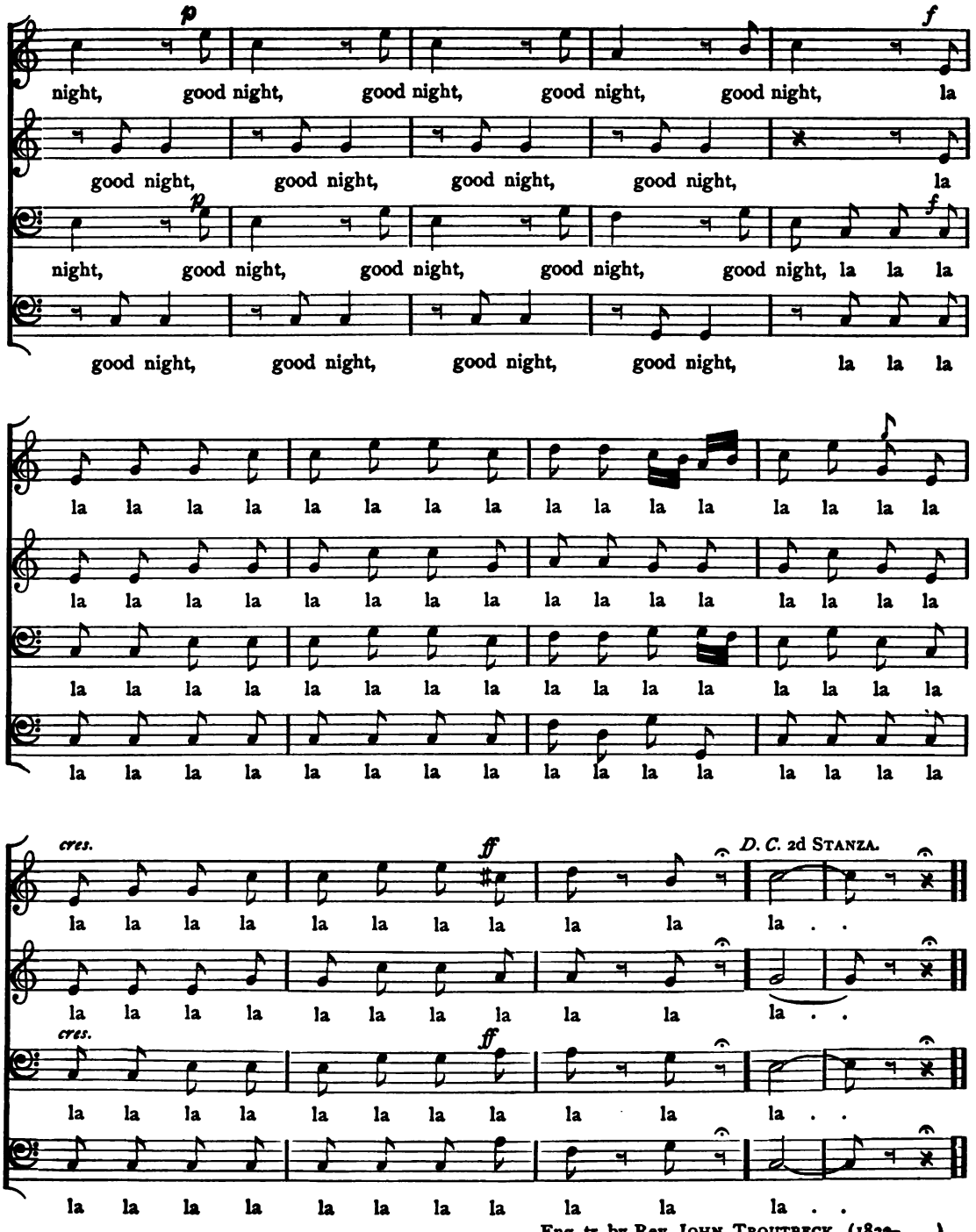

Eng. tr. by Rev. John Troutbeck, (1832-).

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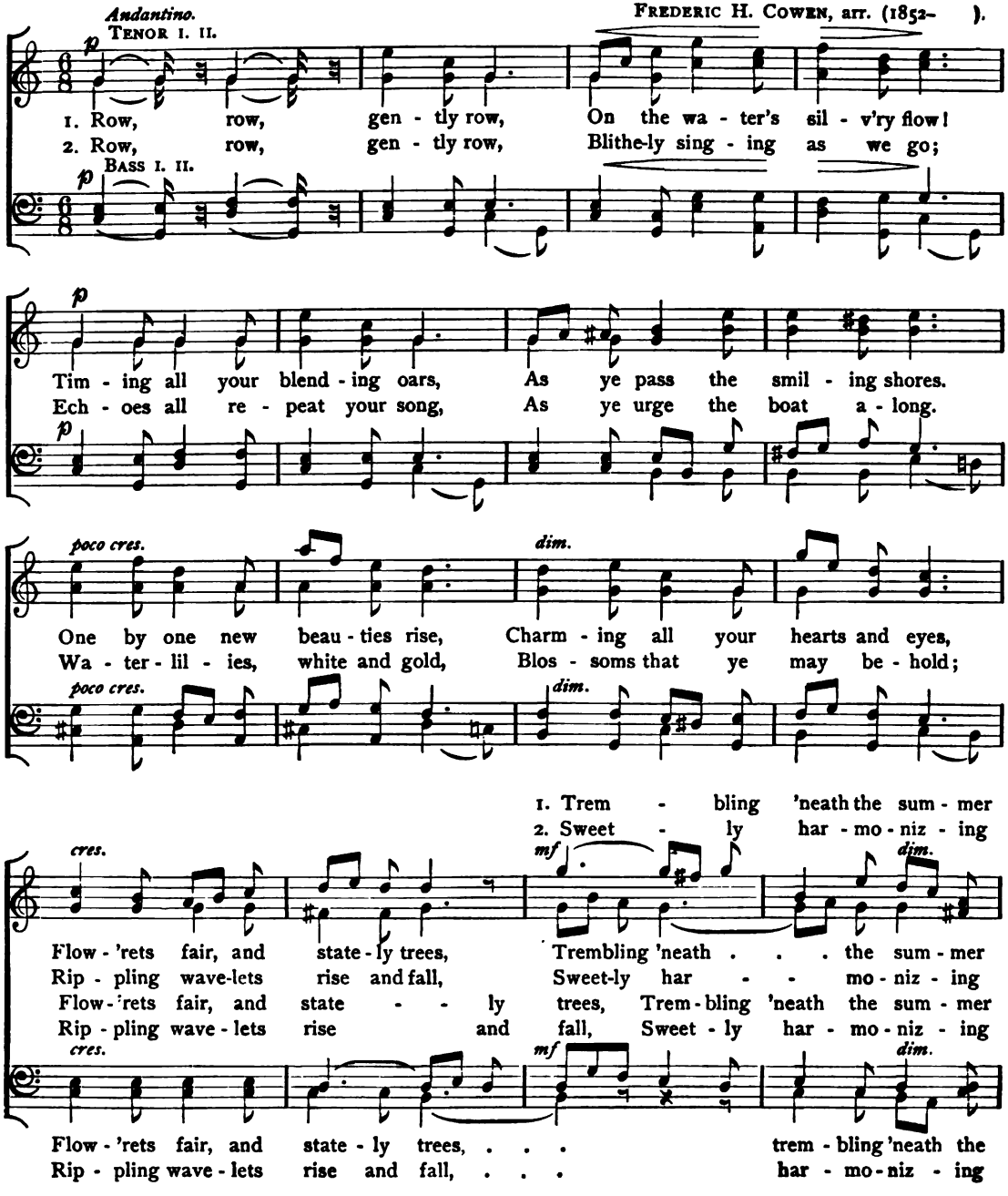
Boat Song.



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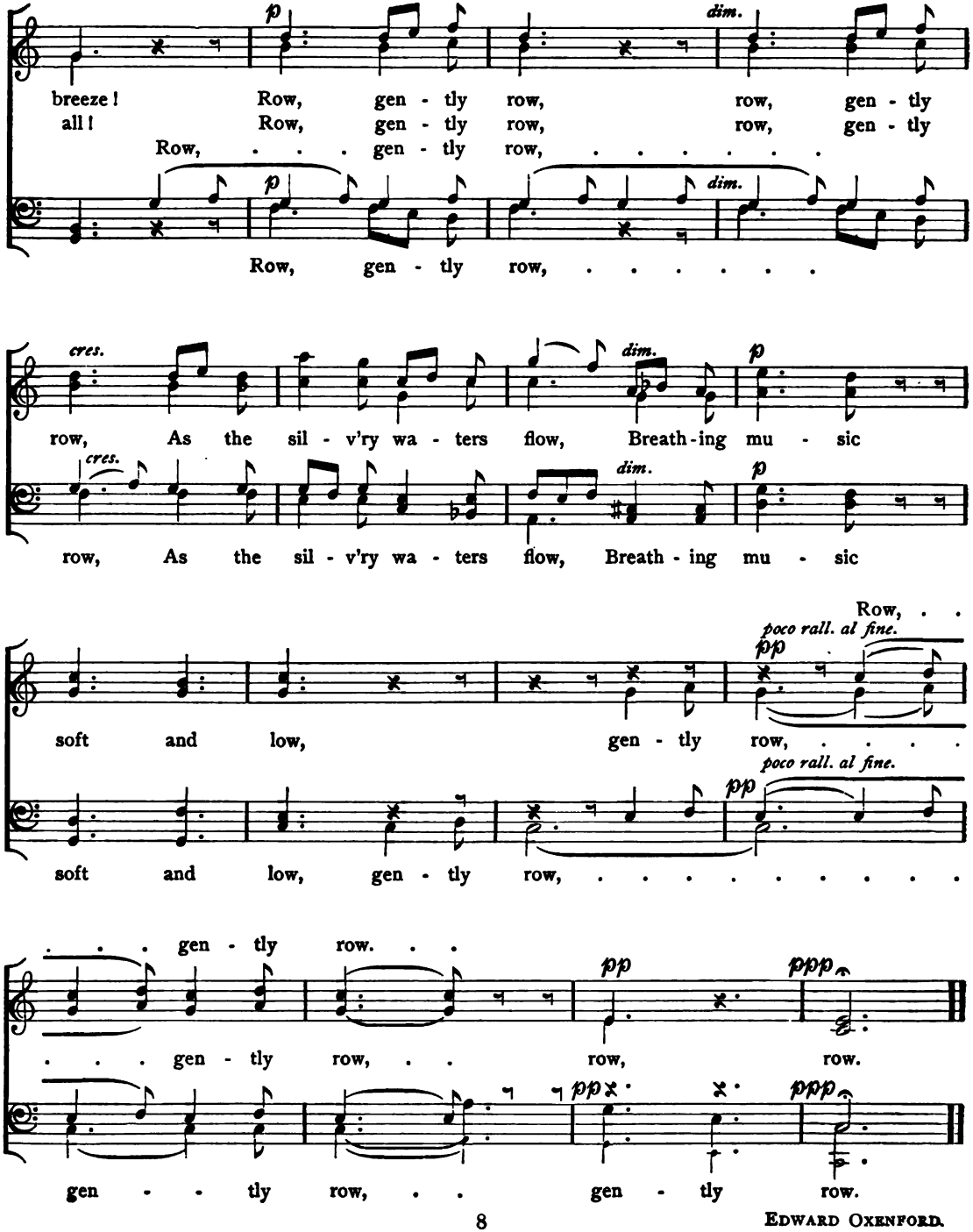

EDWARD OXENFORD.

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Lovely Night.

FRANZ XAVER CHWATAL (1808–1879).

p TENOR I. cres. f

1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spread - ing o - ver hill and
2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -

TENOR II.

1. Love - ly night! O love ly night! Spread-ing o - ver hill and
2. Ho - ly night! O ho ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -

p BASS I. cres. f

1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spread - ing o ver hill and
2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -

BASS II.

1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spread - ing o - ver hill and
2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -

mead - ow, Soft and slow, thy ha - zy shad - ow; Soon our wear - ied
fore us, Joy and peace thou shed - dest o'er us: Oh, that we might

p

mead - ow, Soft and slow, thy ha - zy shad - ow; Soon our wear - ied
fore us, Joy and peace thou shed - dest o'er us: Oh, that we might

p

mead - ow, Soft and slow, thy ha - zy shad - ow; Soon our wear - ied
fore us, Joy and peace thou shed - dest o'er us: Oh, that we might

mead - ow, Soft and slow, thy ha - zy shad ow; Soon our wear - ied
fore us, Joy and peace thou shed - dest o'er us: Oh, that we might

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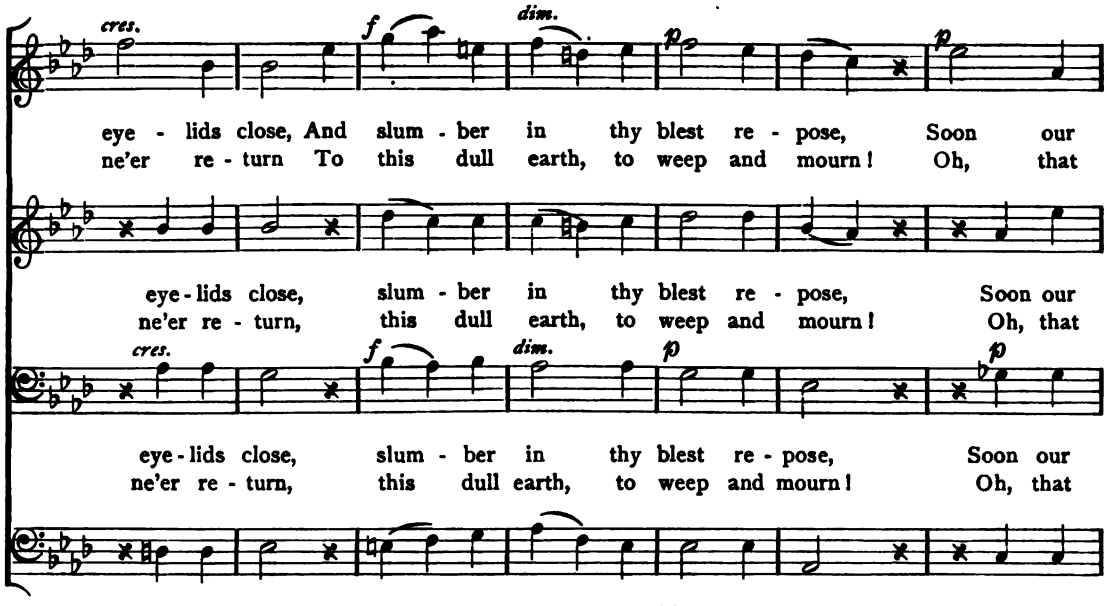

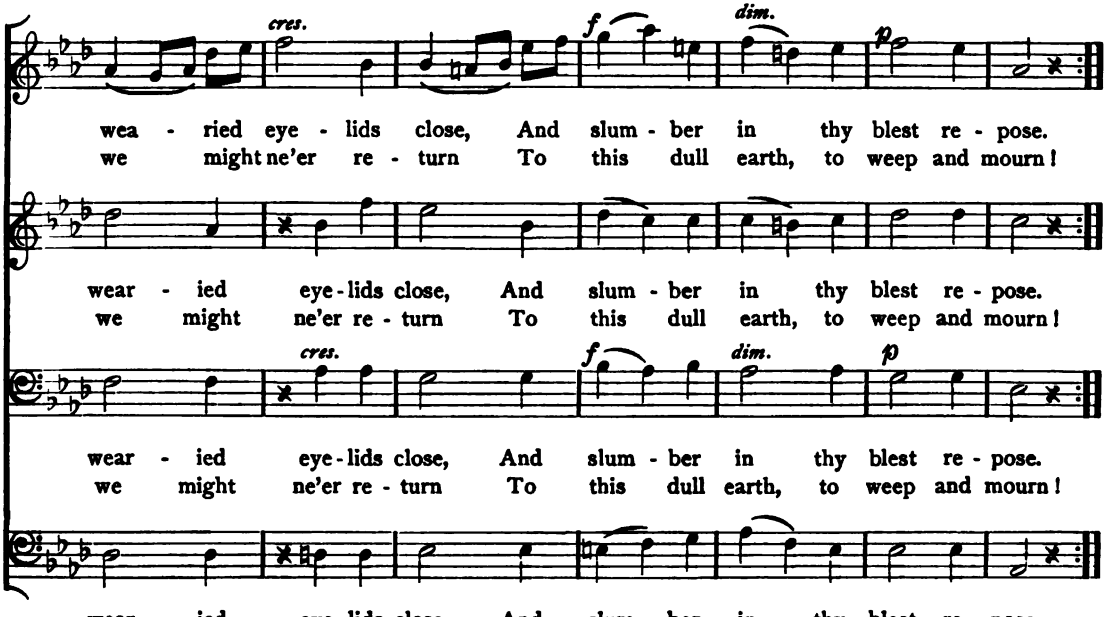

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Serenade.

Moderato. FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr. (1797–1828).

TENOR I.

1. Through the leaves the night winds mov - ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;
2. Moonlight on the earth is sleep - ing, Winds are rus - tling low;

BASS I. II.

To thy cham - ber win - dow rov - ing, Love hath led my feet.
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing, Dear - est, let us go.

Si - lent prayers of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us, though a - part,
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee,

Link us, though a - part, On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing,
While I sing to thee. And the night for love was giv - en;

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To thy dream - ing heart, To thy dream - ing heart.
Dear - est, come to me! Dear - est, come to me!

Agitato.

3. Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing, Wails the whip - poor - will,

Agitato.

And for thee the heart is yearn - ing, And for thee the

heart is yearn - ing, *p* Bid it, love, be still! Bid it, love, be

still! . . . Bid it, love, *dim. e rit.* be *pp* still!

dim. e rit. *pp*

LUDWIG RELLSTAB (1799).

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The Long Day Closes.

The moon is half a-

The moon is half a-

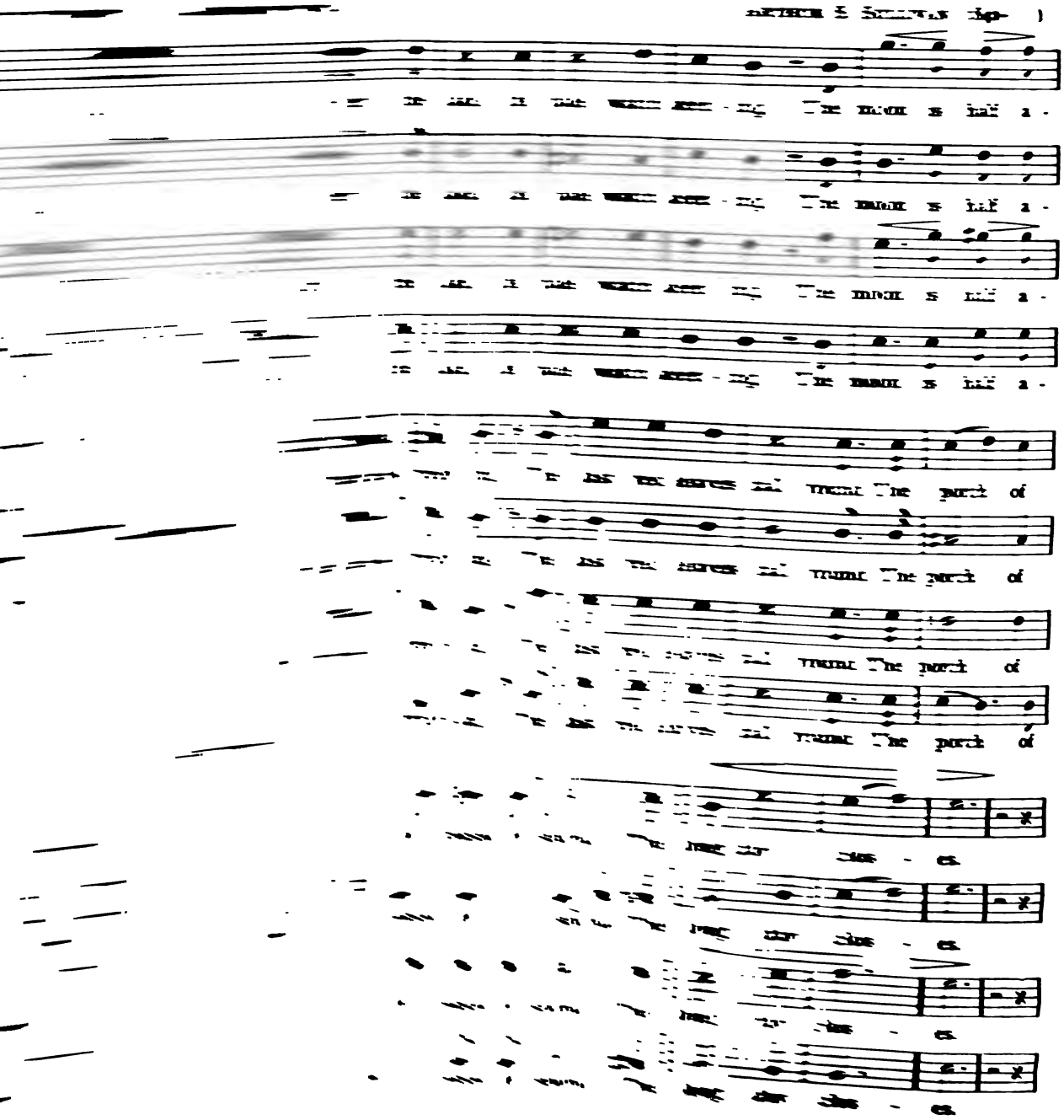
The moon is half a-

The moon is half a-

The porch of

The porch of

The porch of



The porch of

The long day clos - es.

The long day clos - es.

The long day clos - es.

The long day clos - es.

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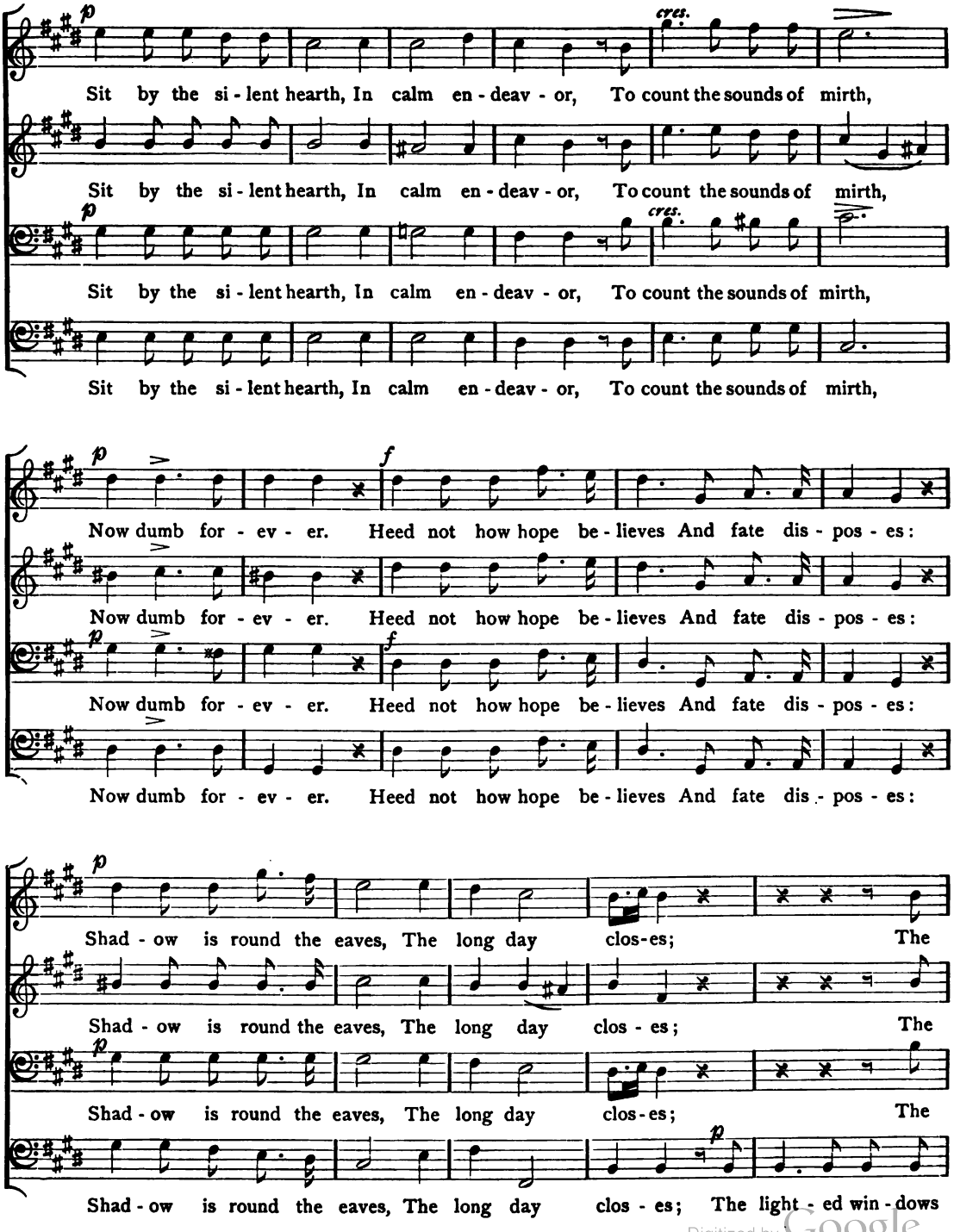

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The Long Day Closes.

Andante, non troppo largo. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN (1842–).

p TENOR I.

No star is o'er the lake, Its pale watch keep - ing, The moon is half a -

TENOR II.

No star is o'er the lake, Its pale watch keep - ing, The moon is half a -

p BASS I.

No star is o'er the lake, Its pale watch keep - ing, The moon is half a -

BASS II.

No star is o'er the lake, Its pale watch keep - ing, The moon is half a -

wake, Through gray mist creep - ing; The last red leaves fall round The porch of

wake, Through gray mist creep - ing. The last red leaves fall round The porch of

wake, Through gray mist creep - ing; The last red leaves fall round The porch of

wake, Through gray mist creep - ing; The last red leaves fall round The porch of

ros - es, The clock hath ceased to sound, The long day clos - es.

ros - es, The clock hath ceased to sound, The long day clos - es.

ros - es, The clock hath ceased to sound, The long day clos - es.

ros - es, The clock hath ceased to sound, The long day clos - es.

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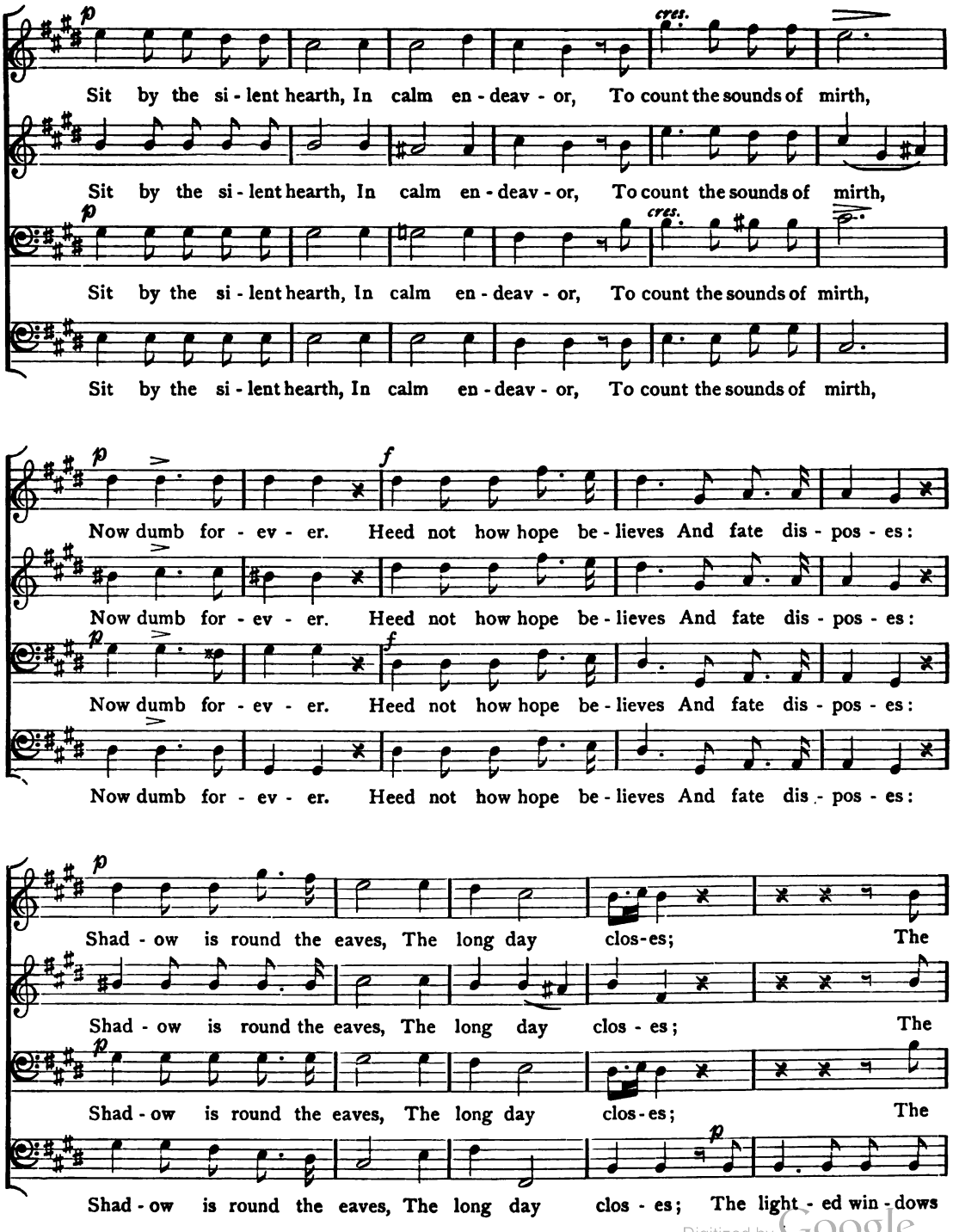

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dim. *cres.*

light - ed win-dows dim Are fad - ing slow - ly, The fire that was so

light - ed win-dows dim Are fad - ing slow - ly, The fire that was so

dim. *cres.*

light - ed win-dows dim Are fad - ing slow - ly, The fire that was so

dim Are fad - ing slow - ly, The fire that was so trim

dim. *pp*

trim, Now quiv - ers low - ly, quiv - ers low - ly. Go to the dream - less bed, Where

trim, Now quiv - ers low - ly, quiv - ers low - ly. Go to the dream - less bed, Where

dim. *pp*

trim, Now quiv - ers low - ly, quiv - ers low - ly. Go to the dream - less bed, Where

Now quiv - ers low - ly, quiv - ers low - ly. Go to the dream - less bed, Where

cres.

grief re - pos - es; The book of toil is read, The long day clos - es;

grief re - pos - es; The book of toil is read, The long day clos - es;

cres.

grief re - pos - es; The book of toil is read, The long day clos - es; Go

grief re - pos - es; The book of toil is read, The long day clos - es;

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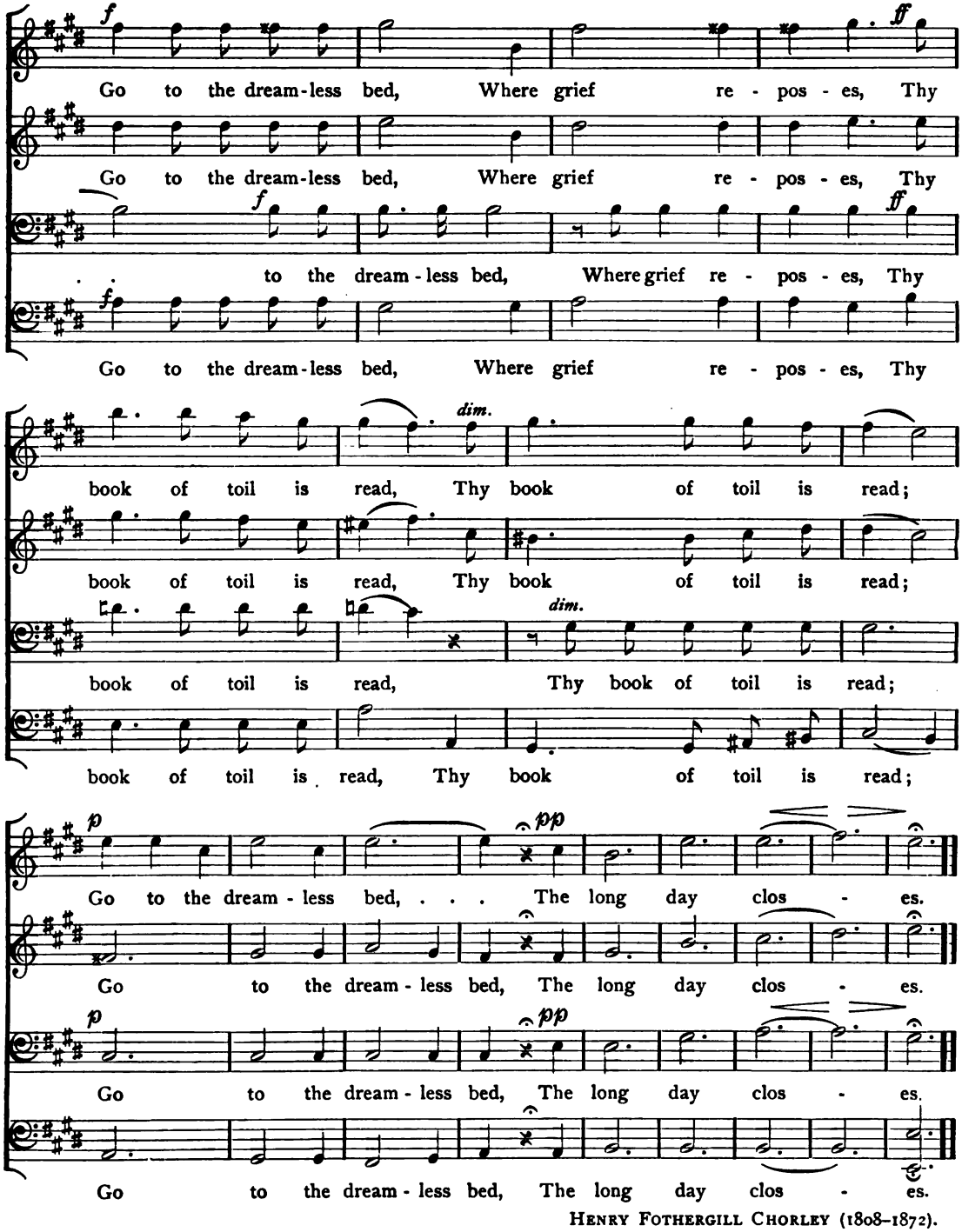

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY (1808–1872).

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O Guiding Spirit!

Adagio. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, arr. (1756–1791).

TENOR I. II.

1. O Spir - it, guid - ing Spir - it, from thy height down - glid - ing, Cheer us, and
2. May all who love, all who love our art to peace be mat - ed, And dis - - cord

BASS I. II.

If sung without accompaniment, omit the rests between the signs † and ‡, and sing the small notes near the close.

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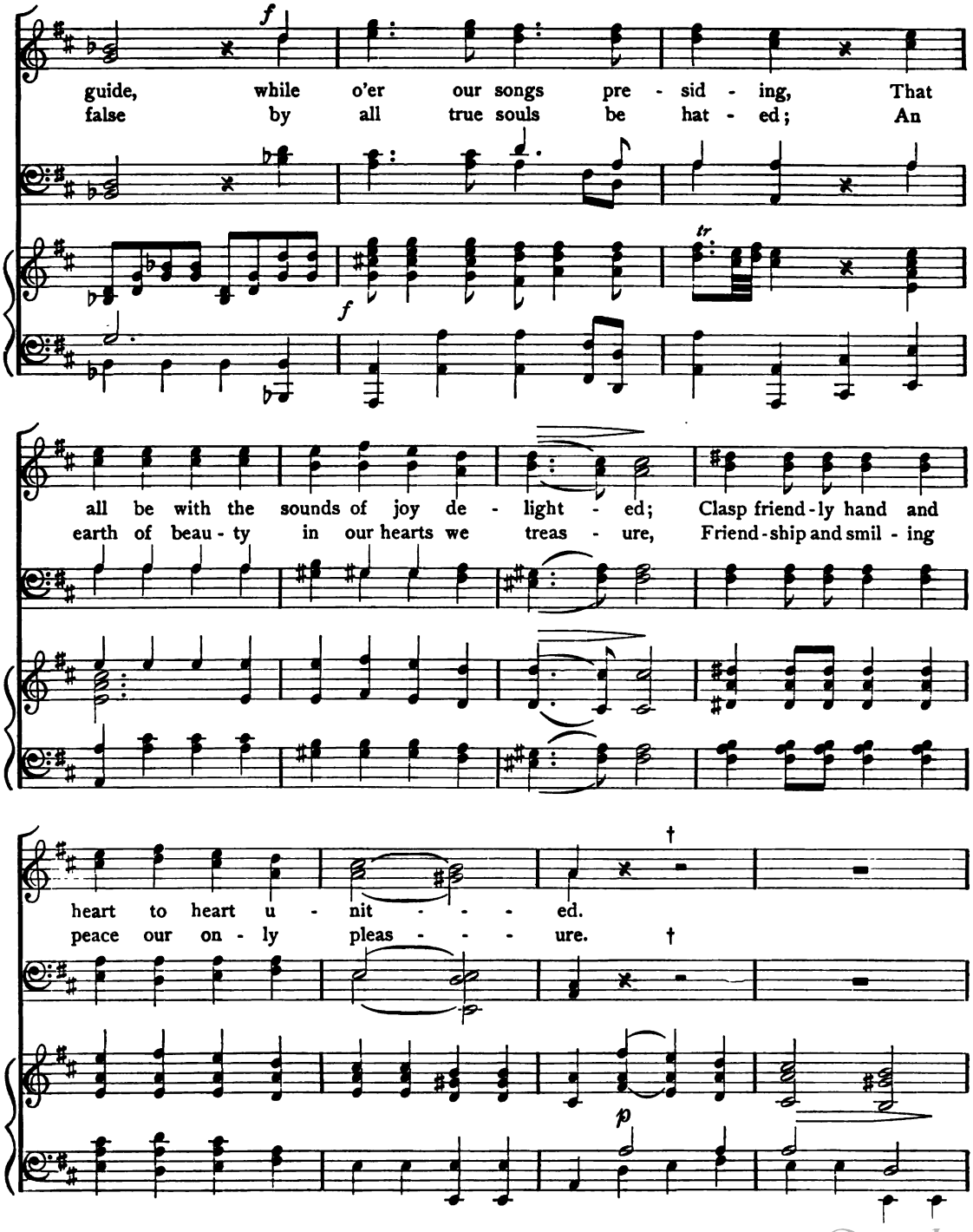

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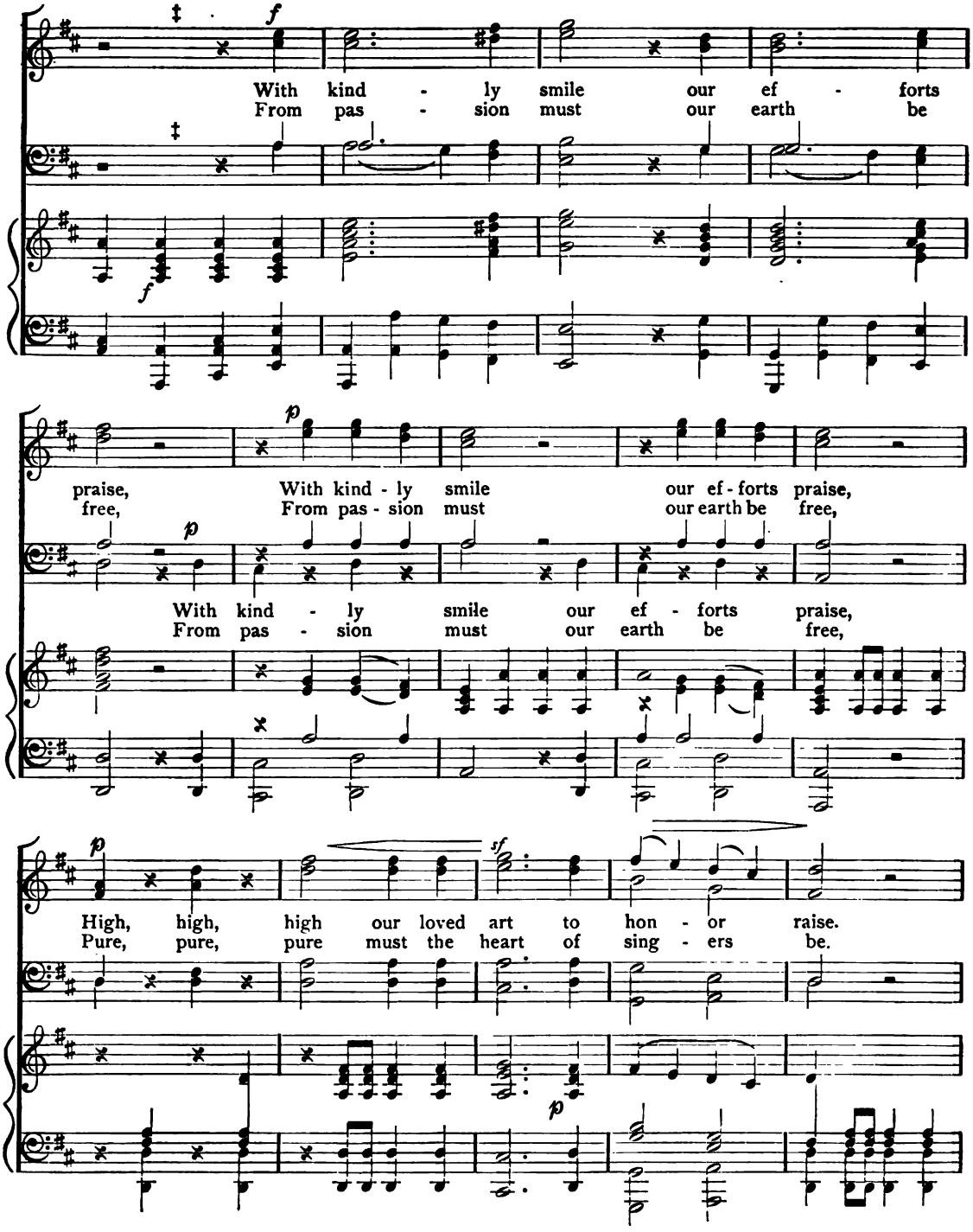

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p *sf*

High, high, high our loved art to hon - or
Pure, pure, pure must the heart of sing - ers

High, high, high our loved art to hon - or
Pure, pure, pure must the heart of sing - ers

p

TUTTI. SOLO. TUTTI.

raise, high it raise, high it raise.
be, pure must be, pure must be.

SOLO.

raise, high it raise, high it raise, high it raise, high it raise.
be, must the sing - er be, must the sing - er be.

mf *mf*

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Pilgrims' Chorus.

RICHARD WAGNER, arr. (1813–1883).
From the opera "Tannhäuser."

Andante maestoso.

p TENOR I.

Far wan - dering from our fa - ther - land, To where that

BASS I.

Far wan - dering from our fa - ther - land, To where that

p BASS II.

bright star's glo - rious ray Brought won-dering wise men to the

bright star's glo - rious ray Brought won - dering wise men to the

cres - cen - do. *p*

spot, Where a babe in a man - ger lay, To where the

spot, Where a babe in a man - ger lay, To where the

f

won - dering shep - herds saw, And heard the an - gel

won - dering shep - herds saw, And heard the an - gel

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dim. *p* *cres* - *cen* - *do.*

cho - rus sing, "Glo - ry to God, Peace be on

cho - rus sing, "Glo - ry to God, Peace be on

f *p*

earth, For we to all glad tid - ings bring. Glo -

earth, For we to all glad tid - ings bring. Glo -

cres - *cen* - *do.* *f* *ff*

ry to God To God most high," . . With fer - vent

ry to God, To God most high," . . With fer - vent

hope and hum - ble faith, We seek that spot, that

hope and hum - ble faith, We seek that spot, that

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ho - ly shrine, Where - in such low - ly state did

ho - ly shrine, Where - in such low - ly state did

cres. *f*

lie; Him that's all glo - rious and di - vine, All

lie; Him that's all glo - rious and di - vine, All

f *ff*

praise to Him, All praise to Him who reigns on

praise to Him, All praise to Him who reigns on

f

high, To Him who rules earth, sea, and sky.

high, To Him who rules earth, sea, and sky.

W. F. TAYLOR.

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PART III.

OCCASIONAL.

Washington.

JOHN W. TUFTS.

TENOR I. II.

1. To Thee, be - neath whose eye Each cir - cling cen - tu - ry
2. [1] When, from this gate of heaven, Peo - ple and priest were driven
3. [2] Nor was our fa - thers' trust, Thou might - y One and Just,
4. There like an an - gel form, Sent down to still the storm,
5. God of our sires and sons, Let oth - er Wash - ing - tons

BASS I. II.

O - be - dient rolls, Our na - tion, in its prime, Looked with a
By fire and sword, And where Thy saints had prayed, The har - nessed
Then put to shame: "Up to the hills" for light, Looked they in
Stood Wash - ing - ton! Clouds rolled and broke a - way, Foes fled in
Our coun - try bless; And, like the brave and wise Of by - gone

faith sub - lime, And trust - ed in "the time That tried men's souls;"
war - horse neighed, And horse - man's trum - pets brayed In harsh ac - cord.
per - il's night, And from yon guar - dian height, De - liv - erance came.
pale dis - may; Wreathed were his brows with bay, When war was done.
cen - tu - ries, Show that true great - ness lies In right - eous - ness.

JOHN PIERPONT.

First sung in the Old South Church, Boston, in 183–. [1] The church was at one time used by the Royal Light Horse as a riding school. [2] From Dorchester Heights Washington succeeded in compelling the British to evacuate Boston.

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A Cup of Cold Water.

Allegretto. TUTTI.

TENOR I. II.

1. Heigh ho and ho heigh! heigh ho and ho heigh! 'T was all for a cup of cold
2. Heigh ho and ho heigh! heigh ho and ho heigh! 'T was all for a cup of cold
3. Heigh ho and ho heigh! heigh ho and ho heigh! 'T was all for a cup of cold
4. Heigh ho and ho heigh! heigh ho and ho heigh! 'T was all for a cup of cold

BASS I. II.

SOLI.

wa - ter; The sun made a lad - der From sea - wave to sky, The
wa - ter; The clouds, white and fleec - y, The stray - ing drops took, And
wa - ter; They sailed till the south wind Took each by the hand, And
wa - ter; What! doubt you the sto - ry? Then go to the spring, And

TUTTI.

lit - tle waves climb - ing, Reached cloud-land on high; Heigh ho and ho heigh! heigh
shel-tered the trav - ellers In co - si - est nook; Heigh ho and ho heigh! heigh
then, all a - danc - ing, Sped down to the land; Heigh ho and ho heigh! heigh
list, while the wa - ters This ver - y tale sing; Heigh ho and ho heigh! heigh

ho and ho heigh! 'T was all for a cup of cold wa - ter!
ho and ho heigh! 'T was all for a cup of cold wa - ter!
ho and ho heigh! 'T was all for a cup of cold wa - ter!
ho and ho heigh! *There's naught like a cup of cold wa - ter!*

JAMES GEDDES.

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Arbor Day.

TENOR I. II.

1. Like the glad birds of spring-time, Our prais-es we sing,
2. The ev-er glad cho-rus, The spring-time is here;
3. God bless us, we pray thee, A young stu-dent band;

BASS I. II.

To God, the great Giv-er Of ev-ery good thing;
The bird songs, with flow-ers, And all her good cheer;
Ev-er help us in truth And up-right-ness to stand,

Till earth, with glad voic-es Shall ech-o a-gain,
While o-ver the land that We treas-ure so dear,
And bless Thou the la-bor Our hands do to-day,

From wood-land and mead-ow, From moun-tain and plain.
We scat-ter God's bless-ings A-far and a-near.
'Mid the bird songs and flow-ers Of beau-ti-ful May.

EMMA L. THOMAS.

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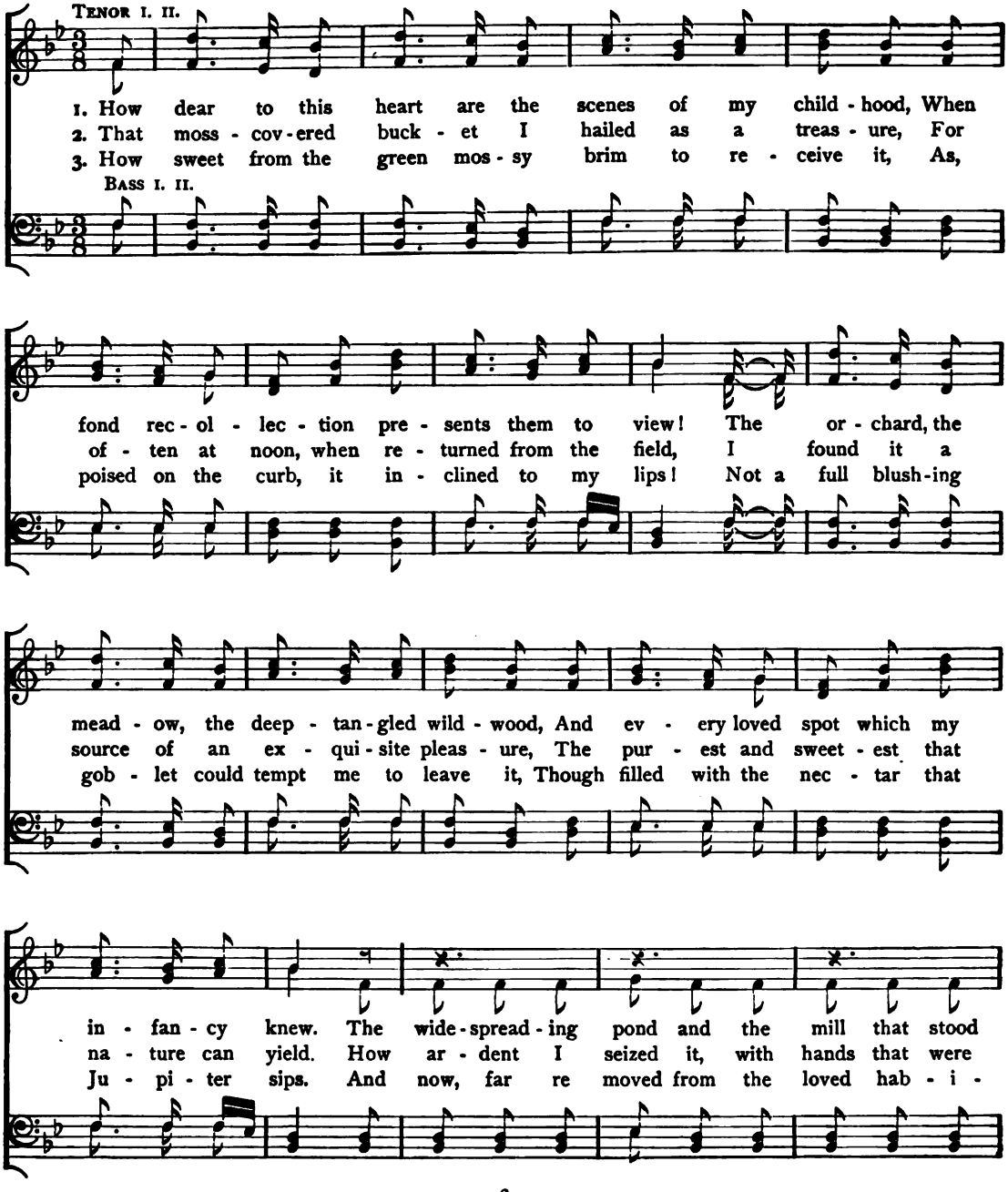
The Old Oaken Bucket.



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by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell,
glow - ing, And quick to the white - peb - bled bot - tom it fell,
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell,

The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house nigh it, And e'en the rude
Then soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with
As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the

buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
cool - ness, it rose from the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the
buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en buck - et, the

i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.
i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et a - rose from the well.
i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH (1785–1842).

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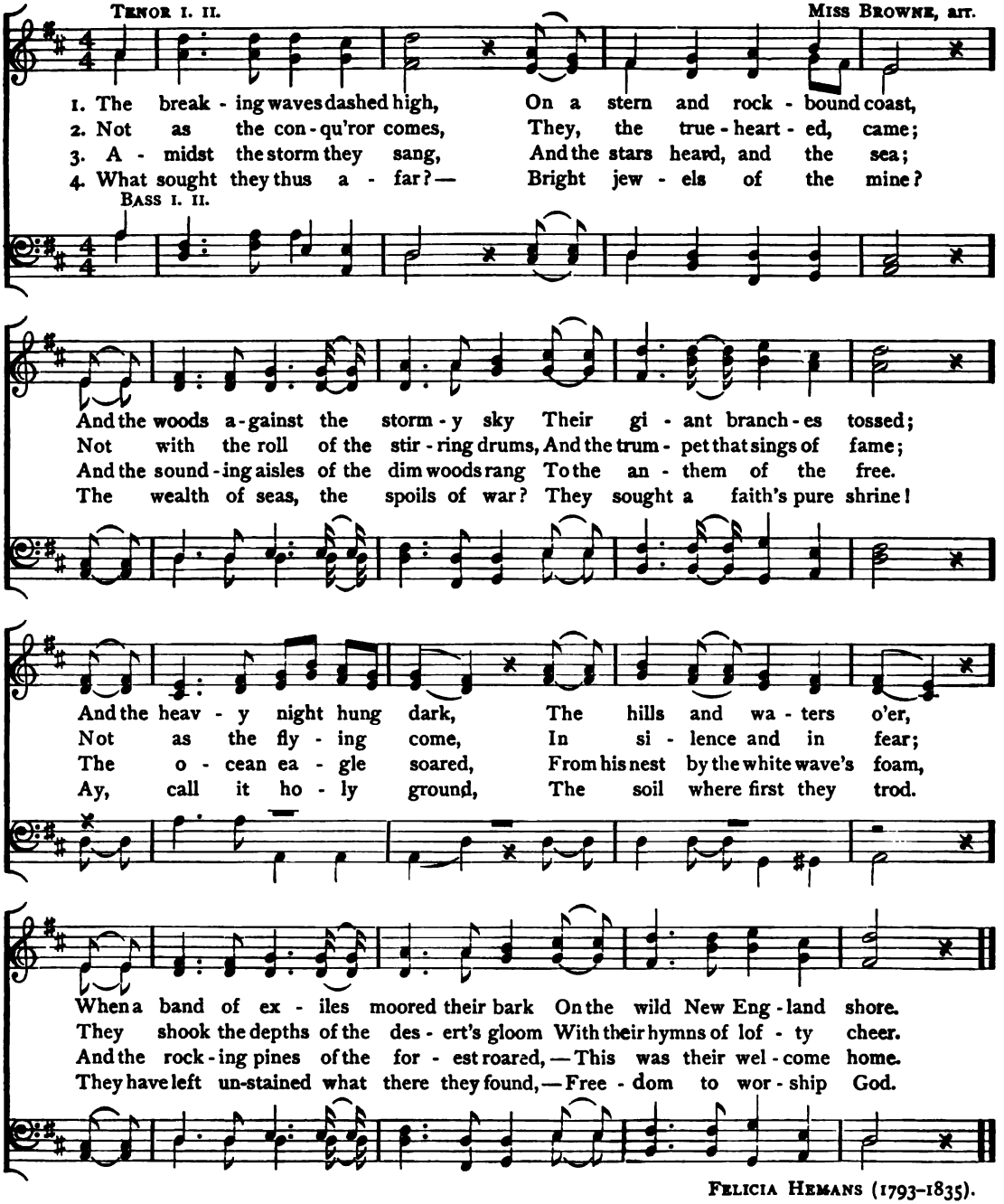
The Breaking Waves Dashed High.



Felicia Hemans (1793–1835).

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Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

JOSEPH BARNBY, arr. (1838–1896).

pp TENOR I. II.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row,
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad - ness,
3. Though we may mourn Those in life the dear - est,

BASS I. II.

cres. *mf*

Rest where none weep, Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row;
Bright - ly at last Dawns a day of glad - ness;
They shall re - turn, Christ, when Thou ap - pear - est!

Though dark waves roll . . O'er the si - lent riv - er,
Un - der thy sod, . . Earth re - ceive our treas - ure,
Soon shall Thy voice . Com - fort those now weep - ing,

f *rall.* *pp* *p After third stanza.*

Thy faint - ing soul . . Je - sus can de - liv - er.
To rest in God, . Wait - ing all his pleas - ure.
Bid - ding re - joice . . All in Je - sus sleep - ing. A - MEN.

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The Warrior's Sleep.

Tempo giusto. ETIENNE HENRY MEHUL, arr. (1763–1817).

TENOR I. II.

p

1. Now hushed be all sounds, For the bat - tle is o - ver; Our he - ro rests, He has
2. Oh, ban - ish all sounds, For the bat - tle is o - ver; In death he rests, He has

BASS I. II.

mf

fought long and well. Come hith - er, ye pow - ers of night,
fought long and well. Swift ban - ish all sor - row and hate,
Come hith - er, come hith - er, ye pow - ers of night,
Swift ban - ish, swift ban - ish all sor - row and hate,

Come ye pow - ers of night, Ban-ish
Ban - ish sor - row and hate. Let the

Ban - ish pain that cum - bers, Watch ye while he slumbers, Guard him with
Let the cool leaves quiv - er, Whis - per soft - ly, riv - er, And in his
Ban - ish pain that cum - bers, Watch ye while he slum - bers,
Let the cool leaves quiv - er, Whis - per soft - ly, riv - er,

pain that cum - bers, Watch ye while he slum - bers,
cool leaves quiv - er, Whis - per soft - ly, riv - er,

mf *p*

care, ... till the morn brings the light. He is by pain and by
ears . . . . . sigh that O - din doth wait, Here in his hall in his
Guard him with care He is by pain and by
And in his ears Here in his hall in his

Guard him with care till the morn brings the light. He is by pain and by
And in his ears sigh that O - din doth wait, Here in his hall in his

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With the wav - ing of wings fan him soft - ly to rest.
And with smiles doth a - wait our dear he - ro so bold.

rit.

sor - row op - prest, With the wav - ing of wings fan him soft - ly to rest.
ar - mor of gold, And with smiles doth a-wait our dear he - ro so bold.

sor - row op - prest, With the wav - ing of wings fan him soft - ly to rest.
ar - mor of gold, And with smiles doth a-wait our dear he - ro so bold.

Integer Vitae.

PAUL FLEMMING (1609–1640).

TENOR I. II.

p

1. In - te-ger vi - tae, sce - le - ris-que pu - rus, Non e - get Mau - ri ja - cu-lis nec
SOLI. 2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter aes-tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in-hos - pi -
3. Namque me sil - vâ lu - pus in Sa - bi - nâ, Dum me - am can - to La - la-gen, et
4. Qua - le por - ten-tum ne - que mi - li - tar - is, Dau - ni - as la - tis a - lit aes - cu -
SOLI. 5. Po - ne me, pi - gris u - bi nul - la cam - pis Ar - bor ae - sti - va re - cre - a - tur
6. Po - ne sub cur - ru ni - mi - um pro - pin - quo So - lis, in ter - ra do - mi-bus ne -

BASS I. II.

ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - dâ sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - trâ.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quae lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.
ul - tra Ter - mi - num, cu - ris va - gor ex - pe - di - tus, Fu - git in - er - mem.
le - tis; Nec Ju - bae tel - lus ge - ne-rat, le - o - num A - ri - da nu - trix.
au - ra; Quod la - tus mun - di ne - bu-lae ma - lus - que Ju - pi - ter ur - get.
ga - ta Dul - ce ri - den - tem La - la-gen a - ma - bo, Dul - ce lo - quen - tem.

HORACE. BOOK I., ODE XXII.

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Here in the Evening.

Andante sustenuto.

TENOR I. II.

PAUL FLEMMING, art. (1609–1640).

p

1. Here in the eve - ning's sweet and peace - ful still - ness, First can our life to hap - pi - ness be fash - ioned! Here where the soul to tune - ful con - cord yield - eth, Firm the will grow - eth.
2. Con - cord and love u - nite us fast to - geth - er, As through all chang - es life its way pur - su - eth; Up - ward look ev - er, strong in our en - deav - or, Dan - ger a - void - ing.
3. Cheer - ful, un - rest - ing, on - ward still con - tin - ue, Though now al - read - y from youth we have part - ed! See, in the dis - tance al - lur - ing a - waits us, Sure rest for - ev - er.

BASS I. II.

CHR. SCHULTZ (1827).

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PART IV.

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC.

My Country, 'tis of Thee.

HENRY CAREY (1740).

TENOR I. II. UNISON.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing! Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grims' pride; From ev - ery moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring!
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love! I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove!
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free - dom's song! Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, — The sound pro - long.
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing! Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

BASS I. II.

Rev. S. F. SMITH, D.D., 1832 (1808–1896).

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Hail, Columbia!

TENOR SOLO. — FEYLES or PHYLA (1789).

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia! hap-py land! Hail, ye he-roes, heaven-born band! Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won, Let in-de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost,

2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots, rise once more! De-fend your rights, de-fend your shore! Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize; While off-'ring peace, sin-cere and just, In Heaven we place a man-ly trust, That

Music an air entitled "The President's March," written by —— Feyles or Phyla in honor of General Washington, on his visit to St. John's Theatre, in New York, in 1789.

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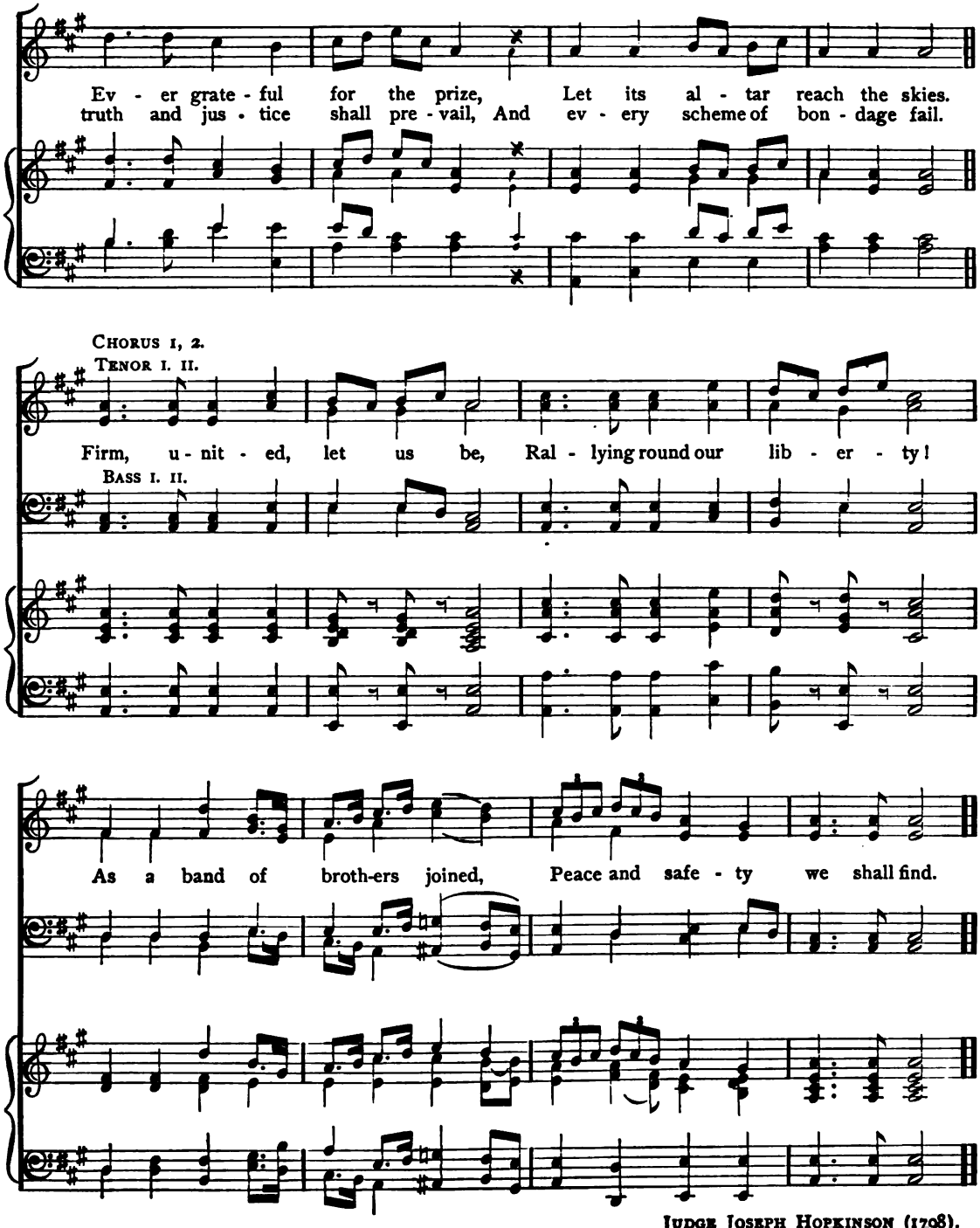

Judge Joseph Hopkinson (1798).

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Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

English Song, "The Red, White, and Blue."
D. T. SHAW, arr.

TENOR I.

1. O Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And
3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co -

BASS I. II.

home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de -
threat - ened the land to de - form, The ark then of free - dom's foun -
lum - bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreath they have won nev - er

vo - tion, A world of - fers homage to thee! Thy man-dates make he - roes as -
da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe through the storm: With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -
with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er

sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true; The

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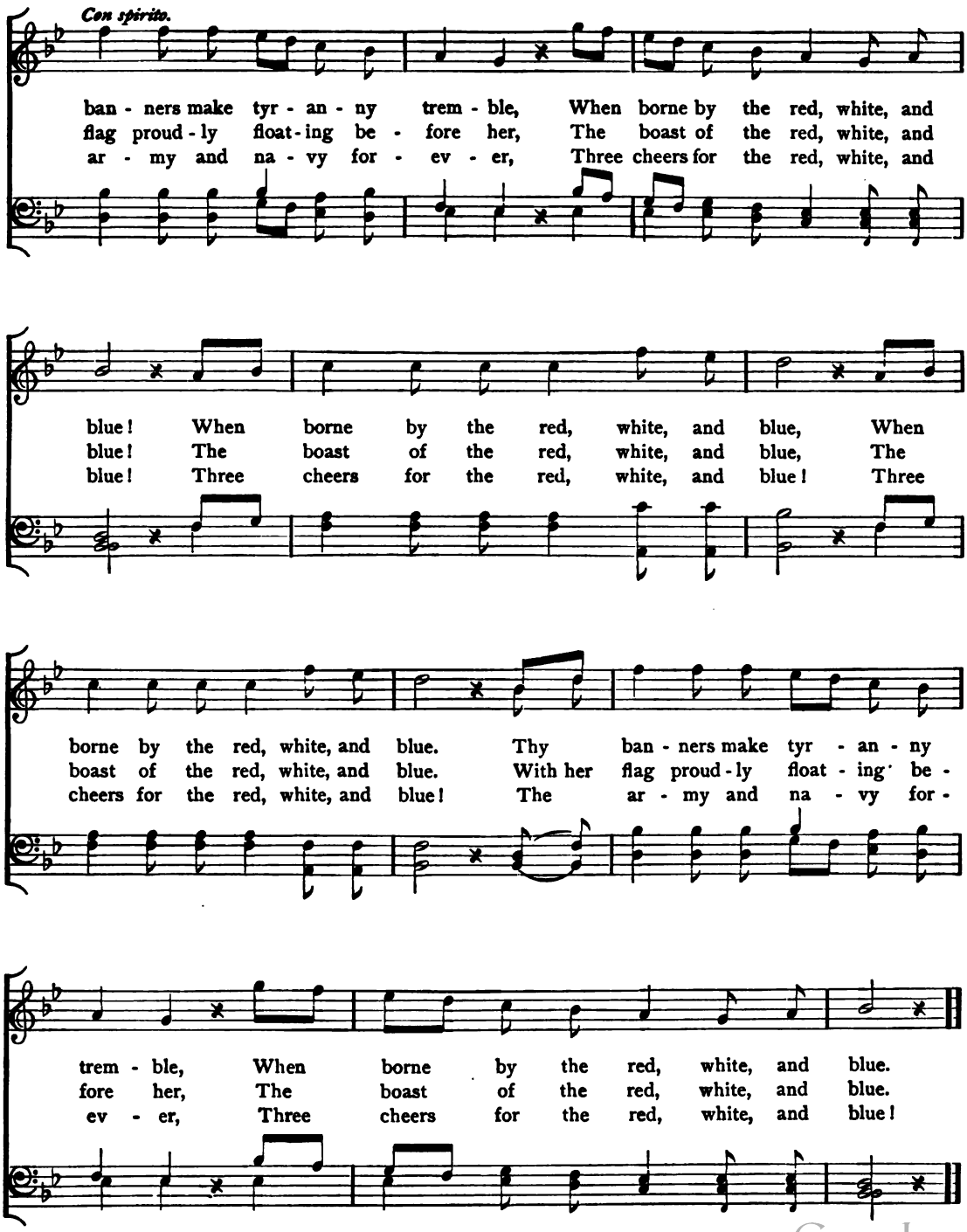

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Prayer for Fatherland.

Moderato ma non troppo.

TENOR I. II.

ETIENNE HENRY MEHUL, arr. (1763-1817).

1. Hear us! hear, Lord and King! Thee we love, All See - ing,
2. Hear us! hear, Lord our Rock! Strong our faith out - well - ing;
3. Hear us! hear, Lord our God! Guide us to Thine al - tar!

BASS I. II.

Give to our na - tion Thy kind care, Shield Thou the land
Free - dom and con - cord grant us here, Thy chil - dren shield,
If e - vil foes our soul come near, Be Thou with us,

that gave us be - ing, Safe in Thine arms we have no fear.
wher - ev - er dwell - ing; Safe in Thine arms we have no fear.
we will not fal - ter, Strong is our faith, nor death we fear.

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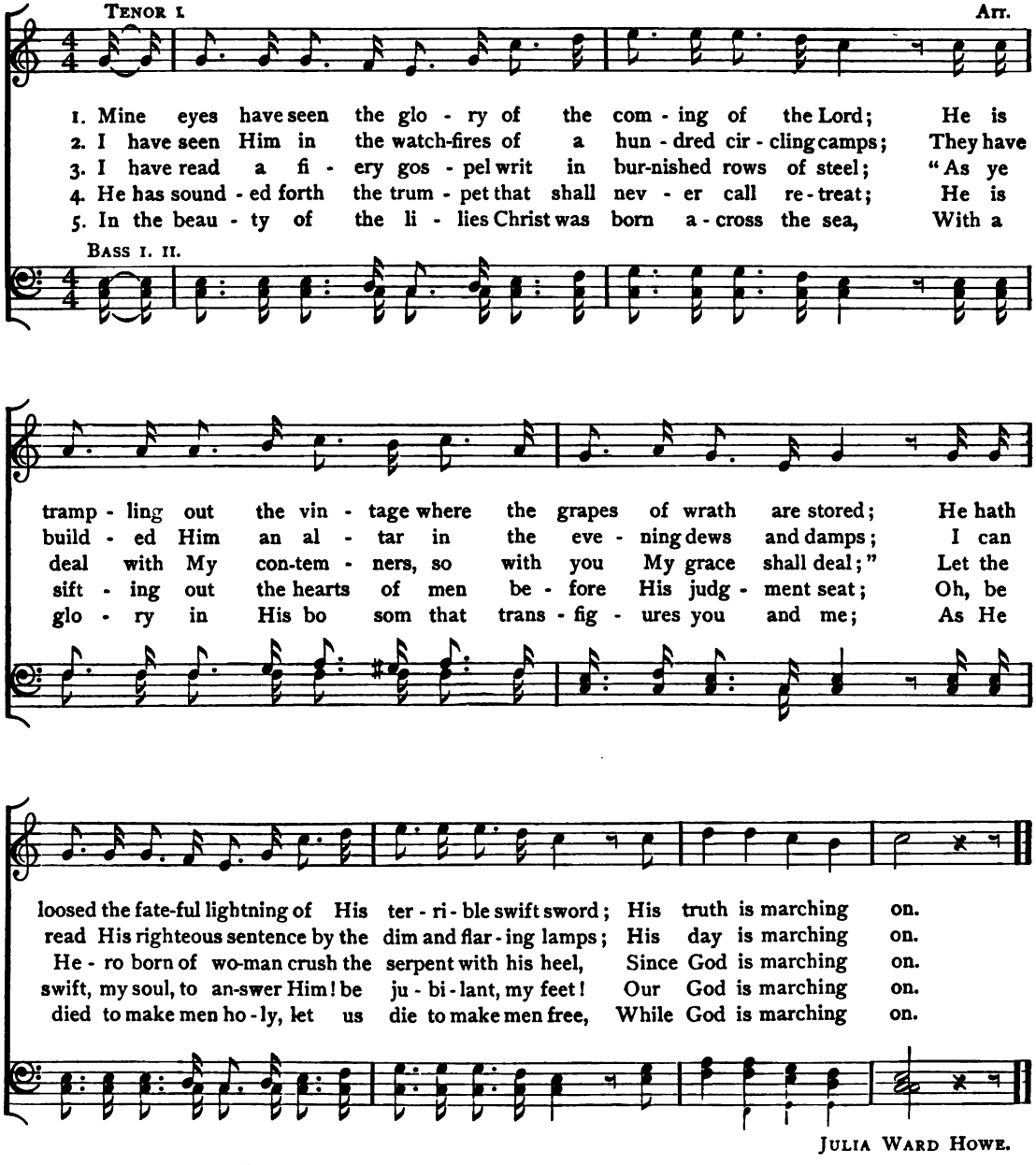
Battle Hymn of the Republic.



JULIA WARD HOWE.

First used as a patriotic song in May, 1861. First played as a march by Gilmore's band, on State St., Boston, May 25, 1861.

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March of the Men of Harlech.

Newly arranged.

TENOR I. II.

1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
'T is the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men, Sax - on bow-men,
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row, Flash with spear and flight of ar - row;
Hurl the reel - ing horse - men o - ver! Let the earth dead foe - men cov - er!

BASS I. II.

Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low, Bat - tles dis - tant sound?
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground!
Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er, Trem - bles on a blow!

Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en, In

plac - id sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in thun - der.
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!

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On - ward, 't is our coun - try needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Har - lech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry?

Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Cam-bria, God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Cam-bria, God, and Right!

tr. by WILLIAM DUTHIE.

God Save the Queen!

HENRY CAREY (1740).

TENOR I. II. UNISON.

1. God save our gracious Queen! Long live our no-ble Queen! God save the Queen! Send her vic-
2. O Lord our God a-rise, Scat-ter her en - e - mies, And make them fall! Con-found their
3. Thy choic-est gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour; Long may she reign! May she de-

BASS I. II.

to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen!
pol - i - tics, Frustrate their knav-ish tricks; On Thee our hopes we fix, Oh, save us all!
fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, "God save the Queen!"

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Forth to the Battle!

In march time.

Welsh Melody, arr.

TENOR I.

1. Forth to the bat - tle! on - ward to the fight! Swift as an ea - gle
2. Winds that float o'er us, bid thy ty - rant quail, Ne'er shall his ruf - fian

TENOR II.

BASS I. II.

in his flight; Let not the sun - light o'er our path - way close,
bands pre - vail; Morn - ing shall view us fet - ter - less and free,

FINE. SOLO.

Till we o'er - throw our Sax - on foes. Strong as
Slaves ne'er shall Cym - ry's chil - dren be. Heaven our

Tramp, tramp, tramp,

yon - der foam - - - - ing tide, . . .
arms with con - - - - quest bless, . . .

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,

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Rush - ing down the moun - - - - tain
All our bit - ter wrongs . . . . . re -

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

side, . . . Be ye read - - y,
dress; . . . Strike the harp! A -

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,

sword . . . . . and spear, . . Pour up -
wake . . . . . the cry! . . Val - or's

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,

D.C.

on, pour up - on the spoil - er near.
sons, Val - or's sons fear not to die!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp.

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Forth to the Battle!

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BASS I. II.

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yon - der foam - - - - ing tide, . . .
arms with con - - - - quest bless, . . .

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,

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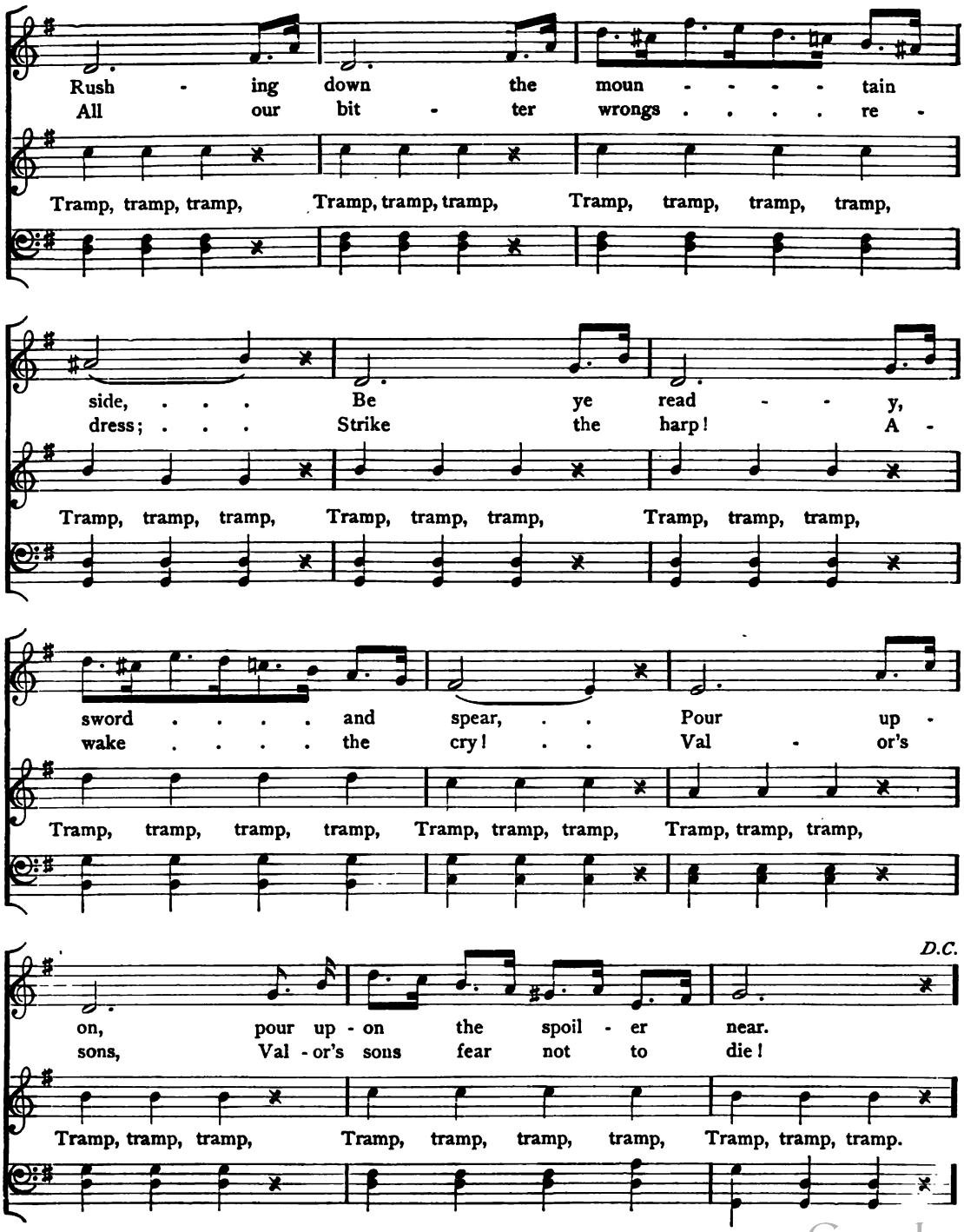

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The Blue-bell of Scotland.

Mrs. Jordan, arr.

Tenor I.

1. Oh, where, and oh, where, is your High-land lad-die gone?
2. Oh, where, and oh, where, does your High-land lad-die dwell?
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad?
4. Sup-pose, and sup-pose, that your High-land lad should die?

Bass I. II.

Oh, where, and oh, where, is your High-land lad-die gone?
Oh, where, and oh, where, does your High-land lad-die dwell?
What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad?
Sup-pose, and sup-pose, that your High-land lad should die?

He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land, at the sign of the Blue-bell; And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my lad-die well!
His bon-net's Sax-on green, and his waist-coat of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my High-land lad!
The bag-pipes shall play o-ver him, I'd lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die.

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Robin Adair.

Moderato.

TENOR I. II.

Scotch Melody, arr.

p

1. What 's this dull town to me? Rob - in 's not near.
2. What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair.
3. But now thou 'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair.

BASS I. II.

p

What was 't I wished to see? What wished to hear?
What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there!
But now thou 'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair!

Where 's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a heaven on earth?
What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore?
Yet him I loved so well, Still in my heart shall dwell;

rit. *a tempo.*

Oh, they 're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair!
Oh, it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair!
Oh, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair!

CAROLINE KEPPEL (1750).

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Oh, Charlie is My Darling!

Allegro con fuoco.

TENOR I. II. TUTTI.

Jacobite Song.

1. Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!
2. Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!
3. Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!
4. Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!
5. Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!

BASS I. II.

Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!

QUARTET.

'T was on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year,
As he cam' march - ing up the street, The pipes played loud and clear,
Wi' High - land bon - nets on their heads, Wi' bright clay - mores and clear,
They 've left their bon - nie High-land hills, Their wives and bair - nies dear,
Oh! there was mon - y a beat - ing heart, And mon - y a hope and fear,

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When Char - lie came to our town, The young chev - a - lier.
And all the folk cam' run - ning out, To meet the chev - a - lier.
They cam' to fight for Scot-land's right, And the young chev - a - lier.
To draw the sword for Scot-land's lord, The young chev - a - lier.
And mon - y were the prayers put up For the young chev - a - lier.

Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling!

Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!
Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young chev - a - lier!

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Lewie Gordon.

Allegretto.

TENOR I.

Scotch Song, arr.

1. Oh, send Lew - ie Gor - don hame, And the Lad I daur - na name,
2. Oh, to see his tar - tan trews, Bon - net blue and laigh - heel'd shoes,
3. Prince - ly youth of whom I sing, Thou wert born to be a king;
4. Oh, to see this wished - for one Seat - ed on a king - ly throne!

BASS I. II.

f

Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'!
Phil - a - beg a - boon his knee, That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!
On thy breast a re - gal star, Shines on loy - al hearts a - far.
All our griefs would dis - ap - pear, We should hail a joy - ful year.

p *un poco rit.*

O - hon! my High - land man! Oh, my bon - nie High - land man!
O - hon! my High - land man! Oh, my bon - nie High - land man!
O - hon! my High - land man! Oh, my bon - nie High - land man!
O - hon! my High - land man! Oh, my bon - nie High - land man!

a tempo. *ff* *rall.*

Weel wad I my true love ken, A - mang ten thou - sand High - land men.
Weel wad I my true love ken, A - mang ten thou - sand High - land men.
Weel wad I my true love ken, A - mang ten thou - sand High - land men.
Weel wad I my true love ken, A - mang ten thou - sand High - land men.

Rev. ALEXANDER GEDDES, D.D.

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Auld Lang Syne.

SOLO OR QUARTET. *Moderato.* Scottish, arr.

TENOR I. II.

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
3. We twa ha'e pai-delt i' the burn Frae mor-ning sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gi'es a hand o' thine; We'll

BASS I. II.

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wan-der'd mon-ya wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
tak' a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang

syne; We'll tak' a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
syne; We've wan-der'd mon-ya wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
syne; But seas be-tween us braid hae roar'd Sin' auld lang syne.
syne; We'll tak' a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796).

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Annie Laurie.

Andante larghetto.

Tune by LADY JOHN SCOTT, arr.

TENOR I. II.

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her neck is like the swan,
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fair - y feet,

BASS I. II.

And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gi'ed me her prom - ise true;
Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,
And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet,

Gi'ed me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e;
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me;

And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

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Oft in the Stilly Night.

Andante espressivo.

An old Scotch Strathspey, arr.

TENOR I. II.

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me, Fond mem - 'ry
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends, so linked to - geth - er, I 've seen a -

BASS I. II.

brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. The smiles, the tears of boy-hood's years, The
round me fall, Like leaves in win - try weath - er, I feel like one who treads a - lone Some

words of love then spok - en, The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone, The cheer-ful hearts now
ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And all but he de -

brok - en! Thus in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
part - ed! Thus in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.
Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

THOMAS MOORE (1780–1852).

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The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.

Irish Melody, arr.

TENOR I. II.

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed,
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells;

BASS I.

Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled.
The chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells.

So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er,
Thus free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives,

And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
Is where some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE (1780–1852).

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'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

Moderato, con espressione. Irish Melody, arr.

TENORS IN UNISON.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone;
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . on the stem,
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend - ships de - cay,

BASS I. II.

All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone;
Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep . . . thou with them.
And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems . . . drop a - way!

rit. e dim. *pp*

No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh,
Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
When true hearts lie with - ered, And fond ones are flown,

rall. *pp*

To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give . . sigh for sigh.
Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak . . world a - lone.

THOMAS MOORE (1784–1852).

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The Marseilles Hymn.

Fieramente assai.

SEMI-CHORUS.

TENOR I. II.

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE, Apr. 24, 1792 (1760–1836), arr.

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr - iads bid you rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears and hear their cries! Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief breeding With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the
2. Now, now, the dan - g'rous storm is roll - ing, Which treach'rous kings con - fed - 'rate raise; The dogs of war, let loose, are howl - ing, And lo! our walls and cit - ies blaze! And shall we base - ly view their ru - in, While law - less force with guilt - y stride, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and wide? Spreads des - o - la - tion far and
3. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in - sa - tiate des - pots dare (Their thirst of gold and power un - bound - ed) To meet and vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur - den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man — and who is more? But man is man — and who is
4. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen - 'rous flame? Can dun - geons, bolts, and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept, be - wailing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield, But free - dom is our sword and

BASS I. II.

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land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing?
wide, With crimes and blood his hands em - bru - ing?
more? Then shall they long - er lash and goad us?
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing.

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a - veng - ing sword un-sheathe! March on, March
March on,

on, March on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death!

TUTTI.

ff

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a - veng - ing sword un-sheathe! March

on, March on! all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death!
March on! March on!

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE, April 24, 1792.

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To Palestine Must Dunois Go.

QUEEN HORTENSE EUGENIE BEAUHARNAIS, of Holland (1783–1837), arr.

TENOR I.

1. To Pal - es - tine must Du - nois go, The youth so brave and gay,
2. On stone his oath of hon - or He bold - ly did re - cord,
3. "Come, bold - est son of vic - to - ry," The count to him did say,

BASS I. II.

But first he prayed to Ma - ry, To shield him in the fray;
Then to the wars he wend-ed, Be - side the count, his lord,
"To thee is due my glo - ry, And this re - ward I pay,

"Im - mor - tal Queen, pro - tect me, And grant what I must crave,
He said, to vow e'er faith - ful, While blows he took and gave,
I give thee Is - a - bel - la, What more can hon - or crave?

May she I love be fair - est, And I of all most brave."
"May love be to the fair - est, And hon - or to most brave."
Of all maids she is fair - est, And thou of youths most brave."

QUEEN HORTENSE.

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Let Him in Whom Old Dutch Blood Flows.

Andante.

TENOR I. II.

1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un - taint - ed, free, and strong,
2. We broth - ers, true un - to a man, Will sing the old song yet;
3. Pre - serve, O God, the dear old ground Thou to our fa - thers gave;
4. Loud ring through all re - joic - ings here, Our prayer, O Lord, to thee!

BASS I. II.

Whose heart for Prince and coun - try glows, Now join us in our song;
A - way with him who ev - er can His Prince or land for - get!
The land where we a cra - dle found, And where we'll find a grave!
Pre - serve our Prince, his House, so dear To Hol - land, great and free!

Let him with us lift up his voice, And sing in pa - triot band, The song at which all
A hu - man heart glowed in him ne'er, We turn from him our hand, Who cal - lous hears the
We call, O Lord, to thee on high, As near death's door we stand: Oh safe - ty, bless - ing,
From youth, through life, be this our song, Till near to death we stand, O God, pre - serve our

hearts re - joice, For Prince and Fa - ther - land! For Prince and Fa - ther - land!
song and prayer For Prince and Fa - ther - land! For Prince and Fa - ther - land!
is our cry, For Prince and Fa - ther - land! For Prince and Fa - ther - land!
sov - ereign long, Our Prince and Fa - ther - land! Our Prince and Fa - ther - land!

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Charles John, Our Brave King.

SWEDISH NATIONAL SONG.

Moderato.

TENOR I. II. SOLI.

DU PUY, arr.

1. Charles John, our brave king, Is home-ward re-turn-ing; Each heart's for him yearn-ing, Bells joy-ous-ly ring. The throne thou sus-tain-est, With firm hand thou reign-est, Charles John, our brave king! The throne thou sus-tain-est, With firm hand thou reign-est, Charles John, our brave king!

2. Ha! when our brave king In bat-tle is lead-ing, To fame we are speed-ing! His prais-es we'll sing. In peace he is glo-rious, In war he's vic-to-rious, Charles John, our brave king! In peace he is glo-rious, In war he's vic-to-rious, Charles John, our brave king!

3. All hail, O dear king! Thou rais-est thy na-tion From all trib-u-la-tion, And plen-ty dost bring. Our cares thou dost light-en, Our homes thou dost bright-en; All hail, O dear king! Our cares thou dost light-en, Our homes thou dost bright-en; All hail, O dear king!

4. Long live our brave king, That free from op-pres-sion, In free-dom's pos-ses-sion, To him we may sing! 'Mongst kings thou art peer-less, Of he-roes most fear-less, Long live our brave king! 'Mongst kings thou art peer-less, Of he-roes most fear-less, Long live our brave king!

BASS I. II.

ff TUTTI.

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Spin, Spin.

Swedish Folksong, arr.

Allegretto dolce.

p TENOR I. II.

1. Spin, spin, the live - long day, Mag - gie at her wheel must stay.
2. "Hedge ros - es men can see, Pluck and prize, and why not me?

BASS I. II.

1st BASS *marcato.*

ritard.

Out of doors the wa - ters spring, Breez - es blow and bird - ies sing.
Time flies fast, and this year, too, No one comes to wed and woo."

pp

3. "Spin, spin, my daugh - ter dear, With the mor - row he 'll be here."

smorzando.

Mag - gie span, her hot tears ran; Nev - er came the looked - for man.

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Lord God, Protect the Czar!

Maestoso. ALEXIS LWOFF, arr. (1799–1870).

p TENOR I. II. SOLI.

Lord God, pro - tect the Czar! Power - ful and might - y, May he in glo - ry, in

BASS I. II.

glo - ry reign. *ff* TUTTI. Lord God, pro - tect the Czar! Power - ful and might - y,

May he in glo - ry, in glo - ry reign. SOLI. He is our guid - ing star,

Great in peace and war, Our faith's true pro-tect - or; Long live the Czar! TUTTI. He is our

guid-ing star, Great in peace and war, Our faith's true pro - tect - or, Long live the Czar!

JOUKOWSKY.

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Night Her Watch is Keeping.

Andante. A. WARLAMOFF, arr.

TENOR I. II.

Night her watch is keep - ing, O - ver vale and hill, Birds have long been sleep - ing,

BASS I. II.

In the green-wood still. Night her watch is keep - ing, O - ver vale and hill,

Birds have long been sleep - ing, In the green-wood still. Not a breath is mov - ing

In the for - est tree; Wait, thou poor heart lov - ing, Rest will come to thee. Not a breath is

mov - ing In the for - est tree; Wait, thou poor heart lov - ing, Rest will come to thee.

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Wilt Thou Soon Return?

FINNISH SONG.

L. ROCHE, arr.

TENOR I. II.

1. In the green val - ley thou 'rt lin - ger - ing yon - der,
2. Ah! thou 'rt sur - round - ed by all the earth's fair - est,
3. Sweet - ly the songs of the birds now are ring - ing,
4. Must I yet long, for the glad day be yearn - ing,
5. Come, oh, be - loved, that at last I may see thee,

BASS I. II.

Still in the king's gold - en pal - ace dost wan - der. Ah, my dear bird - ie small,
Say if thou still for thy hum - ble love car - est? Ah, my dear bird - ie small,
Sweet - er than all is my dar - ling one's sing - ing. Ah, my dear bird - ie small,
When to my side she'll be home - ward re - turn - ing? Ah, my dear bird - ie small,
Ere from my tor - ments death com - eth to free me! Ah, my dear bird - ie small,

ritenuto. *dim.*

Ah, thou, my life, my all, Wilt thou soon re - turn? Wilt thou soon re - turn?
Ah, thou, my life, my all, Wilt thou soon re - turn? Wilt thou soon re - turn?
Ah, thou, my life, my all, Wilt thou soon re - turn? Wilt thou soon re - turn?
Ah, thou, my life, my all, Wilt thou soon re - turn? Wilt thou soon re - turn?
Ah, thou, my life, my all, Wilt thou soon re - turn? Wilt thou soon re - turn?

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Song of the Germans.

Moderato. JOSEPH HAYDN, arr. (1732–1809).

mf TENOR I. II.

1. Ger - man land be - fore all oth - ers, Far or near, the world a - round,
2. Ger - man truth and Ger - man wom - en, Ger - man wine and Ger - man song,
3. U - ni - ty, and law, and free - dom For our Ger - man Fa - ther - land,

BASS I. II.

When for mu - tu - al pro - tec - tion, Hearts in love are firm - ly bound.
In the world shall now and ev - er Their re - nown and fame pro - long!
Af - ter these let us be striv - ing, Broth - ers, aye, in heart and hand!

p *cres - cen - do.*

From the Maes un - to the Me - mel, From the Tees, the Belt a - round,
And to no - ble deeds in - spir - ing, These shall call our whole life long,—
U - ni - ty, and law, and free - dom, Are good for - tune's saf - est stand!

f

Ger - man land be - fore all oth - ers, Where - so - e'er they may be found.
Ger - man truth and Ger - man wom - en, Ger - man wine, and Ger - man song.
Flour - ish so in splen - dor ev - er, Dear - est Ger - man Fa - ther - land!

HEINRICH HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN (1798), tr. by W. W. C.

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The Watch by the Rhine.

CARL WILHELM, arr., 1854 (1815–1875).

f TENOR I. II.

1. A cry is heard like thun - der sound, The clash of swords, the waves rebound; On
2. A my - riad voic - es join the cry, A my - riad glanc - es flash re - ply, Each
3. To heaven his ea - ger glanc - es fly, Whence He - roes gaze ap - prov - ing - ly, And
4. "While in my veins the blood-drops flow, While sword of mine can strike the foe, Or
5. The oath resounds, the stream runs by, The ban - ners flut - ter out on high; On

BASS I. II.

to the Rhine, our riv - er free! Who will its brave de - fend - ers be?
Ger - man, hon - est, true, and bold, The sa - cred bound - a - ry will hold!
swears, with haugh - ty pride, "The Rhine Shall Ger - man be while life is mine!
ri - fle sure is in my hand, No en - e - my shall walk thy strand!"
to the Rhine, our riv - er free! We all will its de - fend - ers be!

SOLI. *Dolce.* *p* *mf* *f* TUTTI.

1.–5. Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine! Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine! Fast stands and

cres. *molto.* *ff* the watch,

sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine! Fast stands and sure, the watch by the Rhine!

MAX SCHENKENBERGER (1839), tr. by W. W. C.

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How Can I Leave Thee?

Moderato.

TENOR I. II.

p

Thuringian Folksong, arr.

1. How can I leave thee? How can I bear to part?
2. Blue is the flow - eret, Called the "For - get - me - not,"
3. Were I a bird, love, Soon would I fly to thee,

BASS I. II.

That thou hast all my heart, Dear - est, be - lieve!
Ah, lay it on thy heart, And think of me!
Fal - con nor hawk to me Should ter - ror bring;

pp

p

Thou hast this soul of mine; So whol - ly it is thine,
Should hope fade with the flowers, Love's wreath shall still be ours;
If, shot by hunts - man's hand, I at thy feet lay dead,

f

poco rit.

dim.

p

That I can - love no one But thee a - lone.
That will re - main with me, Dear - est, be - lieve.
If thou one tear would'st shed, Glad - ly I'd die.

VOLKSLIED.

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Oh, Where, My Child, Art Speeding?

Allegretto.
SOLO OR VOICES IN UNISON.
TENOR OR SOPRANO.

BOLERO.

Spanish Song, arr.

1. Oh, where, my child, art speed - ing? The day is dy - ing, The day is dy - ing, The
2. I 'm spir - it child of danc - ing, The day is dy - ing, The day is dy - ing, I

TENOR II.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

BASS I. II.

La la la la la la la la

1st time.

light . . . . fades . . . a - way, ...
rule . . . . now . . . o'er all, ...

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la

2d time.

The light swift fades a - way, Whith-er, child, art thou speed - - -
Now rule I o - ver all, I 'm spir - it child of danc - - -

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la

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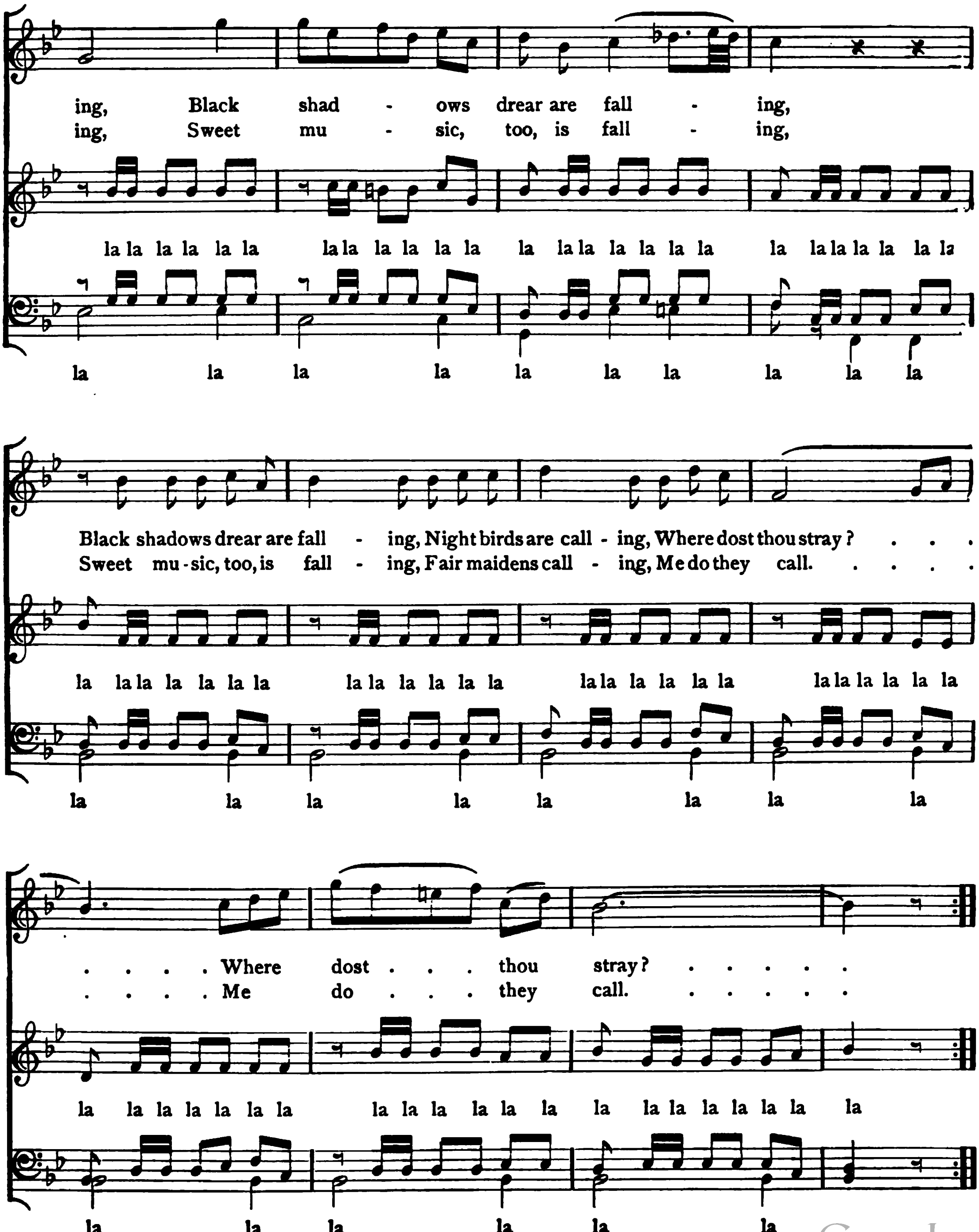

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Styrian Song.

Allegro moderato. LUDWIG KARL SEIDLER, arr.

TENOR I. II.

1. High from roof-stone o'er, When breaks forth the Aar, On through Wenderland To Saar a - far,
2. Where in shad - y wood Springs the a - gile roe, On the rock - y heights Fearless to go;
3. When in Al- pine vales Min - gled mu - sic swells, When sweet voices blend With chime of bells,

BASS I. II.

cres - - - - cen - - - do al f

Where with yo - del clear, Loud the herds-maid sings, And his trust - y gun the hunt - er swings,
Where the sil - ver streams From the gla-ciers leap, Where the cham-ois climbs far up the steep,
Then his herd the boy Drives a - down the plain, Glad at eve to see loved one a - gain.

SOLI. *un poco lento.*

All this love - ly land is the Sty - rian land, Is my own, my pre-cious na - tive land,
All this love - ly land is the Sty - rian land, Is my own, my pre-cious na - tive land,
All this love - ly land is the Sty - rian land, Is my own, my pre-cious na - tive land,

TUTTI. *cres. molto.* *sf*

All this love - ly land is the Sty - rian land, Is my own, my dear - est Fa - ther-land.
All this love - ly land is the Sty - rian land, Is my own, my dear - est Fa - ther-land.
All this love - ly land is the Sty - rian land, Is my own, my dear - est Fa - ther-land.

JACOB DIRNBÖCK, tr. by W. W. C.

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Separation.[1]

Moderato. Carinthian Folksong. THOMAS KOSCHAT, arr.

p TENOR I. II.

1. Dear-est maid - en, weep no long - er, Though I go so far from thee,
2. Ah, my love, when this is o - ver, How our life with joy will beam!

BASS I. II.

f

Let these well - known words con - sole thee, "Love can go o'er mount and sea!"
But till then think of me ev - er, Think this part - ing but a dream.

p

Of - ten to the wild brook com - ing, To it all my grief I'll show;
Like the bird its mate ca - ress - ing, Like the branch - es to the tree,

cres - cen - do. *ff*

And to hear my ten - der greet - ing, Thith - er thou must of - ten go.
So let us aye love each oth - er, Thus u - nit - ed let us be,

pp *ritardando.*

Dear-est maid - en, weep no long - er, Though so far from thee I go.
And when this, dear, shall be o - ver, Full of joy our hearts shall be.

[1] Make the melody represented by large notes prominent.

Carinthian Folksong, tr. by W. W. C.

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Fisher Song.

BARCAROLLE.

DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT AUBER, arr. (1784–1871).

Allegretto.

p TENOR I. II.

1. Come out! the day is slow - ly break - ing, The
2. Look, look, as on - ward we are steer - ing, How

BASS I. II.

winds blow soft - ly o'er the sea; To life and
bright the rip - - ples dance be - fore! The shades of

la - bor now a - wak - ing, No slug - gards vile, . . . no
night are dis - ap - pear - ing, The mel - low sun - - - beams

drones are we! Make haste, make haste, the way is clear! Make haste, lin - ger not! Keep
round us pour! Make haste, make haste, the way is clear! Make haste, lin - ger not! Keep

p

cres.

watch, our goal will soon be near! Keep watch, lin - ger not! Suc - cess, suc - cess will
watch, our goal will soon be near! Keep watch, lin - ger not! Suc - cess, suc - cess will

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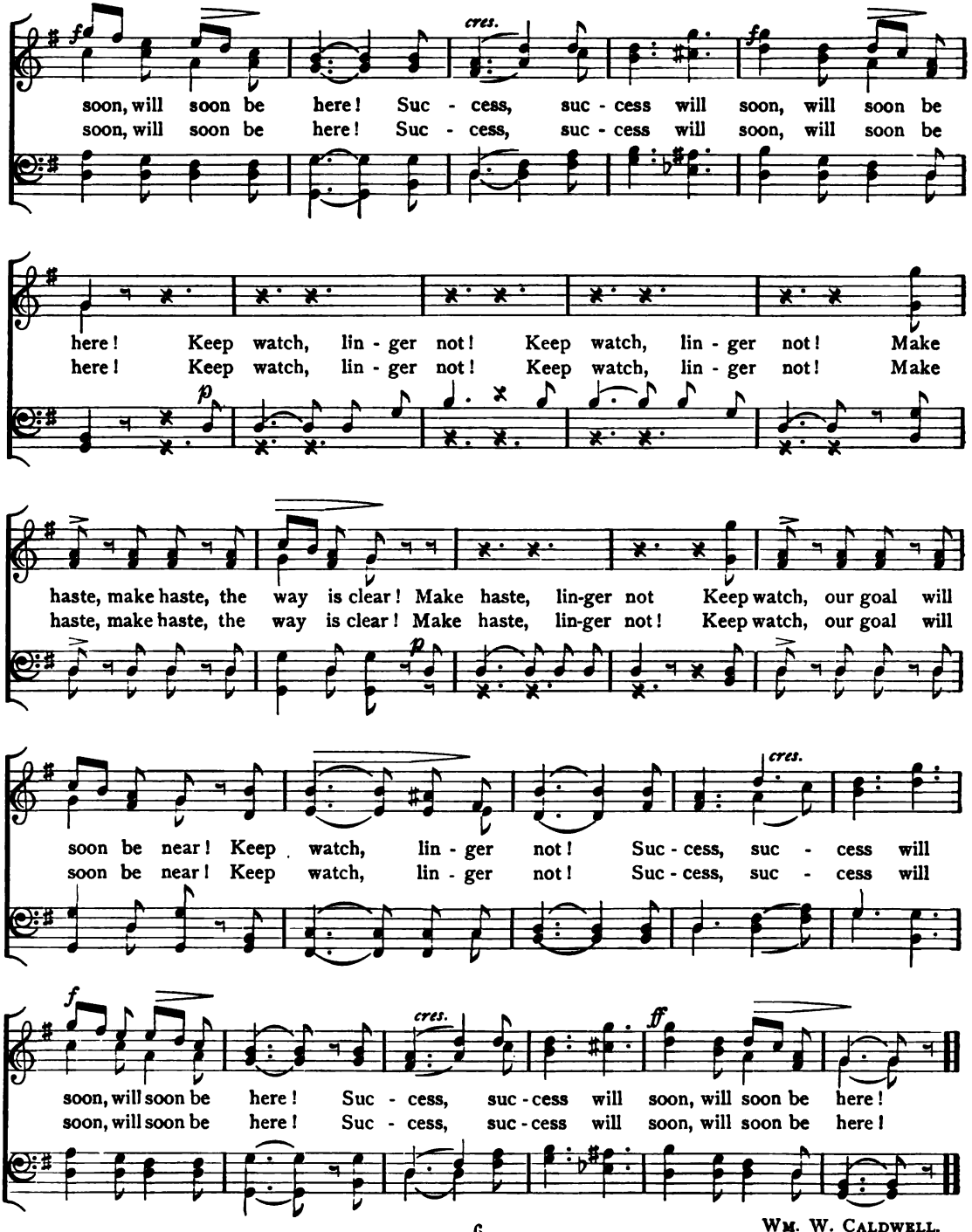

WM. W. CALDWELL.

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Ode to Liberty.

THE GREEK NATIONAL HYMN.

Maestoso. N. MANTZAPOY.

TENOR I. II.

1. Well I know thee by the keen edge Of thy ter - ror-strik - ing brand,
2. Thou a - mid their tombs a - bod - est, Bowed with shame and bit - ter pain,
3. Hap - less one! no oth - er sol - ace Left thee, save in mind to keep
4. So it was; but now with war - like Zeal to arms thy chil - dren fly;

BASS I. II.

Know thee by the pierc - ing glanc - es That thou dart - est o'er the land.
Still the rous - ing voice a - wait - ing That should cry, "Come forth a - gain."
Mem-ory of thy van - ished glo - ries, And to tell them o'er and weep;
All with quench - less ar - dor seek - ing To be vic - tors or to die.

From the sa - cred ash - es ris - ing, Of the Hel - lenes great and free,
Late, so late that day in dawn - ing, Si - lence brood - ed o - ver all;
Wait - ing, wea - ry, wea - ry, wait - ing For some free - dom - lov - ing cry,
From the sa - cred ash - es ris - ing, Of the Hel - lenes great and free,

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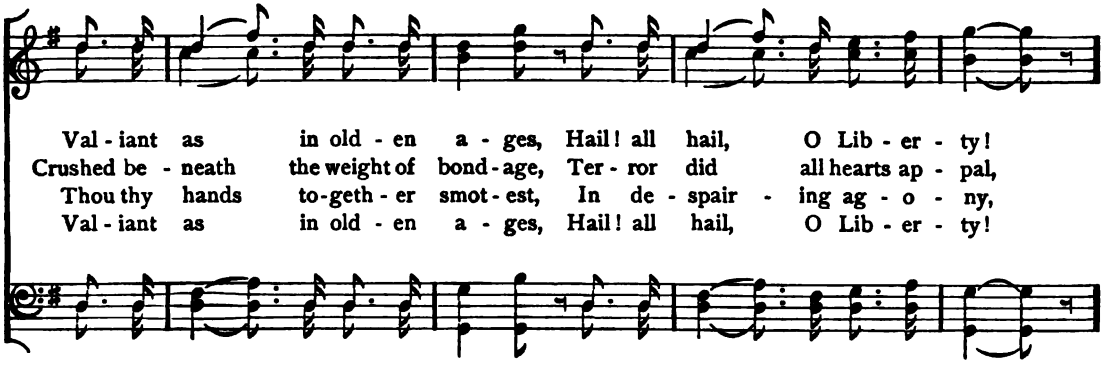
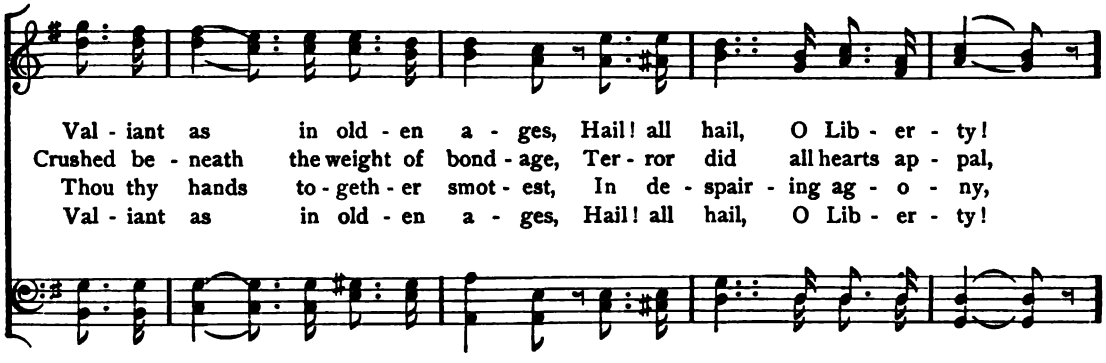


Val - iant as in old - en a - ges, Hail! all hail, O Lib - er - ty!
Crushed be - neath the weight of bond - age, Ter - ror did all hearts ap - pal,
Thou thy hands to - geth - er smot - est, In de - spair - ing ag - o - ny,
Val - iant as in old - en a - ges, Hail! all hail, O Lib - er - ty!



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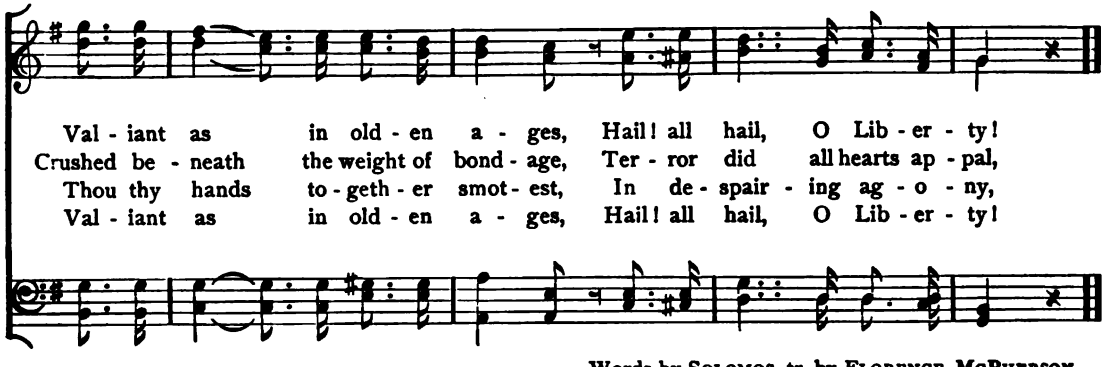

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Crushed be - neath the weight of bond - age, Ter - ror did all hearts ap - pal,
Thou thy hands to - geth - er smot - est, In de - spair - ing ag - o - ny,
Val - iant as in old - en a - ges, Hail! all hail, O Lib - er - ty!

Words by SOLOMOS, tr. by FLORENCE MCPHERSON.

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Lord, While for All Mankind.

Arr.

1. Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - ery
2. Oh, guard our shores from ev - ery foe, With peace our
3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of know - ledge,
4. Here may Re - li - gion shed her light On days of
5. Lord of the na - tions! thus to Thee Our coun - try

clime and coast, . . . Oh, hear us for our
bor - ders bless; . . . With pros - perous times our
truth, and Thee, . . . And let our hills and
rest and toil, ... And Pi - e - ty and
we com - mend; . . . Be Thou her ref - uge

na - tive land, The land we love the most! . .
ci - ties crown, Our fields with plen - teous - ness. . .
val - leys shout The songs of lib - er - ty. . . .
Vir - tue reign, And bless our na - tive soil. . .
and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend. .

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PART V.

SACRED.

God of Our Fathers, by Whose Hand.

JOHN W. TUFTS.

TENOR I. II.

1. God of our fa - thers, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are blessed, . . Be with us through our pil - grim - age, Con - duct us to our rest. . .
2. Through each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan - dering foot - steps guide; . . Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide. . .
3. Oh, spread Thy shel - tering wings a - round, Till all our wan - derings cease, . . . And at our Fa - ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace. . .
4. Such bless - ings from Thy gra - cious hand, Our hum - ble prayers im - plore, . . . And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God And Por - tion ev - er - more. . .

BASS I. II.

Episcopal Collection.

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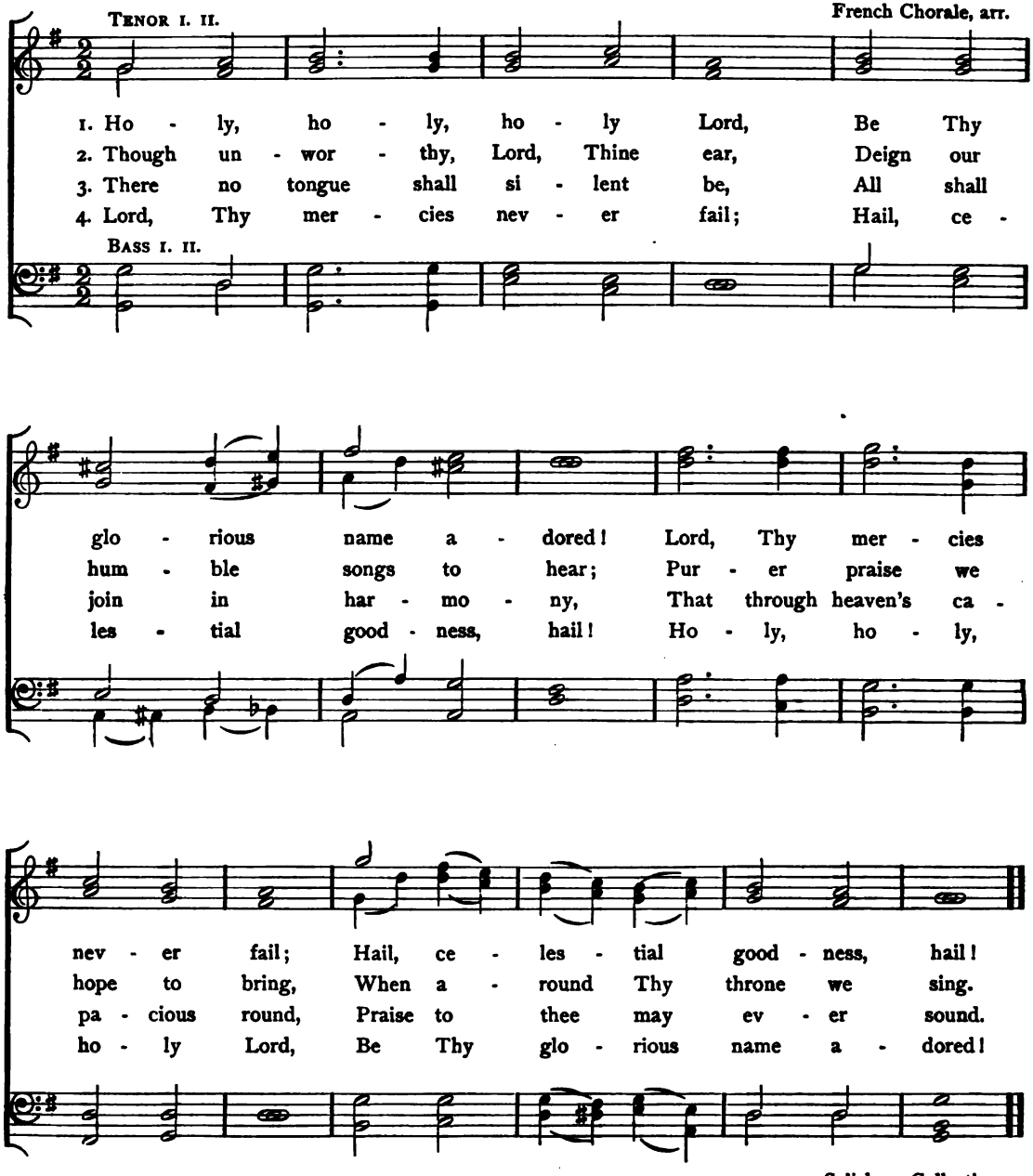
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.



Salisbury Collection.

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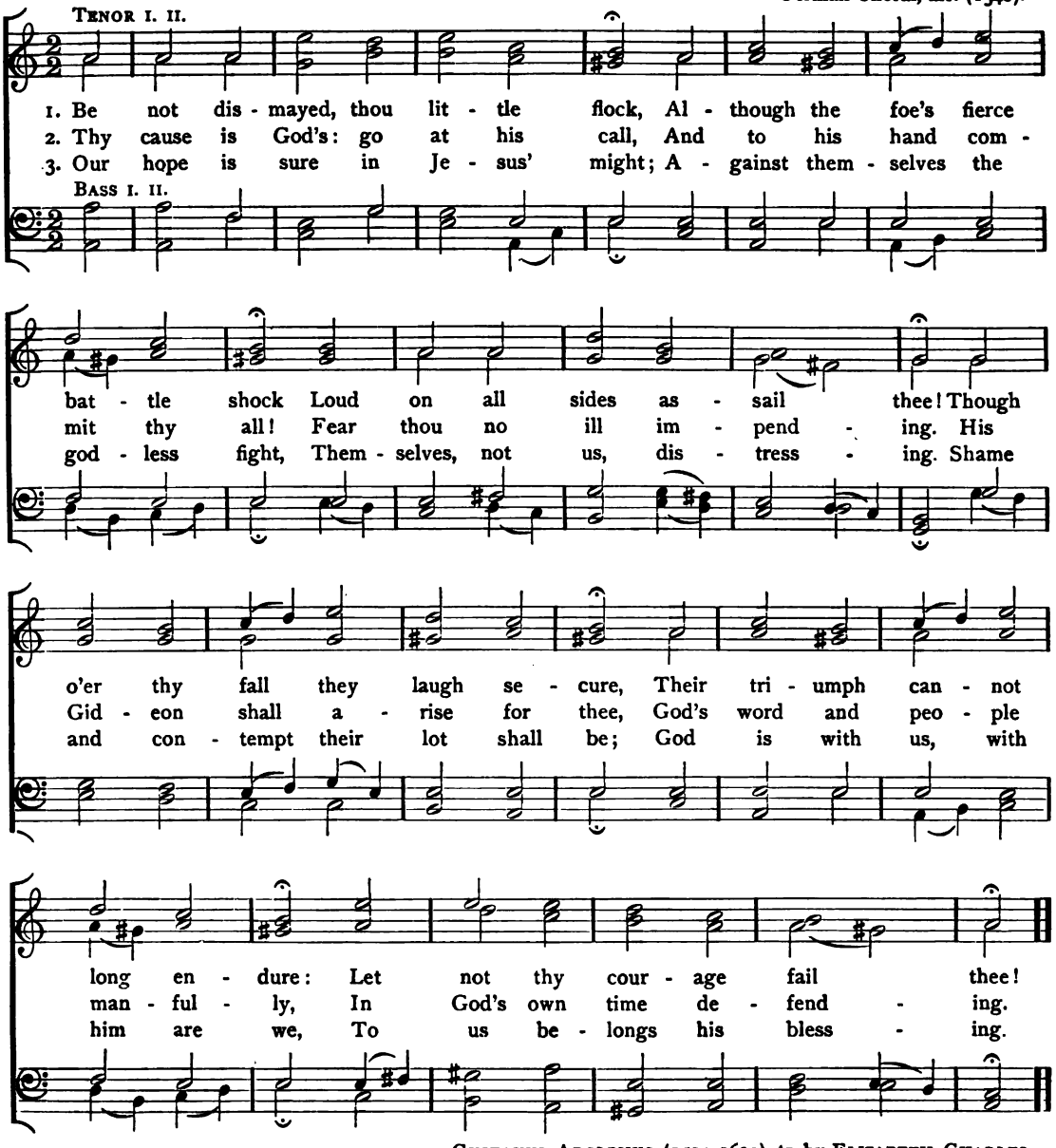
Be Not Dismayed!

BATTLE HYMN.

German Choral, arr. (1540).



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (1594–1632), tr. by ELIZABETH CHARLES.

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Where'er I Go, Whate'er My Task.

JOHANN CASPAR VOGLER, arr. (1698–1765).

TENOR I. II.

1. Wher - e'er I go, what - e'er my task, The coun - sel
2. For what can all my toil a - vail? My care, my
3. For nought can come, as nought hath been, But what my
4. I lean up - on His might - y arm; It shields me

BASS I. II.

of my God I ask, Who all things hath and can. Un -
watch - ing, all must fail, Un - less my God is there. Then
Fa - ther hath fore - seen, And what shall work my good. What -
well from ev - ery harm, All e - vil shall a - vert. If

less He give both thought and deed, The ut - most pains can
let Him or - der all for me, As He in wis - dom
e'er He gives me I will take; What - e'er He choos - es,
by His pre - cepts still I live, What - e'er is use - ful

ne'er suc - ceed, And all in vain the wis - est plan.
shall de - cree, On Him a - lone I cast my care.
I will make My choice in life with thank - ful mood.
He will give, And nought on earth shall do me hurt.

PAUL FLEMMING (1609–1640), tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

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Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Dwelling-Place.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, arr. (1809–1847).

TENOR I. II.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell - ing - place In ev - ery gen - er - a - tion; Thy peo - ple still have known Thy grace, And blessed Thy con - so - la - tion; Through ev - ery age Thou heard'st our cry, Through ev - ery age we found Thee nigh, Our strength and our sal - va - tion.

2. Lord, noth - ing from Thine arms of love Shall Thine own peo - ple sev - er; Our Help - er nev - er will re - move, Our God will fail us nev - er. Thy peo - ple, Lord, have dwelt in Thee, Our dwell - ing place Thou still wilt be, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

BASS I. II.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL (1819–).

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Lead, Kindly Light!

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, arr. (1823–1876).

TENOR I. II.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, . . .
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou . . .
3. So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still . . . .

BASS I. II.

Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Should'st lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now,
Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

see . . The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
fears, . . Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
smile, . . Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

8

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801–1890).

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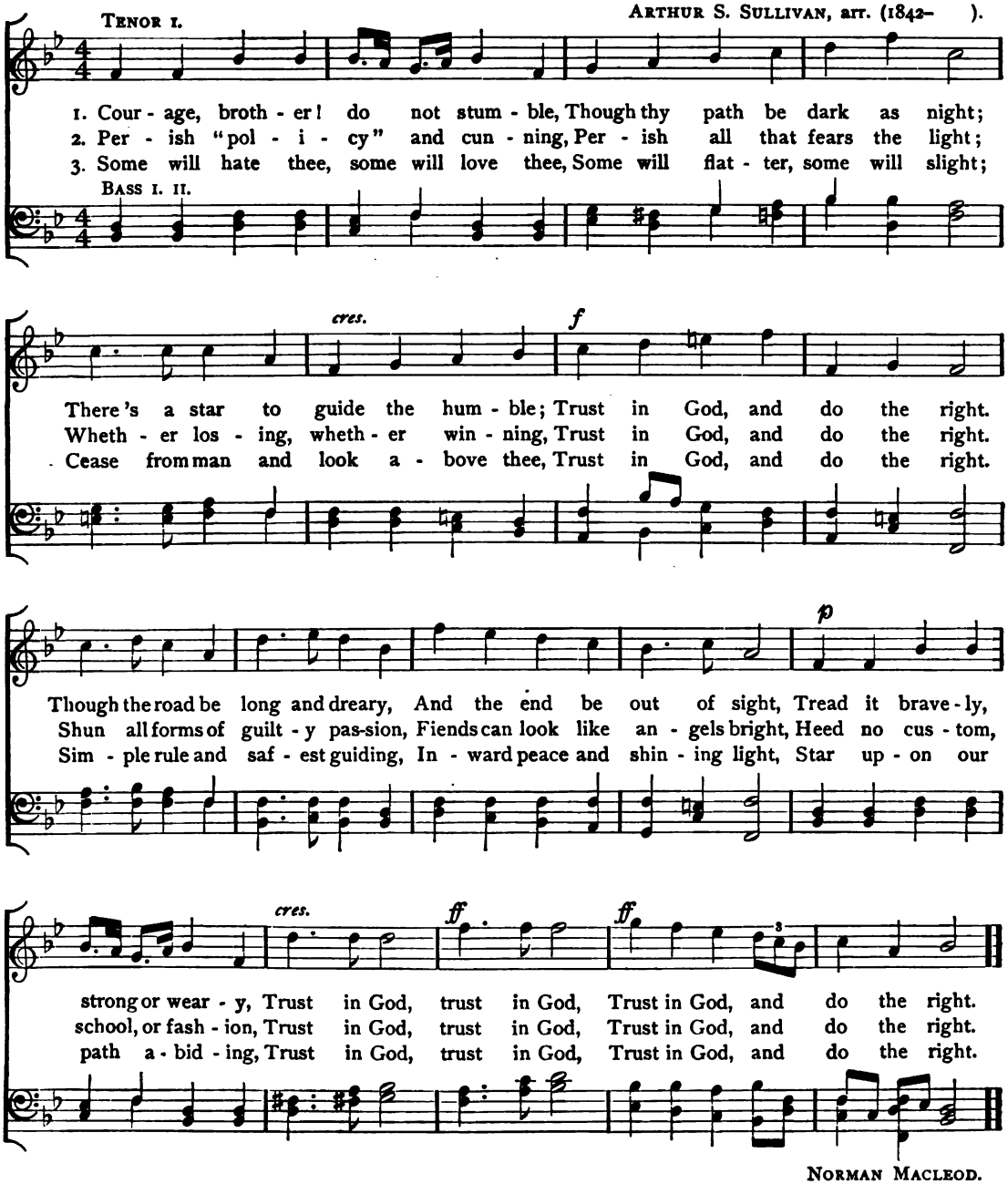
Courage, Brother!



NORMAN MACLEOD.

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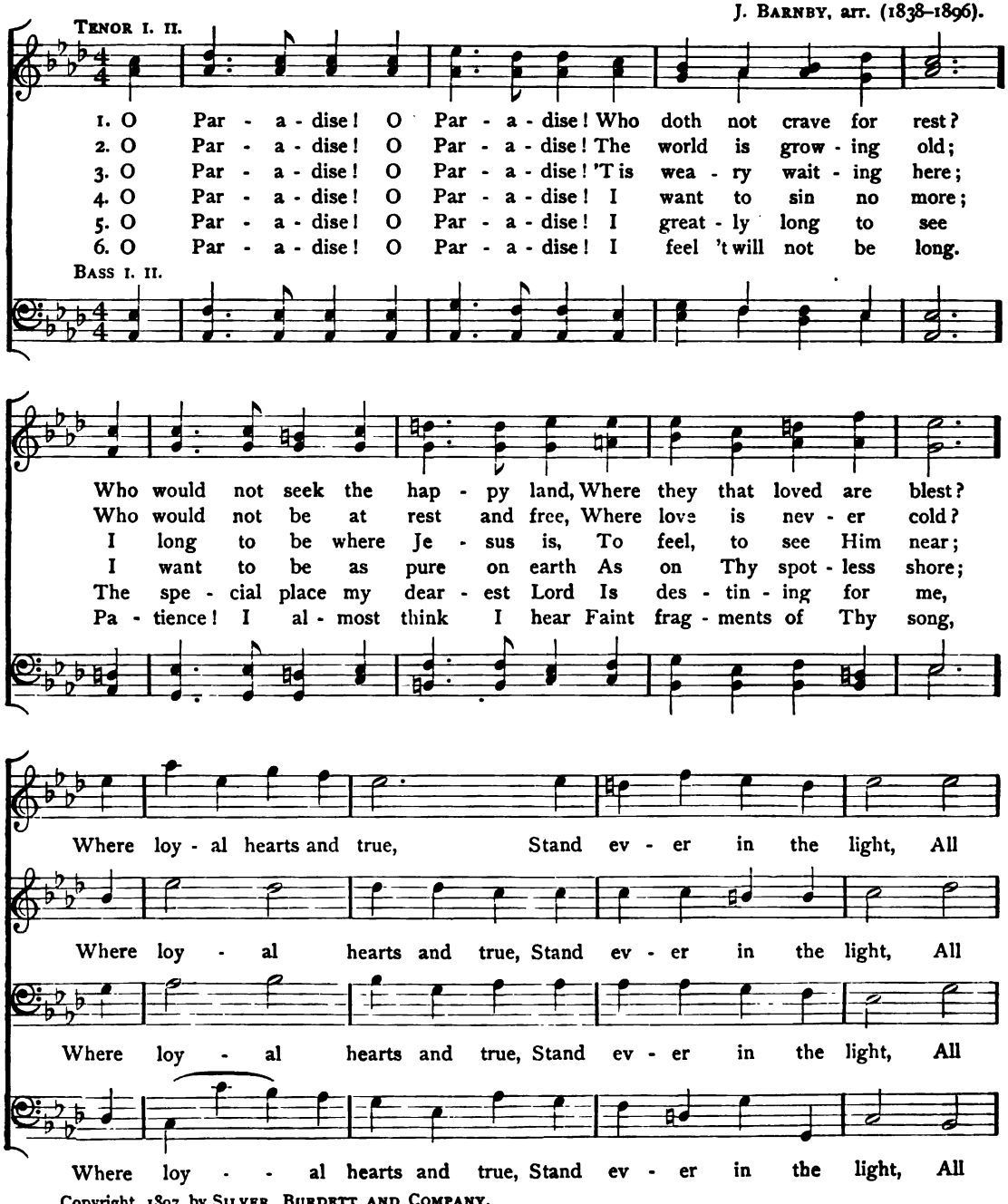
O Paradise!

J. Barnby, arr. (1838–1896).



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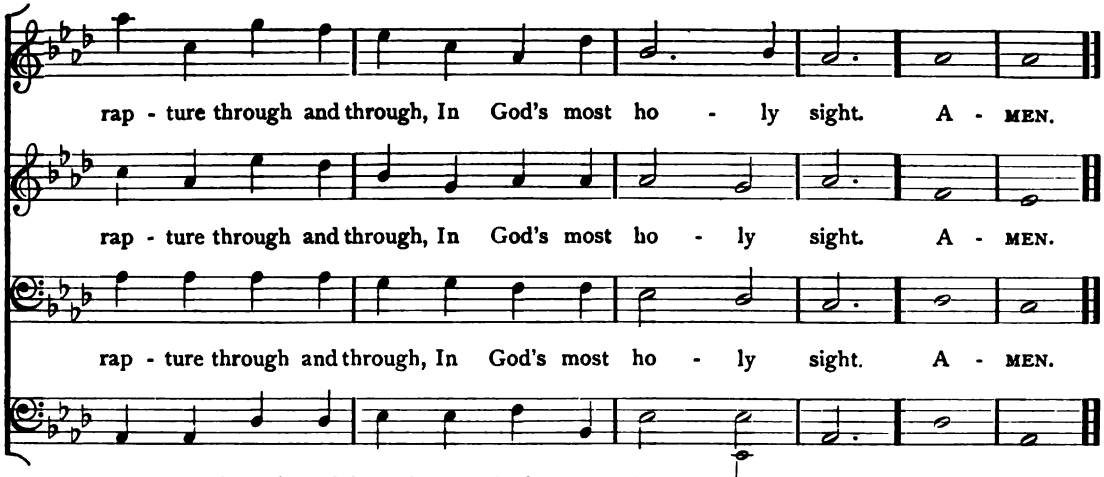
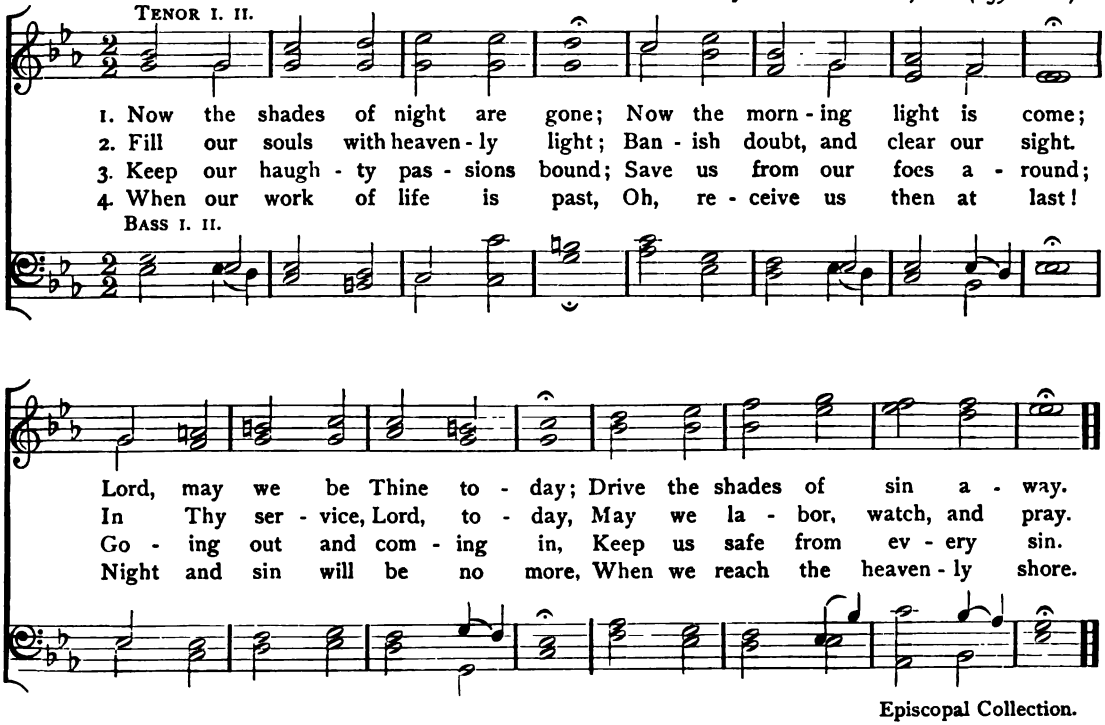


FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER (1815-1863).

Now the Shades of Night are Gone.

JOHANN CRUEGER, arr. (1598-1662).



Episcopal Collection.

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Lo, 'T is Night!

Adagio. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, arr. (1770–1827).

p TENOR I. II.

1. Lo, 't is night! and earth is hushed in si - lence, While yon moon leads
2. How the o - cean tell - eth of Thy won - ders, Ev - er pro - claim - ing Thy
3. Calm - ly, soft - ly, may sweet sleep de - scend - ing, In re - pose these

BASS I. II.

cres. *f*

on her star - ry throng, Where vast un - numbered worlds through boundless space are roll - ing,
bound - less power and might; We hear their aw - ful voice a - mid the jar - ring thun - ders,
wea - ry eye - lids seal; May peace - ful, hap - py dreams be - fore my vis - ion ris - ing,

cres. *p*

And o - cean's waves keep time With slow and meas - ured song. Lo, 't is night! to
Thy mys - tic voice per - vades The har - mo - nies of night. Ere I sleep, to
The prom - ised joys of heaven Un - to my soul re - veal. Ere I sleep, to

Thee, Lord, would I raise Songs of grate - ful love and praise.
Thee I fain would raise Songs of grate - ful love and praise.
Thee I fain would raise Songs of grate - ful love and praise.

MARIA XIMENA HAYES.

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Resignation.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, arr. (1809–1847).

Andante.

TENOR I. II.

1. Lord, to Thee for ref - uge fly-ing, When op-prest with care and grief, Where, but on Thy bo - som
2. Lord, Thy stream of mer - cy, flow-ing From a Sa-viour's dy-ing frame, Is the boon Thy love be-
3. God, to Thee my prayer ad - dressing, Like a child my woes I tell, Du - ty, homage, love pro-

BASS I. II.

ly - ing, Can a wound - ed spir - it sigh - ing, Cling fast for aid, and find re - lief?
stow-ing, Sends to heal the bo - som glow - ing With deep remorse and con - trite shame.
fess - ing, Hop-ing still to share Thy bless - ing On earth, and where Thine an-gels dwell.

cres. *p*

1. Cling fast . . . . for aid, and find re - lief?
Cling fast for aid, for aid, and find re - lief?
2. With deep . . . . re - morse and con - trite shame.
With deep re - morse, re - morse and con - trite shame.

cres. *p*

3. Where thine an - - - - gels, where thine an - gels dwell.
Where thine an - gels, where thine an - gels dwell.

J. G. DROYSEN.

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The Vale of Rest.

Adagio. MENDELSSOHN, arr.

p TENOR I. *cres.*

When from out the gold - en west, Dis - tant moun - tain clouds are beam - ing, Dis - tant

TENOR II.

When from out the gold - en west, Dis - tant moun - tain clouds are beam - ing, Dis - tant

p BASS I. *cres.*

When from out the gold - en west, Dis - tant moun - tain clouds are beam - ing, Dis - tant

BASS II.

f *dim.* *p*

moun - tain clouds are beam - ing, Alp - like in their glo - rious seem - ing,

pp

moun - tain clouds are beam - ing, Alp - like in their glo - rious seem - ing, Oft I mus - ing

f *dim.* *p* *pp*

moun - tain clouds are beam - ing, Alp - like in their glo - rious seem - ing, Oft I mus - ing

sf *sf* *cres.* *f* *pp*

Oft I mus - ing won - der, If the vi - sion yon - der, Be th'e -

cres.

won - - - der, If the vi - sion yon - - - der, Be th'e -

sf *cres.* *sf* *f* *pp*

won - - - der, If the vi - sion yon - - - der, Be th'e -

Be th'e -

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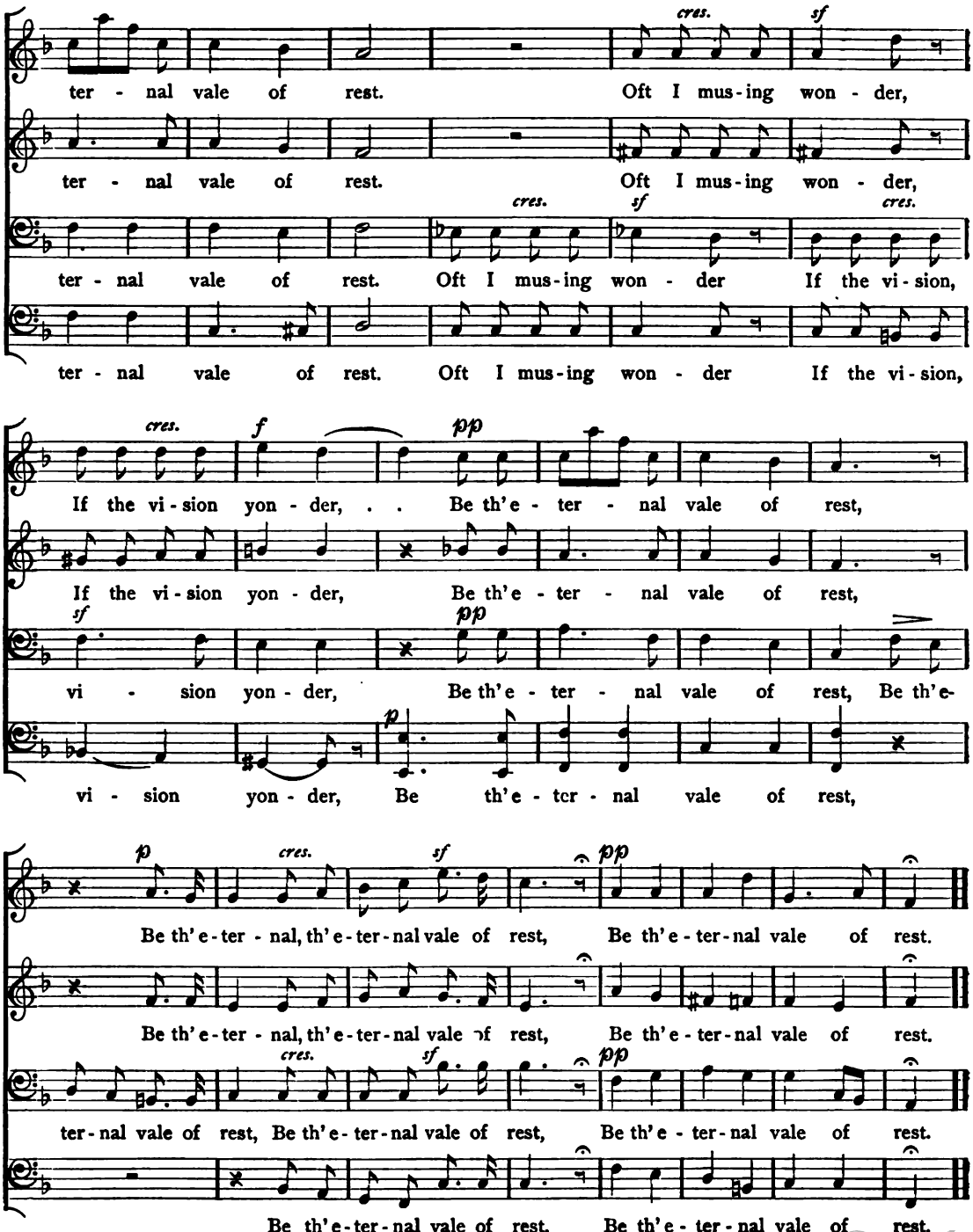

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God is a Spirit.

From WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S "Woman of Samaria," arr.

p TENOR I.

God is a Spir - it, God is a Spir - it,

TENOR II.

God is a Spir - it, God is a Spir - it, and they that

p BASS I.

God is a Spir - it, God is a Spir - it, they that

BASS II.

God is a Spir - it, wor - ship

and they that wor - ship Him, they that

wor - ship Him, that wor - ship Him, and they that

wor - ship Him, that wor - ship Him, they that

Him,

wor - ship Him, must wor - ship Him in spir - it and in truth.

wor - ship Him, must wor - ship Him in spir - it and in truth. God is a

wor - ship Him, must wor - ship Him in spir - it and in truth. God is a

must wor - ship Him in spir - it and in truth. God is a

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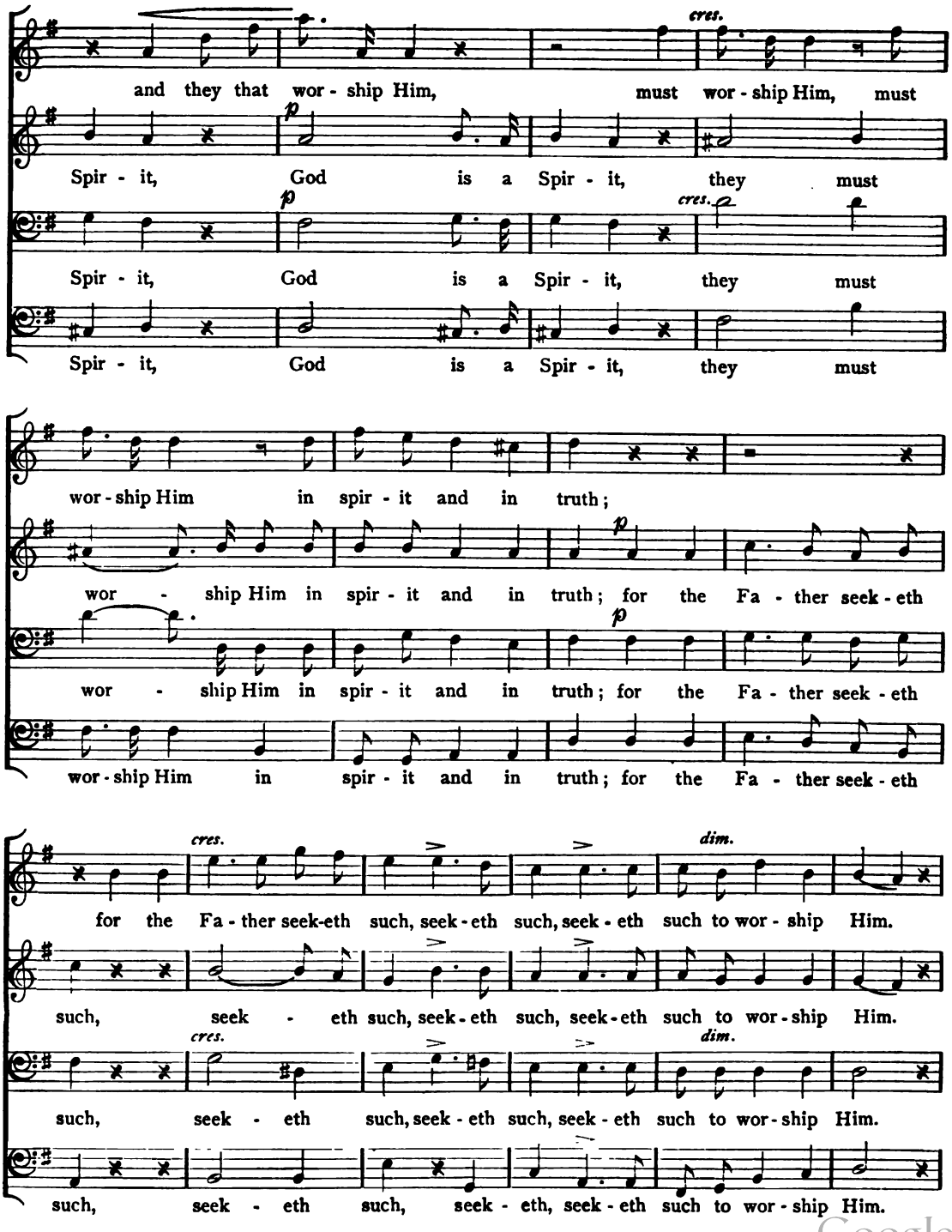

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pp Tranquillo assai. *cres.* *p*

God is a Spir - it, God is a Spir - it, and they that wor-ship

God is a Spir - it, God is a Spir - it, they that wor-ship

pp Tranquillo assai. *cres.* *p*

God is a Spir - it, God is a Spir - it, they that wor-ship

God is a Spir - it, they that wor - ship

cres.

Him, and they that wor - ship Him must wor - ship Him,

p

Him, they that wor - ship Him must wor - ship Him, must

cres.

Him, they they that wor - ship Him must wor - ship Him, must

Him, they that wor - ship Him, must wor - ship Him, must

f

and they that wor - ship Him, and they that

wor - ship Him, they that wor - ship Him must

wor - ship Him, they that wor - ship Him must

wor - ship Him, they that wor - ship Him, they that

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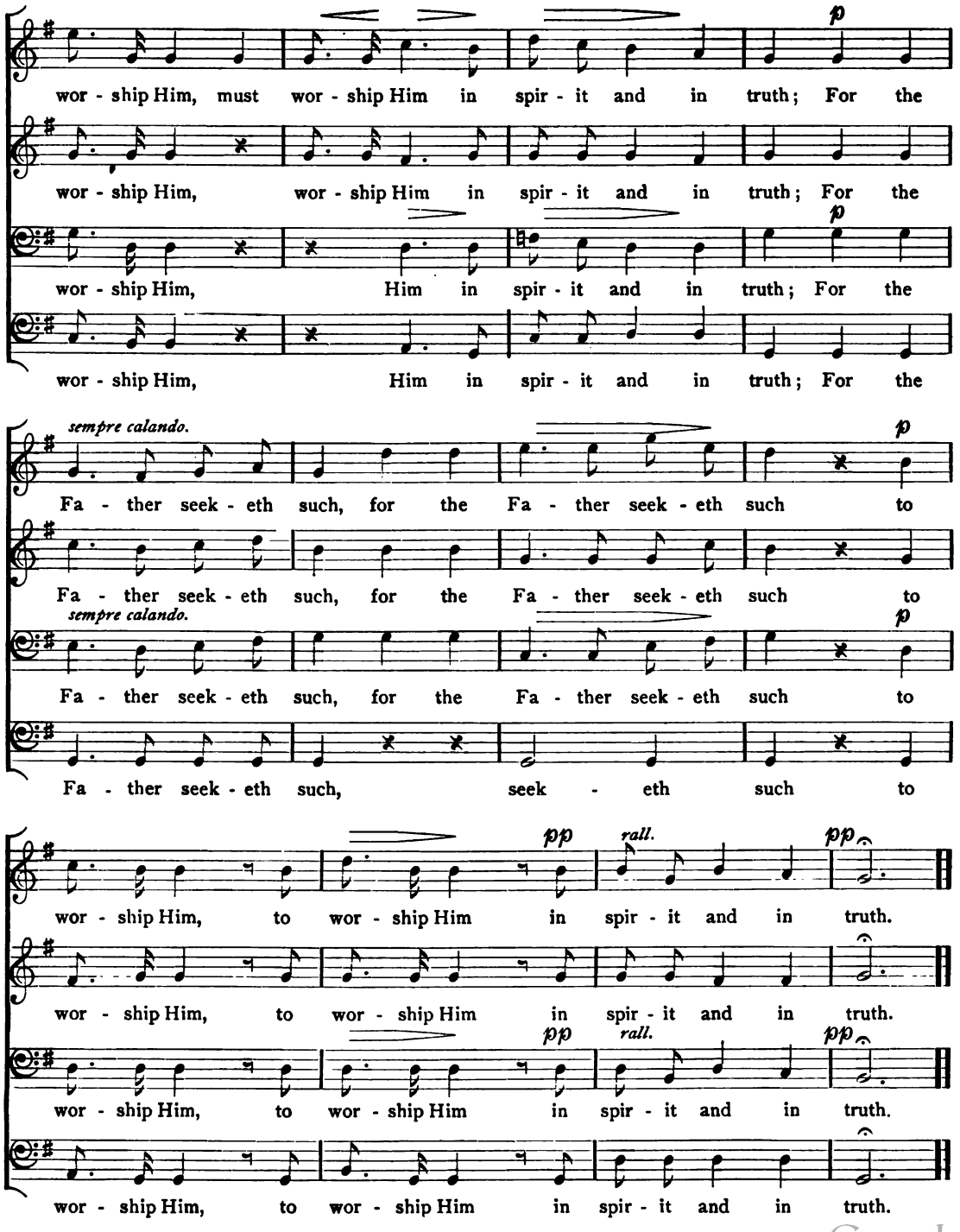

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The Bird Let Loose.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, arr. (1770–1827).

TENOR. I.

1. The bird let loose in east - ern skies, When hast' - ning fond - ly home, Ne'er

BASS I.

2. So grant me, God, from ev - ery care And stain of pas - sion free, A -

BASS II.

stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i - dle war - blers roam; But

loft, through vir - tue's pur - er air, To hold my course to Thee; No

high she shoots through air and light, A - bove all low de - lay, Where

sin to cloud, no lure to stay My soul, as on she springs; Thy

noth - ing earth - ly bounds her flight, Nor shad - ow dims her way.

sun - shine on her joy - ful way, Thy free - dom in her wings.

THOMAS MOORE (1780–1852).

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The Mercy of God.

1st. Soli. 2d. Tutti.
Moderato. Tenor.

Eduard August Grell, arr. (1800).

mf

Lord, Thy great mer - cy is as wide, as wide, as wide as

Bass I. II.

1st. Soli. 2d. Tutti.

is the sky, and so Thy truth as far as the clouds, is as

mf *f*

far, as far as are the clouds.

pp Tutti.

Lord, Thy great mer - cy

is as wide, as wide, as wide as is the sky.

p Soli.

Hal - le - lu -

Soli. *p* *mf* *f*

jah! . . . Hal - le - lu - jah! . . . Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu -

p *mf*

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Tutti. *f* *mf*

jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

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Praise Ye the Lord!

Allegro. TUTTI.

TENORS IN UNISON.

FRIEDRICH SILCHER, arr. (1789–1860).

f

Praise ye, praise ye the Lord! Sing, re - joice, and ex - tol Him!

BASS I. II.

mf *mf*

Praise ye the Lord with harps, too, with harps, too, and with sing - ing!

SOLI. *pp* *p*

Sing, a - dore Him, a - dore Him and wor - ship His name! Sing, a -

f TUTTI.

dore Him, a - dore Him and wor - ship His name! Ye peo - ple, bring to the

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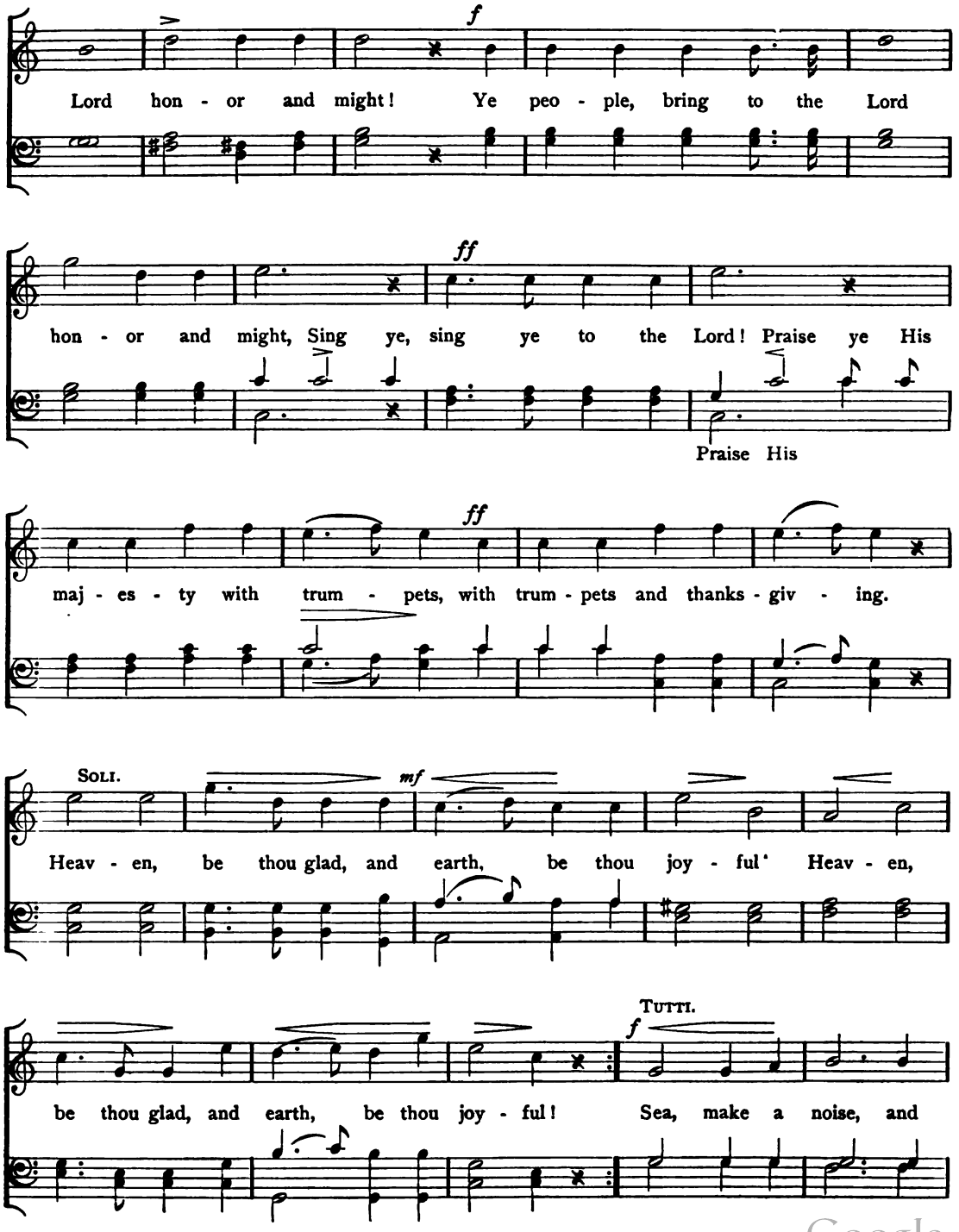

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rit.

all that in thee is, Sea, make a noise, and all that in thee

Sea, make a noise, and all that in thee

mf SOLI. *a tempo.* *f*

is! Praise ye, praise ye the Lord! Sing, re - joice, and ex - tol Him!

Praise ye the Lord with harps, too, with harps, too, and with sing - ing!

1st. p. 2d. f.

Sing and laud and a - dore Him, a - dore Him! Praise ye His name; yea,

TUTTI. *f*

praise Him for - ev - - er! Hal - le - lu - jah!

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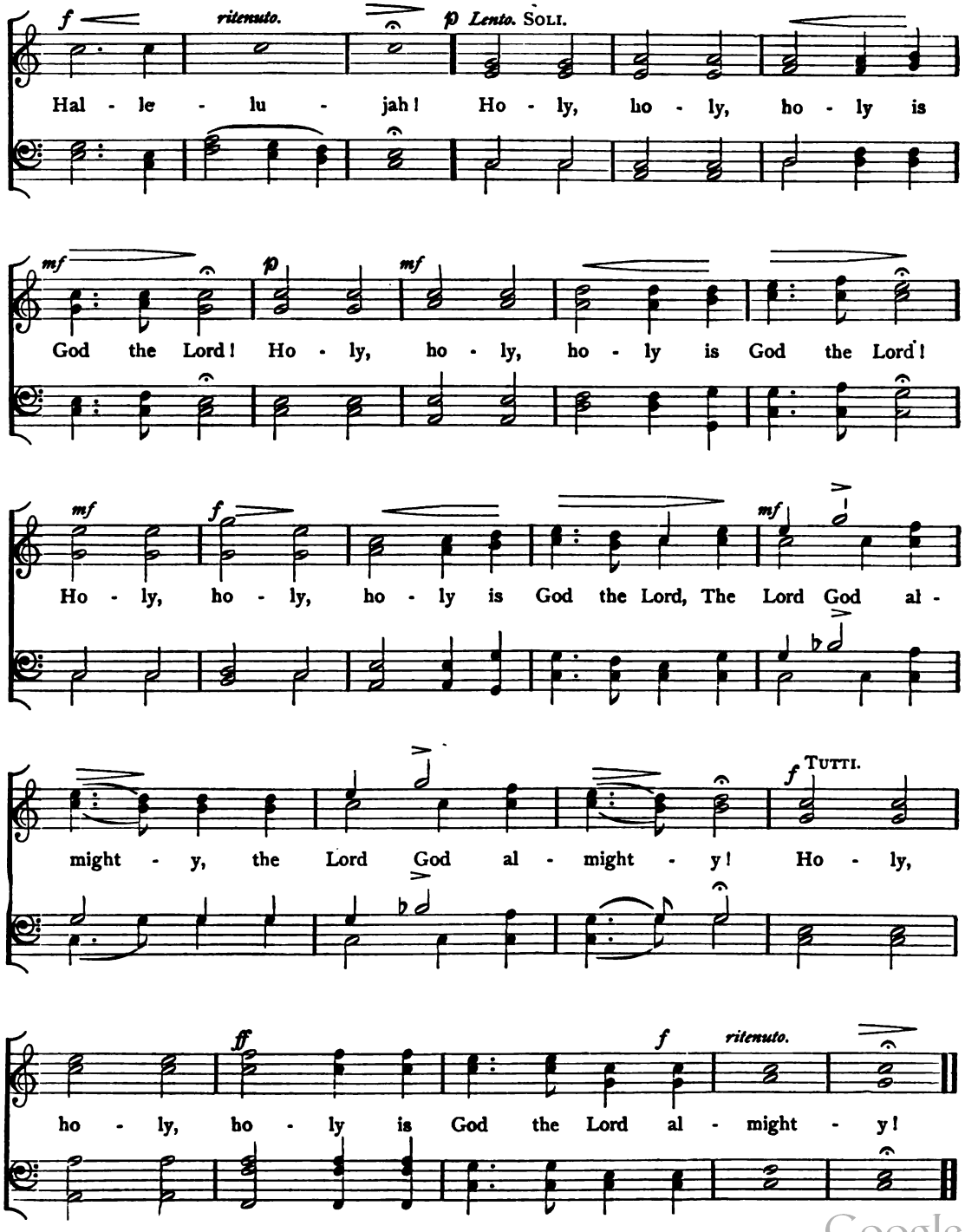

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He Knows His Own.

Andante. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, arr. (1809–1847).

mf TENOR I. II.

1. His own the good Lord know - eth, And ev - er has them known, The great - est and the small - est, Wher - ev - er they are shown. He leaves them not to per - ish, But leads them care - ful - ly, In life and death His chil - dren They ev - er - more shall be, In life and death His chil - dren They ev - er - more shall be.
2. His fol - low - ers He know - eth, Though Him they can - not see, And yet by faith up - look - ing, They fol - low trust - ing - ly. His own He ev - er know - eth, Who thus His word re - ceive, And in Him as their Mas - ter Im - plic - it - ly be - lieve, And in Him as their Mas - ter Im - plic - it - ly be - lieve.
3. He knows His own, and loves them Who love to oth - ers give, And with a pure af - fec - tion To please Him al - ways strive; Who give to all a - round them Their sym - pa - thy and care, Who bless as He aye bless - eth, And bear as He doth bear, Who bless as He aye bless - eth, And bear as He doth bear.
4. His own the good Lord know - eth, As ev - er he has known, The great - est and the small - est, Wher - ev - er they are shown. His prom - is - es of mer - cy The Spir - it free - ly gives, On Faith, Hope, Love re - ly - ing, His par - don each re - ceives, On Faith, Hope, Love re - ly - ing, His par - don each re - ceives.

BASS

ritenuto.

KARL JOHANN FRIEDRICH SPITTA (1801–1859), tr. by W. W. C.

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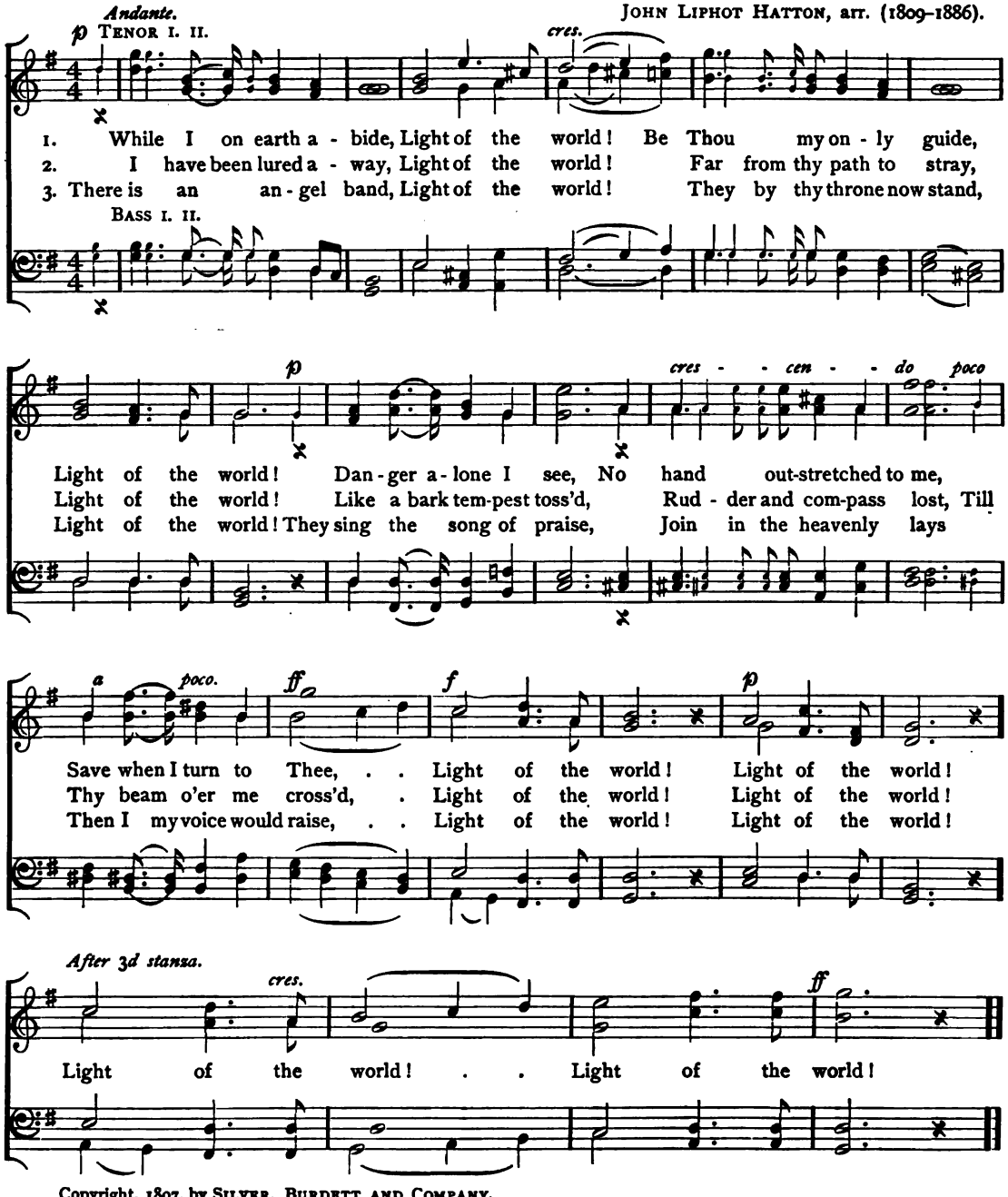
Light of the World.



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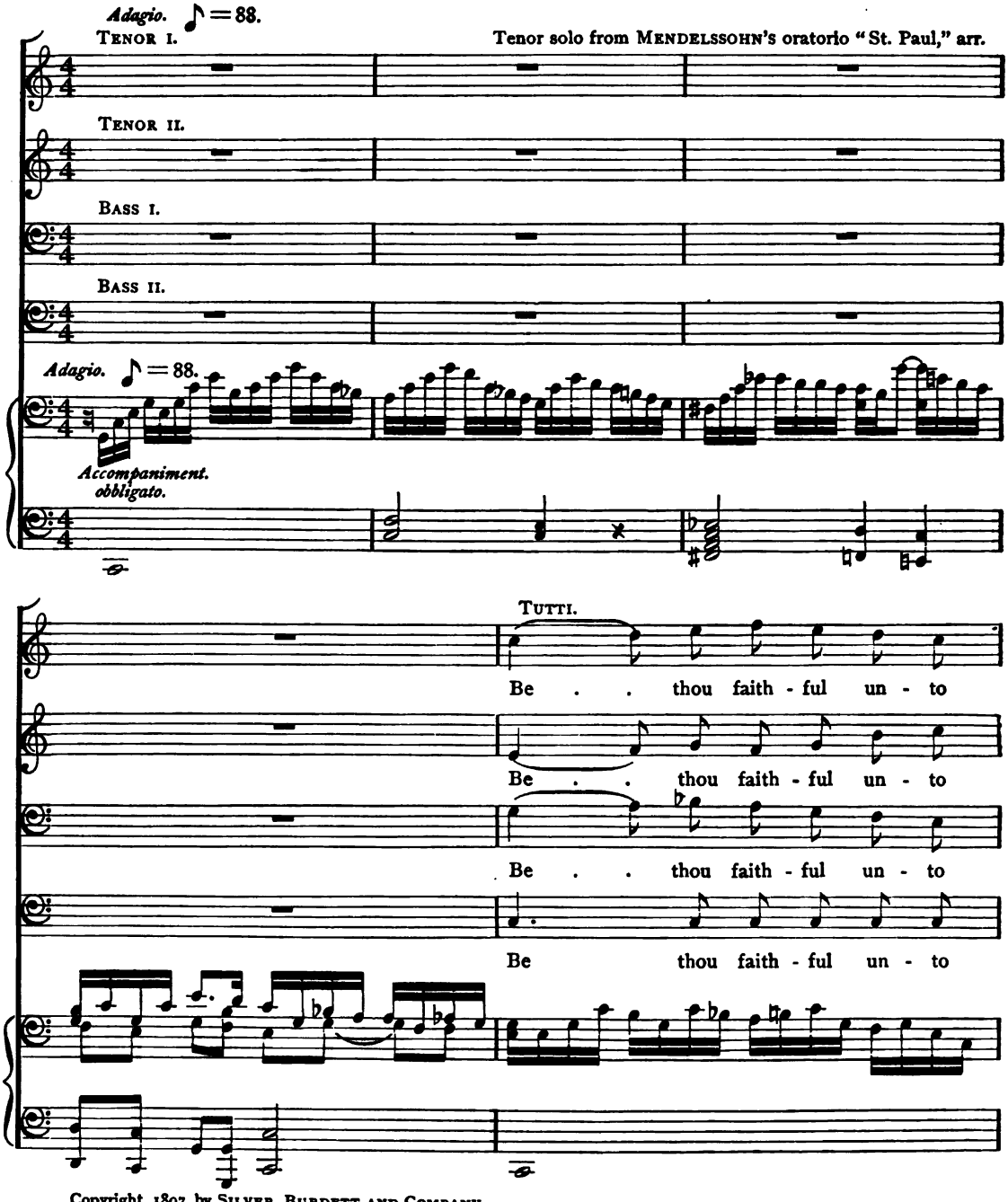
Be Thou Faithful.



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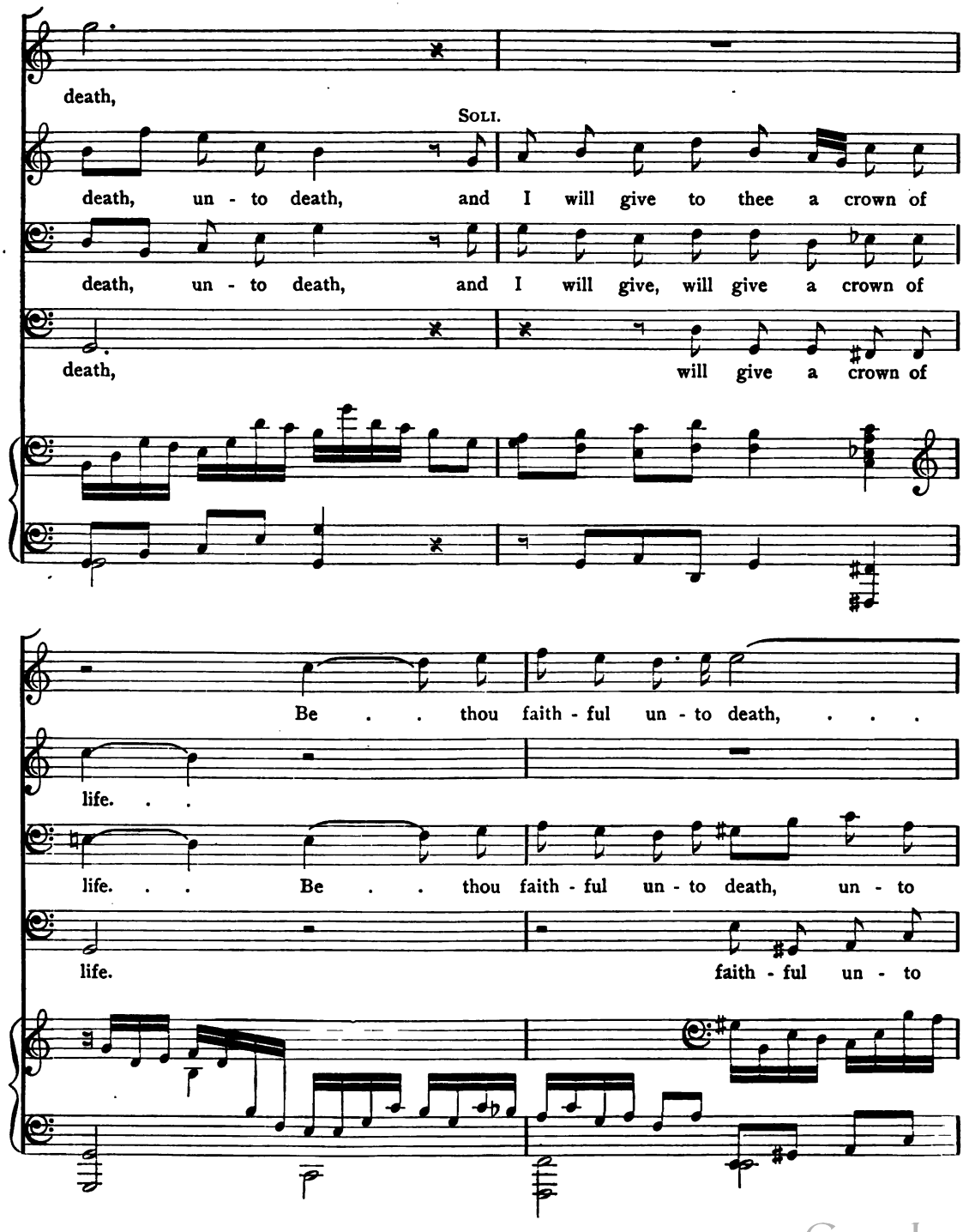

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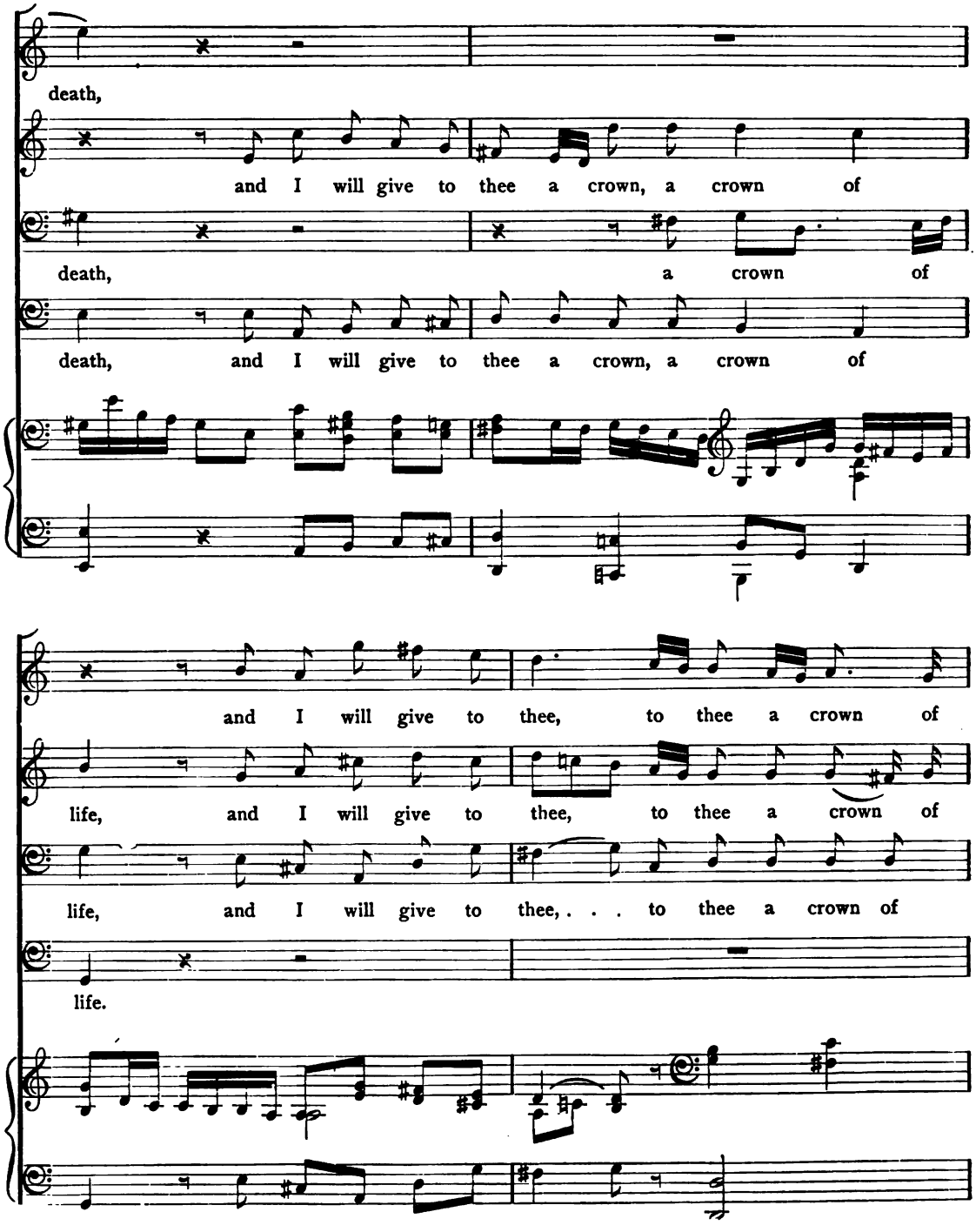

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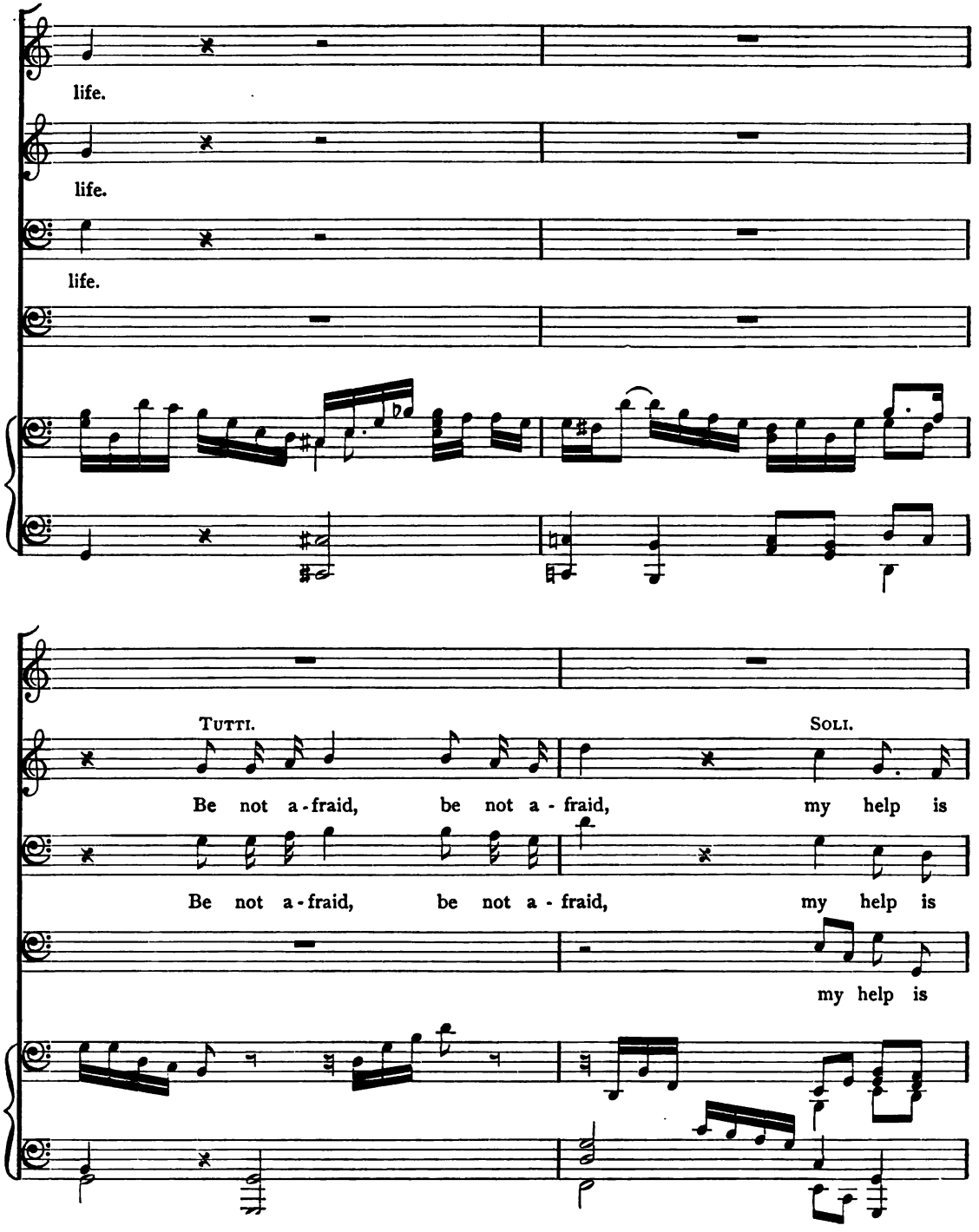

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TUTTI. SOLI.

Be not a - fraid, be not a - fraid, my help is

nigh; Be not a - fraid, be not a - fraid, my help is

nigh; my help is

nigh.

TUTTI.

nigh; Be not a - fraid, my help is nigh, be not a - fraid.

nigh; Be not a - fraid, my help is nigh, be not a - fraid.

nigh; be not a - fraid, my help is nigh, be not a - fraid.

Be not a - fraid.

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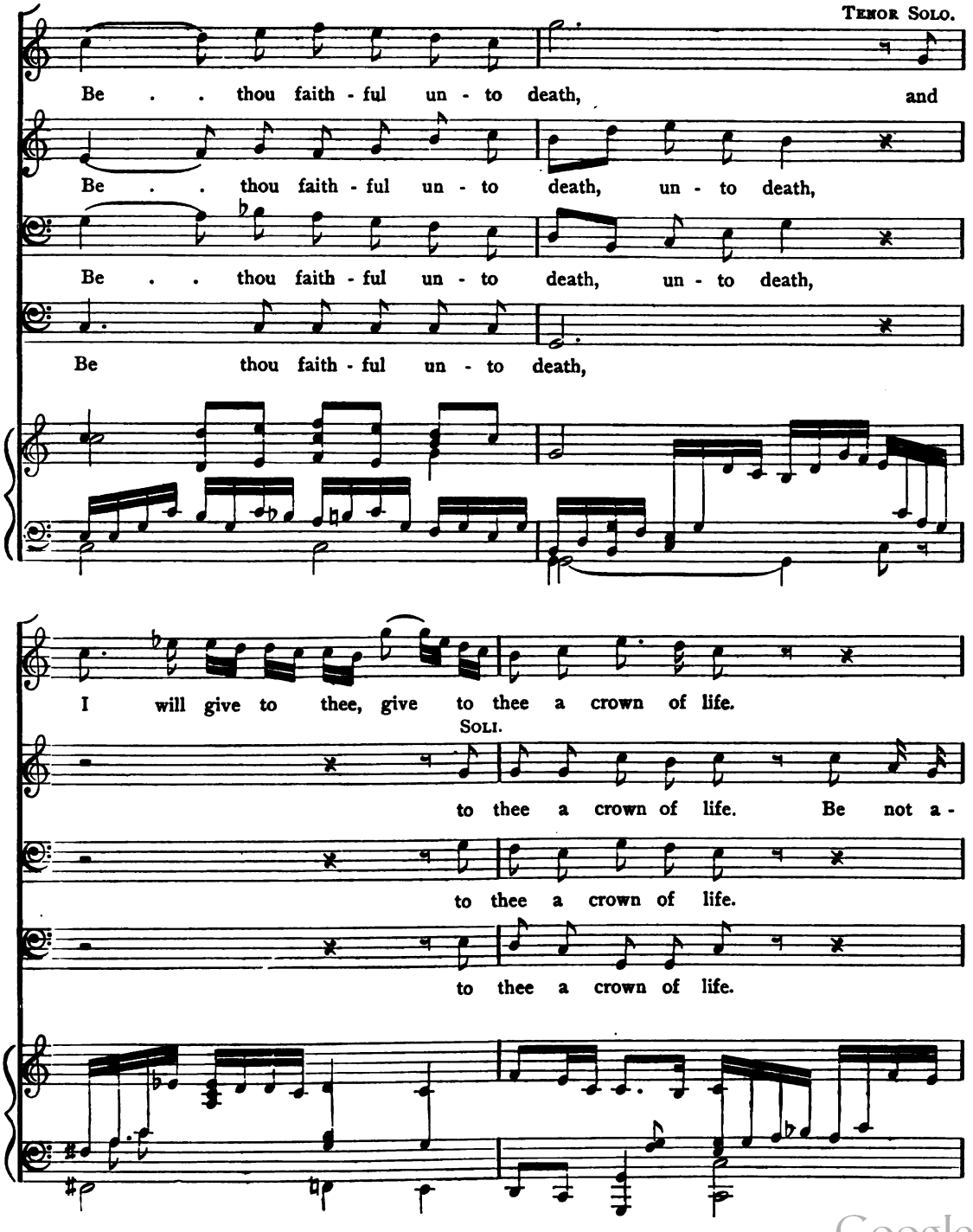

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My help is nigh, my . . . help is nigh.

fraid, my . . help is nigh.

my . . help is nigh.

my . . help is nigh.

TUTTI.

Be not a - fraid, my help is nigh.

my help is nigh.

Be not a - fraid, my help is nigh.

my help is nigh.

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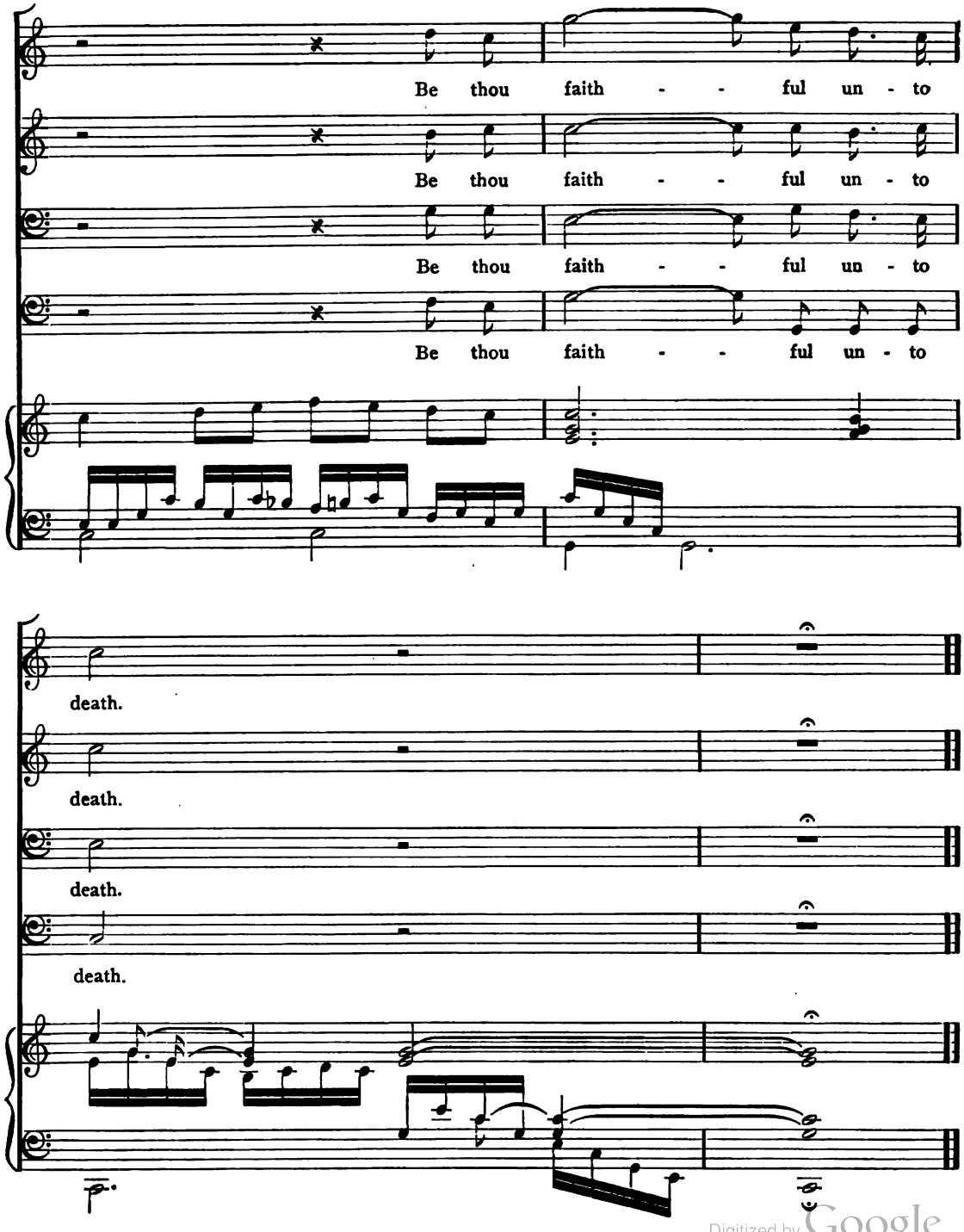

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O Lord, My God!

Andante. LOUIS JAMES ALFRED LEFÉBURE-WÉLY, arr. (1817-1869).

f TENOR I.

O Lord, my God, in Thee . . I trust; Save me from all that

TENOR II.

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust; Save me from all that

f BASS I.

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust; Save me from all that

BASS II.

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust; Save me from all that

pp

per - se - cute me; O Lord, my God, in Thee . . I

per - se - cute me; O Lord, my God, in Thee I

pp

per - se - cute me; O Lord, my God, in Thee I

per - se - cute me; O Lord, my God, in Thee I

rall.

trust, Haste Thee to help me, O . . . . . my God.

trust, Haste Thee to help me, O . . . . . my God.

rall.

trust, Haste Thee to help me, O . . . . . my God.

trust, Haste Thee to help me, O . . . . . my God.

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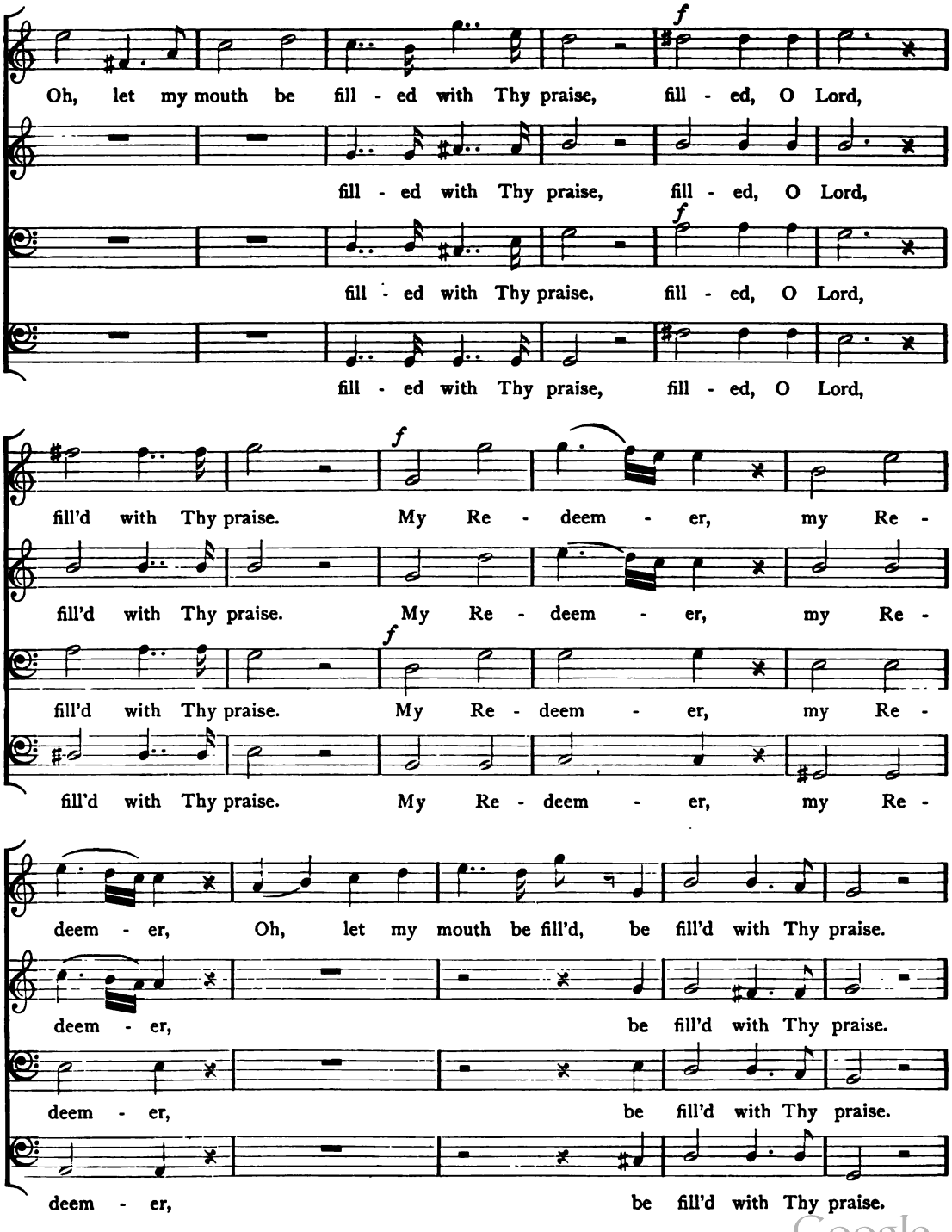

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O Lord, My God!

Andante. LOUIS JAMES ALFRED LEFÉBURE-WÉLY, arr. (1817–1869).

f TENOR I.

O Lord, my God, in Thee . . I trust; Save me from all that

TENOR II.

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust; Save me from all that

f BASS I.

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust; Save me from all that

BASS II.

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust; Save me from all that

pp

per - se - cute me; O Lord, my God, in Thee . . I

per - se - cute me; O Lord, my God, in Thee I

pp

per - se - cute me; O Lord, my God, in Thee I

per - se - cute me; O Lord, my God, in Thee I

rall.

trust, Haste Thee to help me, O . . . . . my God.

trust, Haste Thee to help me, O . . . . . my God.

rall.

trust, Haste Thee to help me, O . . . . . my God.

trust, Haste Thee to help me, O . . . . . my God.

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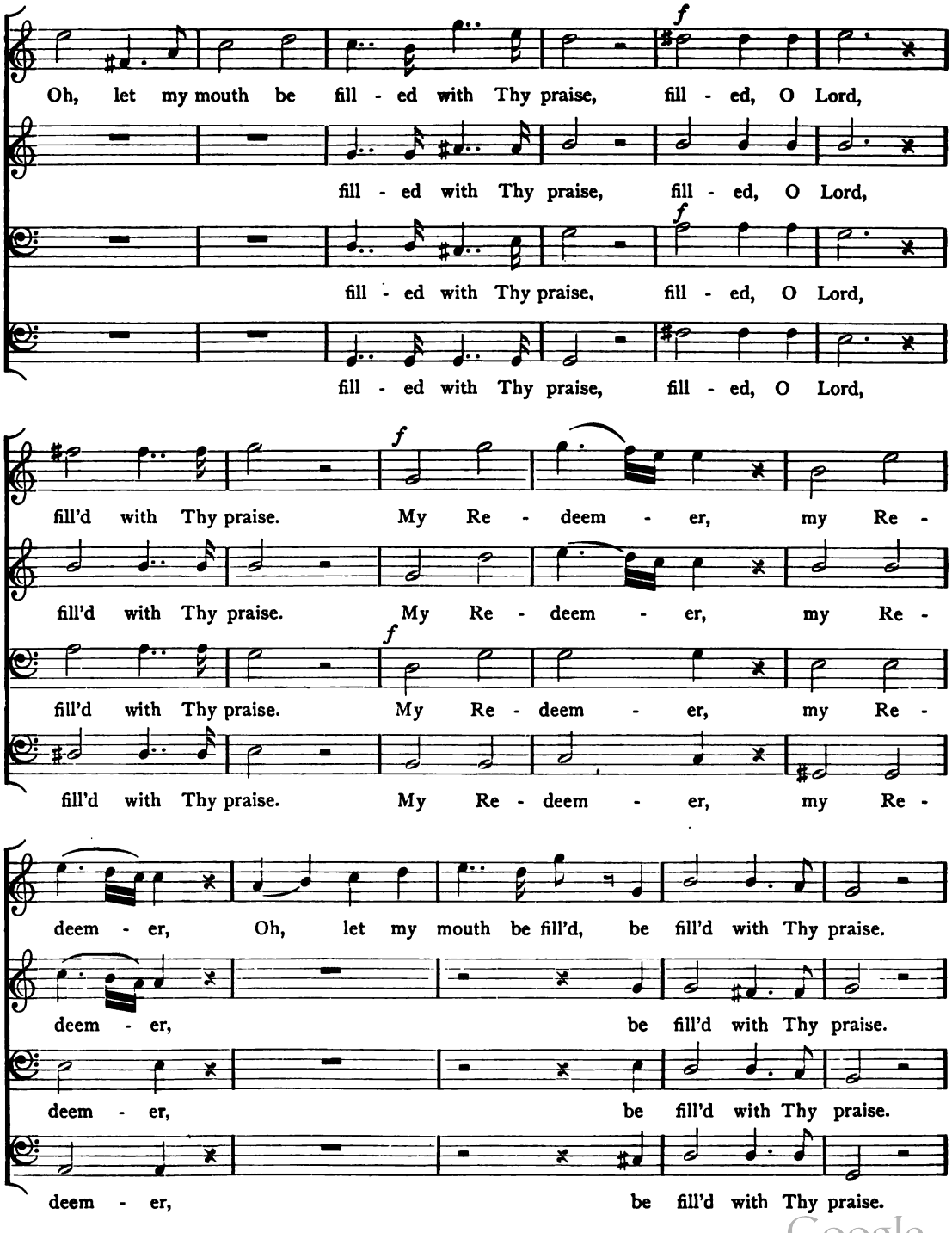

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p *rall.*

Thou art my help - er, Thou art my help - er and my Re - deem - er.

and my Re - deem - er.

p *rall.*

Thou art my help - er, Thou art my help - er and my Re - deem - er.

Thou art my help - er, Thou art my help - er and my Re - deem - er.

f a tempo.

O Lord, my God, in Thee . . I . . trust, Save me from

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust, Save me from

f

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust, Save me from

O Lord, my God, in Thee I trust, Save me from

pp

all that per - se - cute me. O Lord, my God, in

all that per - se - cute me. O Lord, my God, in

pp

all that per - se - cute me. O Lord, my God, in

all that per - se - cute me. O Lord, my God, in

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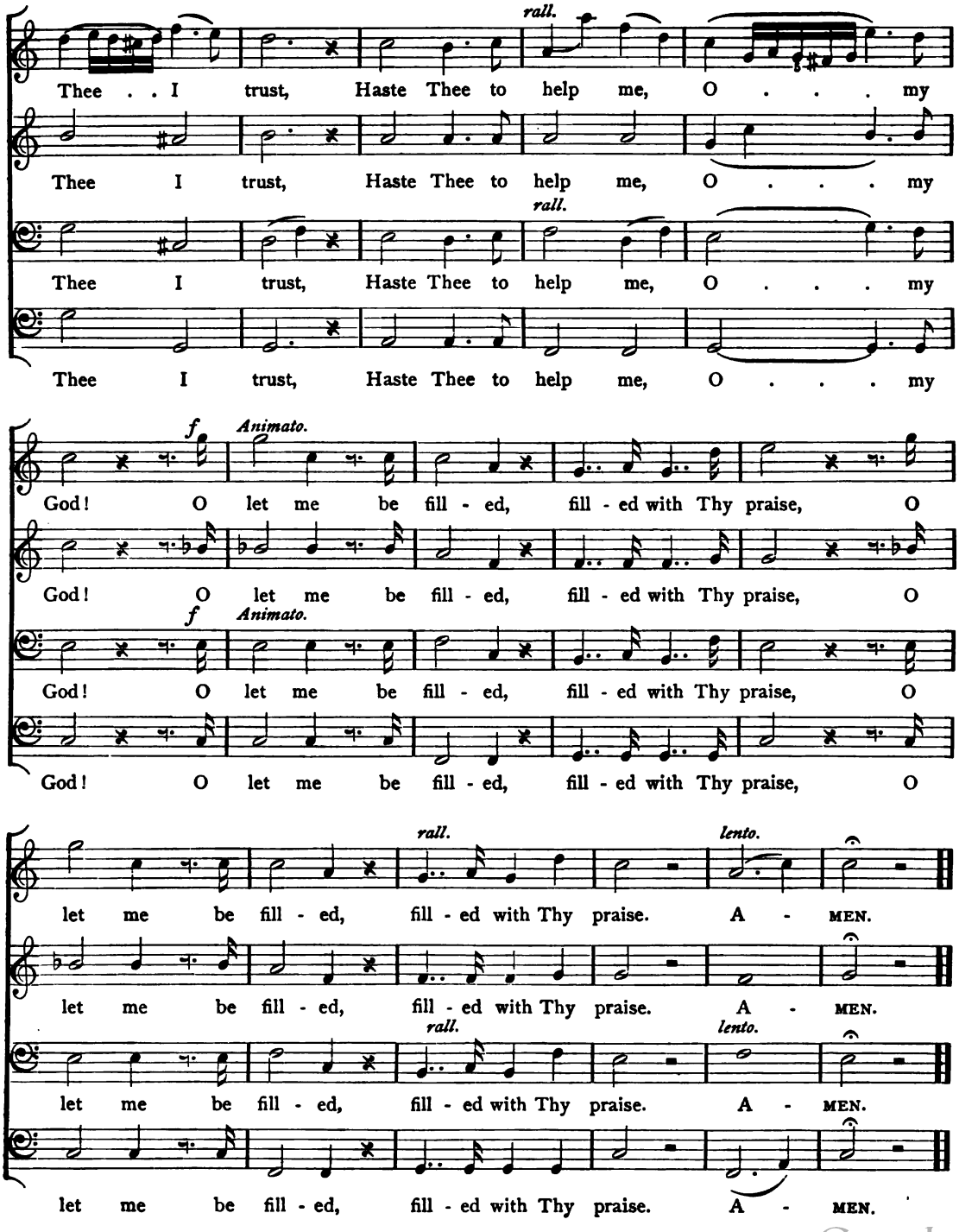

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O Lord, Correct Me!

Andante larghetto. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, arr. (1685-1759).

pp TENOR I. II.

O Lord! cor - rect me, not in thine an - ger;

BASS I. II.

Have mer - cy on me, and blot out all my sins; have mer - cy

on me, have mer - cy on me, have mer - cy on me.

O Lord! cor - rect me, not in thine an - ger;

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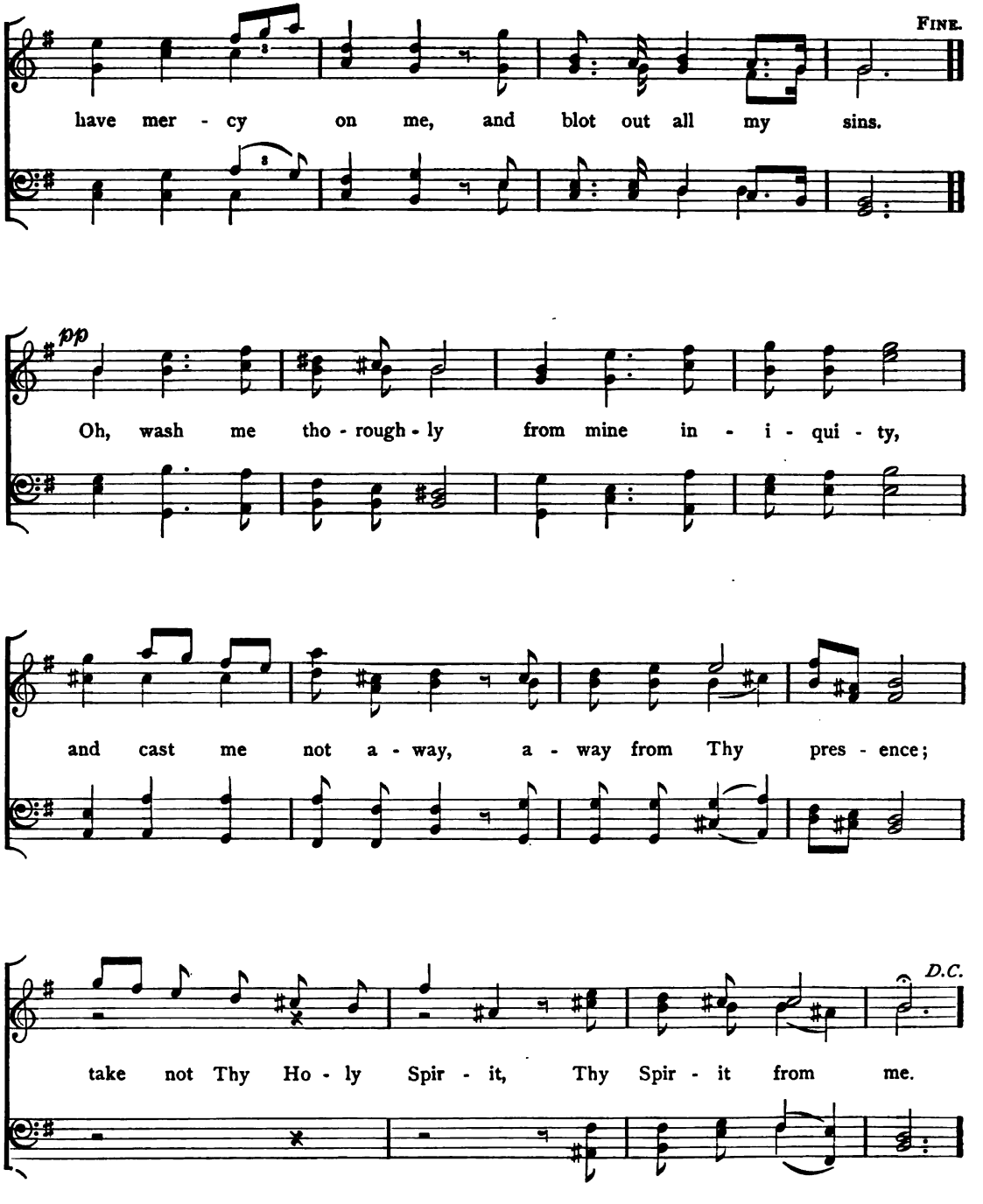

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O God, Thou Great and Mighty Power!

Adagio.
SOLO.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756–1791),
from "The Magic Flute," arr.

1. O God, Thou great and
2. Thy peo - ple shield, O

might - y Pow - er, Our faith in - crease in life's dark hour,
great Pro - tec - tor, Thy good - ness yield us with Thy fa - vor,

Our path il - lume with glo - ries bright, And bring us to the
May we ad - vance, in kind - ness blest, That we may find the

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per - fect light, And bring us to the per - fect light,
prom - ised rest, That we may find the prom - ised rest,

CHORUS.
TENOR I. II.

And bring us to the per - fect light.
That we may find the prom - ised rest.

BASS I. II.

SOLO.

May we look up to Thee in love, Find strength and com - fort
Grant us Thine aid, no doubt op - pressing, While we look up - ward

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f

from a - bove, Trust-ing Thee still, and not in vain, Vic - to - rious
for Thy blessing; For - ev - er prais - ing Thy great name, Till we Thy

we the end shall gain, Vic - to - rious we the end shall gain,
king - dom shall at - tain, Till we Thy king - dom shall at - tain,

CHORUS.

Vic - to - rious we the end shall gain.
Till we Thy king - dom shall at - tain.

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